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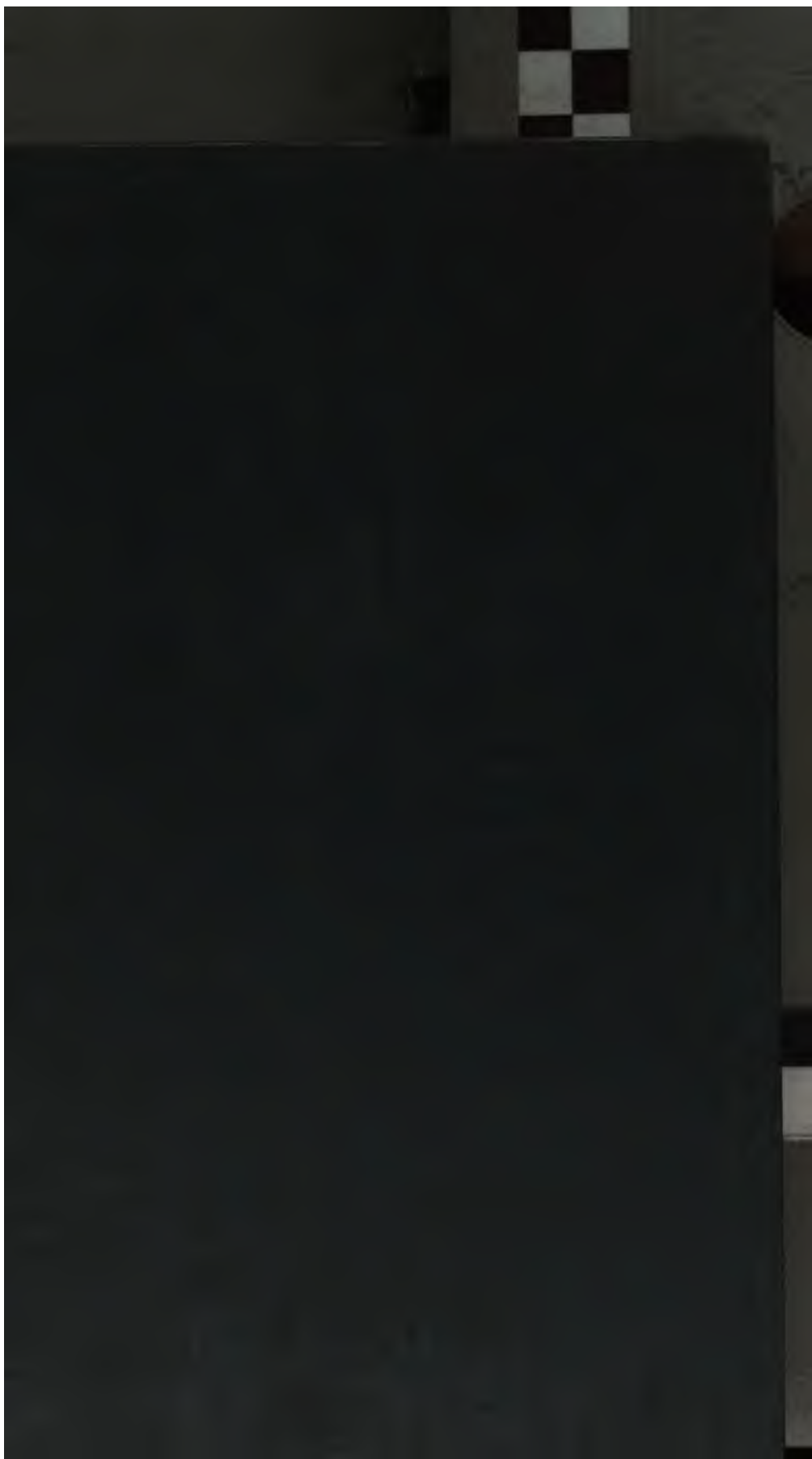
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1920



THE
CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

MDCCCLXVII.

NEW SERIES.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster.—



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ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND DIRECTION.

BY THE REV. DR. RALEIGH.

“In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.”—
Proverbs iii. 6.

WE are now entering on the “ways” of another year. Anything that will help us in them, guide us through them—on to still nobler ways, ought to be welcome! Well, here is a text—a beautiful text, which speaks of all that concerns us—our daily life, our duties, our difficulties, our dangers! It has a pleasant sound. It has a still more pleasant signification. Let us talk with it—hear what it says to us—what it supposes—what it enjoins—what it promises!

I.

Providence.

It supposes a complete providence of God—a divine superintending rule over *all* human affairs—*i. e.*, if we hold God as the speaker here. If this man is not talking at large; if He is under a sure inspiration; if he has a warrant to speak for God (and all this we believe), then God by him claims to be the Divine Ruler, Observer, Provider over and through the whole of this human life. “In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths”—implying, as we think, “In all thy ways

thou art *known* to Him, who yet asks *thine* acknowledgment." You do not need to give Him information ; He knows all :—or power ; He possesses all ; or to bring His government any nearer ; it is around all your ways already. You only need to *acknowledge* what is. But let this be made plain by a few other Scriptures :—" O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself. It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." " Commit thy way unto the Lord. Trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." " I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go : I will guide thee with mine eye." " Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left." The claim, you see, is clear, and strong, and firmly put. God knows the whole of man's life, and He claims and *uses* the right of ruling and guiding it all. We say He uses the right, because there can be no doubt that God does rule all human things and every human life ! His kingdom not only " ruleth over all," but over each. The individual man has the power of putting himself into this relation or that with Divine government. But he has no power of throwing it off and living without it—none whatever. A drunken captain might say, " I shall sail my ship without the sea ;" but the waters would bear him up all the same. A delirious or a foolish man might say, " I shall not breathe the common air of this world ;" but he must go on breathing it. On the same principle, a foolish or a delirious soul, puffed up with pride, or drunk with self-will, may say, " I will break his bands and cast his cords from me." " He that sits in Heaven shall laugh : the Lord shall have him in derision." And, if he will go on in his foolish and impious way, there is but one end of it, viz., " That he shall be broken with a rod of iron and dashed in pieces as a potter's vessel."

Some men have conceived and represented God as ruling the world, not in the way of a personal superintendence, but only in the way of a general arrangement. He has thrown, as it were, out of His own being into the universe, a certain amount of force, to work on and on, according to certain laws, for ever, unless He shall interpose. The world is full of such force in various forms, and acting under the natural laws ; and all that happens comes about in this natural way without any direct interference of the living God. God does not need to interfere. And so of human life—it will take its form and character just as it is. There are laws of matter ; there are laws of mind. God governs by these. He does not need to be a personal observer of every poor and petty human life, of every insignificant action, of all the meanness, and all the vice, and all the crime in the world ; nor of all the virtues either. Men

will reap as they sow, and the general results will be laid in some way before Him.

Now, of course, we accept nearly all that is said, or can be reasonably said, about the strength and fixedness, and universality of the general laws of God. Matter has properties that never change. There are forces in the world always acting. There are laws of the moral world, too, which act impartially through the whole realm of civil society. As men sow, they reap. Virtue is its own reward; vice its own punishment. The hand of the diligent maketh rich. The sluggard shall be in want. The winds blow, and the waters roll or rest; and the seasons open and die into each other; and fruits and famines come; and men are prosperous or unfortunate, happy or miserable—they even live or die, all according to law. But does it, therefore, follow that God does not see all this? That God does not *do* all this by His own energy, streaming evermore along these constituted channels? Does it follow that law is a kind of second God, independent of the first? Surely not.

Some seem able to conceive it; but to my mind it is inconceivable—that laws and forces should go on to act of themselves, producing all the beauty and all the abundance of this world, without any interposition of God! It is still more difficult to conceive rational and responsible beings living, for any length of time, acting responsibly, forming character, becoming virtuous, vicious, without His knowledge! It is most difficult of all to think of events in the moral Providence of this life remaining outside the circle of His knowledge.

In thinking of God and the world so, you inevitably limit His omniscience. It is omniscience no longer. Then He only knows a great deal, but not everything. You touch omnipotence; for you say, "God has parted with part of His power, and cannot take it again without an effort." You take something from the fulness of His wisdom—for how can He know that even a general plan is right unless He knows all its particular workings? You cast an awful shadow even on His mercy and love, for you show that His creatures may be suffering, sorrowing, dying, while He knows nothing of it—or, if perchance He knows, He has no means of reaching and relieving them. Above all, you go directly in the face of Holy Scripture—such passages as we have quoted already, and some even more express:—"Fear not, therefore, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." "A sparrow falleth not to the ground without your Father." "The hairs of your head are numbered."

This, then, is what the text supposes—a God filling this world with His presence, regulating all things by His wisdom, ordaining and ruling them *all* by His power. It supposes one who is

present, wherever there is a law, a force, a particle of matter, a change, a movement—be it ripple on the wave, or quiver in the leaf, or shadow or sunshine on the hill. It supposes one especially watchful and observant of all human lives—whose hand is on circumstances—whose eye is on souls—who is making all things work together for good to them that love Him—and who, therefore, asks “acknowledgment” in all.

II.

Acknowledgment.

This is the injunction of the text, “In all thy ways acknowledge Him,” *i. e.*, give Him an acknowledgment suitable to the relation He sustains to you, suitable to His knowledge of you, suitable to His watchfulness and care and love and nearness.

Nothing could fall more miserably short of the meaning and spirit of this demand, than a bare intellectual acknowledgment of Divine existence and government. All men, except Atheists, acknowledge God in a sense. They do not deny His existence, attributes, rule. They would even take the side of those who contend for them.

In olden times when a new monarch came to the throne, all the barons and petty princes came to do him homage and take the oath of fealty. And then they would retire to their own fastnesses and perhaps never appear at court again, and live very much as they would do if no monarch were reigning.

That bears too close a resemblance to the kind of “acknowledgment” that some men make of God! There are some occasions of life when it is a right thing to do. But being done; why it is done and need not be repeated. Some English noblemen make a public way through their beautiful parks, but give no public right except such as depends on their own grace; and once a year they close the gates and allow none to pass, that the public may thus “acknowledge” that they have the privilege not of debt but of grace; that it is a privilege and not a right.

Well, if some men have once a year the conviction flashed thoroughly through them—“All this world through which I am passing, and all these things amid which I am moving belong to God, and not to me—I must acknowledge Him,”—it is about as often as they have such a conviction, or anything like it. Surely we need not say that the “acknowledgment” enjoined on us here, is something very different from this. More, and deeper, and greater every way. It is more than belief in His existence. More than intellectual homage to His government. More than faith in His great promises. More than prayer to His name. It

is more than all acts and forms and observances of religion. It is religion itself. This acknowledgment of God is the soul beholding Him, worshipping Him, yielding to Him, gladly trusting Him, loving Him, and by every work and duty of practical obedience fulfilling His will.

This; nothing less. Not the pepper-corn rent for the field of life. Not the once a year pausing at the gate which, perhaps, sickness has shut, to acknowledge the ownership of another, and then as soon as the gate is open going in as if the whole estate belonged to himself. The language here is entire, comprehensive, searching, complete. "In ALL thy ways," this is one of those expressions which go searching through life, like a lighted candle looking into every part of it. Or it is like the coming of the master himself into the fields owned for a little, or wrought in, by the servant, and saying, as he looks over them in succession, "*This, and this, and this* is mine; occupy *here, and here, and here*, till I come." "In all our ways," says one, "that prove direct and fair and pleasant, in which we gain our point to our satisfaction, we must acknowledge God with thankfulness. In all our ways that prove cross and uncomfortable, and that are hedged up with thorns, we must acknowledge God with submission. To Him we must in everything make our requests known as Jephthah uttered all his words before the Lord in Mizpeh."

But, indeed, that large two-fold division of life, although it helps us a little, still leaves us with a sense of vagueness. We do not get by it the sharpness, clearness, beauty of the text. "In *all thy ways*." Their name is legion. Who can number them. A man's way is one through life and yet endlessly manifold. There are hundreds of "ways" in, or connected with the one—running out of it, into it, around it, through it—ways of the body and ways of the mind, ways of the senses, ways of the faculties, ways of the feelings. There are ways of the mind in seeking after truth: acknowledge God in these; and ways of the heart as it yearns for love and rest and home. Surely acknowledge Him in these. And there are ways of the imagination as it wanders out, and soars upwards, apparently without a law beyond suggestion, or mood, or chance: acknowledge God in these. And there are ways of the feet as you know, through city streets, and up and down staircases, and into places of trade: acknowledge Him in them. And there are ways of the tongue when you talk with other men and bargain, and promise. And there are ways of the pen when you speak to men in distant cities, and receive their answer by the flying post. And there are home ways: how many, how pleasant, sometimes how difficult, sometimes how bitter and sorrowful! Ways of education for the children, for their guidance and settlement in life. Ways of friend-

ship with friends, of co-operation with fellow-workers. Ways of rapid enterprize where much gain is looked for soon. Or ways of slow, patient toil where the fruit is expected only after many years.

A man's ways ! Why they are like the hairs of his head, or like the sand on the shore for number, and the injunction is that he is to acknowledge God in them all. "*In them all.*" That is the injunction. And perhaps you will say "It never can be fulfilled." Yes it can, else it never would have been given. We do not mean by this, of course, that a man is to go every day and give God an invoice of his circumstances, putting everything in its exact place, assigning to everything its precise importance. He could not. If he could, such particularity would be to the last degree unprofitable. It would be neglecting his duty by talking about it instead of doing it. Some of those ways to which we have made slight allusion, are so subtle, so rapid, so transient, that they live and die before the man knows he has been in them—and yet he may have acknowledged God in them all. He may, so to speak, have prevented himself and all his ways, by a mood of piety, submission, obedience—by a habit of looking upwards in all things, and lifting the lower things to link them on to the higher—by a prayer which never ceases, which runs on from day to day, from year to year, until it ends in heavenly, eternal praise.

This is the best acknowledgment of all. This deep heart-feeling of dependence which underlies the whole of life, and which shows itself now and again in particular acts of life and moods of mind, not because it happens to be there, but because it is everywhere.

We are speaking of this thing as an injunction, because it does meet us here in the form of a command. But, in fact, it is a privilege, far more than a duty. Let us try to put it so. Not "I must," but "I may." Not "I must at my peril." But "I may to my great joy and help." "I may bring my whole life before God in one continued act of faith and consecration, and go through its scenes as beneath His eye. I may have consecration on the commonest things, and divine wisdom working in the simplest scenes, and daily needs supplied by daily helps. And then I may come where the scenes of my life are far more perplexed, and my needs are far deeper: "where it rains and the rain is never ceasing, and the day is cold and dark and dreary." When my soul is exceeding sorrowful, I may come then quite into His presence with every burden, with every fear, and acknowledging Him with a filial love and trust, roll every burden on His merciful providence, and depose every fear at his feet—not doubting that He will hear me when I call, and answer me when

I ask, and keep His own promise, which stands annexed to the injunction for ever, "He shall direct thy paths."

III.

Direction.

We come now lastly to what the text promises—a sure, safe, sufficient "direction" to all who make sincere and due "acknowledgment" of Him. How? Not by a living audible voice saying, "*This* is the way, walk ye in it." Not by a dream, as when Joseph was directed into Egypt with the infant Saviour. Not by a vision of the night, as when Paul saw the man of Macedonia beckoning him over to their help. God *could* use these things *now* if He chose. He could speak to any one of His servants, at any time and place, so that he should hear His voice just as if it were the voice of a man. He could touch the brain so delicately, as to make the warning, guiding dream. He could fill the silent dark room with the glory of the night vision. There is no proof from the Scriptures that God has ceased to do these things—there is only the lack of proof in history and experience that He is really doing them.

Nor is the probability very strong that He will never do them again. If need be he will. What glory of Divine working there may be in the future none of us can tell. But, meantime, there are no such supernatural directions given, simply because they are not needed. The ordinary, or what we call the ordinary, directions are amply sufficient. The Bible; the providence of life interpreted by the Bible; conscience acting in conformity with both. These will take a man in safety, and in moral triumph through life to immortality.

The Bible—that lamp lit long ago is burning still, more brightly now than aforesaid. There is more wick to it, and more oil in the vessel with the lamp, than when it shone on David's path. It was a much smaller lamp then, and yet it served him well, whether he sat on the throne, or led the army to the field, or fled from cave to cave in the wilderness of Judah. It is still, and more now than then, "a lamp and light in the dark night" to multitudes of pilgrims who are going through the wilderness to the city.

There is no need to pause here to show that the Bible does open a particular path in which *all* God's children walk. There is a general common way which they all take. There are certain principles and dispositions of an ethical kind clearly revealed and enforced in the Scriptures, which all must adopt alike who would be the children of God—principles of truth, justice,

temperance, benevolence. Anyone neglecting these or violating these is not in the way at all. He is making no acknowledgment of God, and is under no Divine direction, although perfectly subject still to Divine control. And so the *moral character* of life is settled in the man. And that is the glory of a human life : its moral character, not its circumstances—when a man is lifted in principle and spirit above falsehood, and duplicity, and meanness, and impunity, and self-seeking. When, in one word, he is a follower of Jesus, and willingly obedient to the laws of His blessed kingdom—His life in the man is settled. His path may be here or there. His fortune may be this or that. But he is superior to all circumstances. His life is hid with Christ in God.

And yet circumstances are of some importance—of very great importance in their own place and way. It is very important that a Christian man should be preserved from mistakes and unnecessary misfortunes and miscarriages. Very important that his life should be plain and clear, and open, and honest, and sincere, and without offence.

And here it is, that God's providential direction comes in. After the man is in the way of life, after his character is formed ; after he has got his great principles of action which he carries with him everywhere, and applies more or less to every thing—then there arises the providential indication, or inducement, or confirmation. Some people seem to have a very different idea of Providence from this. They virtually make it a Bible, and they themselves are the inspired interpreters. It means what they wish it to mean. It is a convenient machine for opening doors of opportunity—for giving good chances. It is like the old lying prophets in Israel who would say just what a wicked or believing king wished them to say. This is not the true just providence of God. It is the misbegotten, baseless, visionary providence of godless men.

But there is, for all that, a providence of God to the godly man. When he guides himself spiritually and morally by Christ and the laws of His kingdom, then there is the added guidance of circumstances and events. The sudden change—the quick interposition—the seasonable advice—the opinions of friends—the shadows of the coming events ; a death, a marriage, a birth, an opportunity, a letter, a visit. Any of these things—a hundred other things—are God's fingers, God's voices to a devout soul saying, “ *This is the way, walk ye in it.* ”

Then we say, moreover, that, for direction to the good man, there is a rectified susceptible conscience, using Bible, using Providence, and giving them both a just and fair interpretation. That conscience is kept tender and true by the indwelling of the Holy

Spirit. He, the great Revealer, takes of the things of Christ—takes of the things of present actual life, and shows them unto the mind. And shows the way and the duty continually.

And thus, as the result, we have, to a good man who acknowledges God in all his ways, a perfect providential direction. The great thing is to preserve and maintain the spirit of devout acknowledgment of God. The direction will be accordingly. I believe, in exact proportion. If a man will not, so to speak, take God into his confidence, nor enter filially into the confidence of God ; if he will keep some things in his own hands ; if he will try this and that in his own strength—and work his way through scenes of perplexity, simply by the light of his own wisdom, surely such a man cannot expect that God will make a plain path for him, and give him a very clear and evident direction. He is trying to work out that old problem, “How to serve God and mammon,” with exactly the same results as *they* have who serve God alone. And anyone can tell what the issue will be. But let a man be a child indeed. Let him live the single simple life, and keep the open trustful heart—and cultivate the prayerful habit—and lay *all* his matters down in the light of his Father’s face and love ; and the path for that man’s feet is made. He may be wise, but he does not need wisdom ; he is led of the wisdom of God. He may be strong, but it is the everlasting strength that upholds him. Angels have charge of him, and bear him up in their hands. The Shepherd who never lost a sheep is saying all day long, “He shall never perish.” The glorified are stretching out their hands in welcome, because they see he is coming right up into their company. And the merciful Father of all, will ere long receive him, joyfully, to eternal rest and home.

RITUALISM AND THE BISHOPS.

To us there is something inexplicable in the tenacity with which men of a certain calibre of mind and particular style of education and association cling to their faith in the Bishops. Whatever danger threatens the Church, whether from internal heresy or

external assault, they entertain the profoundest conviction that the Bishops will steer the vessel safely through the perils by which it is encompassed. Hence, on every new development, the first question of this class of men—and their type will be perfectly familiar to our readers—is, What will the Bishops say? Whatever alarm others may cherish, they never seem to entertain a doubt that when the Bishops speak all will be right. Perhaps, even in their minds, there may be a lurking suspicion of some members of the right reverend Bench, but there are others who, they feel well assured, will adjust all difficulties. We ourselves heard a man of this stamp the other day say, that, if all the clergy were like the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Winchester and London, there would be more unity and more success. Considering the differences between these prelates themselves, we thought the condition rather a difficult one to be realized, but the remark is an excellent illustration of that unwavering confidence which the stolid English Churchman reposes in the Episcopate, and especially in those members of it whom he regards more directly as his own spiritual rulers.

This feeling of reverence for the spiritual powers may be a very amiable one, but, truth to tell, if such men think at all, their trust must sometimes be put to a very severe test, and must be of the nature of that faith which the Ritualists require us to feel in the Real Presence, for which no evidence whatever is given, and in relation to which therefore we must be careful “not to exalt our poor and weak understandings.” Assuredly, it is not on the ground of the great and strong things which the Bishops have done, that it rests. They have had many opportunities of proving their sagacity and power during the last few years, but such qualities have only been conspicuous by their absence. They have sometimes spoken loudly enough, but it is marvellous to how little purpose. If menaces, denunciations, and censures could have purified the Church, they would have done it, but their censures have been unavailing, and their denunciations have only served to show their own impotence. They condemned the *Essays and Reviews* as Rationalistic productions, but their authors still remain in the Church, whose rulers have pronounced them disloyal to their creed. They branded Bishop Colenso as an arch-heretic, but he still wears his mitre, and we suppose still retains the mysterious power of transmitting the apostolical succession. In fact, despite the Bishops, heresy is still as rife in the Church as ever, and its authors defiantly resist Bishops, and Convocation alike.

Still, amid all the tumult which Ritualistic movements have caused during the last three months, the expectation of what the

Bishops would do has been if possible more eager and earnest than ever. At length they have spoken. No less than five of them have in one way or other, dealt with these innovators, but we cannot see that the cause of Protestantism has gained much, if indeed the hearts of the Romanizers have not been somewhat encouraged by the treatment they have received. The prelates who have spoken are amongst the most distinguished on the Bench. The utterances of the "Palmerston Bishops" would doubtless have been received but with little respect, except by their own immediate adherents. Ritualists would class a Bickersteth, a Baring, and a Waldegrave among those "Protestant traitors who eat the bread of the Church of England, while they deny or refuse to proclaim her doctrine, and seldom carry out the explicit directions of her Service Book." They would have been taunted with their assumed want of learning, and their remonstrances quietly passed by as undeserving of more serious notice. But Bishop Ellicott is acknowledged to be one of the best Biblical critics of his day; Bishop Thirlwall is not more eminent for his learning than for his breadth of view; Bishop Tait is known as, one of the most able, active, and devoted of the episcopal band; and whilst lovers of Protestantism might not unreasonably expect from them decided sympathy, even Ritualists could not venture to treat them with contempt. The learning of the Bishops of Oxford and Salisbury would of course cause them to be regarded with more apprehension by all who are opposed to Sacramentarian novelties. But it might have been hoped that even they would have been startled by recent developments. They have all spoken, and it may be useful at present to consider the result of their deliverances, in order that we may the better estimate the present prospects of Protestantism in the Church of England.

The Bishop of Salisbury was one of the first to speak, in an informal and unusual manner, but with a distinctness which, while differing *toto cælo* from his opinions, we could not but admire. Had there been action as prompt and speaking as plain, on the part of some on the opposite side, the Church might have been in a less distracted condition to day. Dr. Hamilton is unquestionably a very sincere and earnest man, narrow in his creed, very exalted in his notions of ecclesiastical authority and priestly prerogative, but still, as even Lord Shaftesbury says, personally "among the most gentle and amiable of mankind." Unquestionably, for so illustrious an example of Christian meekness, he was somewhat sharp and severe upon "S. G. O." "Ungenerous, undutiful, inaccurate, and very unworthy," are hardly the kind of epithets which we should have expected from the pen of a paragon of mildness and charity, especially towards one with

whom he had been on terms of friendship. But then "S. G. O." is rather a hard and unsparing hitter; he had delivered some very heavy blows which had evidently told, and the points which he had touched were so tender that it was not very surprising, perhaps, that even the meekest of Bishops should wince, and, in the excitement of the moment, allow the scoffing world outside to see that even a Bishop and a priest is, after all, only a man. His indignation, he himself doubtless felt to be of the most righteous kind, manifested in the most holy of causes, and against one of the most flagrant offences, the treason of an ordained priest to his own order. "S. G. O." may judge from the feeling excited in the mind of his diocesan, and that diocesan his own personal friend, of the unpardonable nature of the crime that he has committed. Had he followed in the track of the Bishop of Natal—had he impeached the New Testament, as well as the Old—had he even assailed the fundamental principles of our common faith, he would not have sinned so grievously as by his stinging exposures of those monstrous priestly claims which are at this moment driving more than one-half of England mad. There is a story told about a preacher in one of the Dissenting sects in Wales which we would commend to his special attention. It was originally the practice of the sect to forbid its ministers to administer either sacrament. They were simply to preach, and to gather their converts into societies, whose members were still to go to the parish church for baptism or the Lord's Supper. At length, however, one very daring man ventured to baptize a child, and for this heinous offence was arraigned before a council of his brethren. Various opinions were expressed as to the discipline to be inflicted upon him. One counselled that he should be silenced, another that he should be suspended, and others that he should be altogether expelled from their communion. At last a shrewd old Welchman rose, "Brethren," he said, "Brother Thomas has committed sin, very great sin. How can we punish him enough? If Brother Thomas had sinned against God, God would have forgiven him, but he has sinned against the priests, and they will never forgive him, neither in this world nor in that which is to come." We hope "S. G. O." may not fall under so terrible a condemnation, but we fancy that the experience of the last few weeks, and, especially the vehement onslaught of the Bishop, may show him that the Welchman was not altogether wrong. Perhaps nothing could more strongly indicate the extreme sensitiveness of the priestly spirit than the outburst of Dr. Hamilton. There is, perhaps, no other subject which could have induced such a man to commit himself thus.

Turning from the spirit to the matter of the controversy, we

are not so sure, despite all our sympathy with "S. G. O."’s views that he is wholly in the right. When, indeed, the priestly claims come to be tested, either by Scripture or common sense, they appear not only untenable but monstrous; and if anything could make them more ridiculous than they are in themselves, it would be their assertion by a body of men like the Anglican clergy, educated in the same way as other English gentlemen, and living the same sort of life as good Christian men around them. The merciless banter, therefore, of the letter "Priests and Priests," was irresistible, and would have been unanswerable if coming from an outsider. But when employed by one, who has himself accepted ordination at the hands of a Bishop, with the full knowledge of all contained in the ordinal, it wears a very different character. The Bishop of Salisbury very naturally reminds the inconvenient critic of the words by which both had received their "commission to enter upon the office, and to the work of priest in the Church of God. 'Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands. Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained.'"

This is the crucial point of the whole controversy, and we confess, with regret, that we see no legitimate way in which the High Church interpretation of it is to be escaped. Common sense may be against it—the feelings of the great majority of Englishmen may be against it—the New Testament may be against it, but all these cannot alter the plain words of the Prayer-book. The great question of the times is how the evil is to be abated. On this point Dr. Pusey throws out a challenge to his opponents. Remove these words, he says, and you change the whole doctrine of the Church, and rend it in twain. Are the Evangelicals prepared to take up the gauntlet? Is their opposition to the dogma, with all its consequences, as earnest as the attachment of those who thoroughly believe it? Will they see what all the world sees beside, that between parties holding such irreconcilable views, real union is impossible? Will they boldly take the same ground as Dr. Pusey, and say, These words are made the cover for the introduction of Romanism bodily into our Church, and unless they are changed we cannot retain a ministry, thus supposed to be invested with an authority so contrary to all our conceptions of Scriptural teaching." We wish we could believe it. This is the one way in which the Evangelicals can do substantial service to the interests of Protestant truth, and English liberty, and surely the aggressions of the Ritualistic party ought to enforce on them the necessity of decided action. Never was there a party to whom the significant

words of Mordecai to Esther, might with more appropriateness be addressed, "If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed, and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this."

Meanwhile, we are glad that the Bishop of Salisbury has plainly told us what is the meaning he, and the party he represents, attach to the language of the Prayer-book. To "be fore-warned is to be fore-armed;" and when a member of the Episcopal Bench distinctly places the Anglican clergy on a level with those of the Greek and Roman Churches, we have ourselves to thank if we look quietly on while a large party among them are doing their best to realize this favourite idea. Here are his words to "S. G. O." :—

"You cut away in your letter no small portion of the ground on which the Church of England rests her protest against the exclusive claims of the Church of Rome; and so a possible effect of your letter may be to disaffect many thoughtful and still attached members of our Church who have rightly believed that as the Church of England requires her Bishops, when they admit deacons to the order of priesthood, to use those momentous words of which I have already reminded you, she justifies those who have been so ordained in believing that they have had committed to them the same powers which the priests of the rest of the Catholic Church, both in the East and West, have ever claimed as their inheritance, and to which the literal and plain meaning of the words points."

That there are "thoughtful and still attached members of the Church of England," who hold these notions, we are compelled to believe, but of the tendency of such notions Dr. Hamilton has a melancholy example in his own neighbourhood and circle. Perhaps, however, with his ideas of the relations between Romanist and Anglican priests, a secession to Rome is not a very serious calamity. Happily, even the members of his own Church are not yet disposed to acquiesce in his views. What the next generation may be, it would be rash, with the facts at present before us, to predict, but at the present the most "thoughtful and attached members of the Church of England," especially among the laity, do not conceal the alarm and indignation with which they regard the attempt to assimilate her to Rome, and their feelings will not be diminished by finding that a Bishop has lent his sanction to the extremest form of the heresy which lies at the foundation of the whole.

Bishop Ellicott is a melancholy example of the corrupting influence of Episcopal rank, and the lofty notions which such

a position is only too apt to engender. Before his elevation he was regarded as a man of Evangelical views, though not associated with the Evangelical party in the Church, and was held in deserved esteem for the sound principles and solid learning of his Biblical exegesis. He was classed in the same category as Archbishop Trench, as a man with High-Church notions, which were held in check by his love to the Gospel, his geniality of spirit, and his breadth of view. Unhappily they are to be placed in the same rank, for the deterioration of the one has been as decided and as sad as that of the other. The Bishop of Gloucester's charge, and his subsequent withdrawal from his office as Vice-President of the Bible Society, are among the more ominous circumstances of this anxious time. They awaken the fear that, even among those dignitaries of the Church of whom the highest hopes might have been entertained, there is either an inability to perceive the real gravity of the crisis, or an indisposition decidedly to resist the encroachments of those who are rapidly working an entire revolution in the Anglican Church, if not a lurking tendency to regard them with favour. We fear also that this indicates a feeling that in the more influential circles of society, in which they principally mingle, there is not that feeling of stern antagonism to these Popish usages, with which a prudent man would not think it safe to trifle, and there are not a few proofs that such a view is only too true. Our one consolation is that there is in the classes with which the Bishops have not an intimate personal acquaintance, but which nevertheless wield an influence not second to that of the "Upper Ten Thousand" a very different sort of sentiment, not always very intelligent in its notions, nor very wise in its mode of action, but very firm and uncompromising, whose power Romanizing priests and their Episcopal abettors may some day discover to their own disappointment and cost. The splendid shows and spectacles of Anglican churches, the "histrionic" exhibitions, on which, according to Dr. Littledale, he and his friends mainly rely for the conversion of the masses of the people, have not yet so utterly corrupted the popular mind as to destroy the old Protestant sympathies. There are multitudes who are greatly delighted with the moving strain of a choral festival, who admire the floral decorations of Christmas and Easter, who perhaps look with a hardly-defined sentiment of wonder and curiosity on a priest in his gorgeous array, who need only to comprehend the thorough Popery of the whole to turn from it in disgust. The feelings of this class are already beginning to make themselves manifest, and the Bishops of Salisbury, Gloucester, and Oxford, are only giving them greater intensity. The action of the *Times* is very significant.

It is a very short time since it said that "strictly and philosophically speaking, the peculiar views of the Church of Rome are a merely infinitesimal addition to the stupendous doctrines which the Church of England holds in common with it." It writes in a very different strain now, and from the change we may form some idea as to the prevailing tone of public opinion. The *Times* may sometimes be carried too far by its strong Conservative instincts, and may fail rightly to estimate the force of that democratic sentiment with which it has so little sympathy; but it is not likely to be mistaken in such a question as this, especially as its own prejudices would rather have disposed it to espouse the side of high authority.

The truth is the Protestant—call it, if you will, the Puritan—feeling of the middle classes is awakened, and it has listened with something of resentful surprise to the utterances of Bishop Ellicott. It is true that he has not declared himself a Ritualist, and has even condemned some of the excesses of the school. But as there is a faint praise which damns, so there is a censure which serves rather to encourage those against whom it is directed, and it certainly is so in the present instance. The priest, whose performances, at Northmoor Church, have attracted so much notice, and his party need not be very much disheartened by the gentle words of the Bishop. His condemnation was very light, and it was qualified by so many words of approbation that there could hardly be any sting left behind. Even the sin of "disloyalty to the Prayer-book, and a scarcely-concealed dissatisfaction with the principles on which it is based," which is about the gravest charge the Bishop brings against the school, may sit very easily on the consciences of those who are commended for their special holiness and remarkable self-devotion, and whose very errors are traced to causes which are rather praiseworthy than otherwise. They may have been somewhat contemptuous and disdainful in their repudiation of Protestantism, but it has been because of their desire for Catholic union. They have introduced the doctrine of a Real Presence in a form hitherto unknown to the Anglican Church, but even this may be regarded rather as a protest against the Socinianism of the day. They have, in fact, been fighting against "the self-satisfied Calvinism of a former time," and the Rationalistic disbelief in the supernatural so prevalent in this, and if they have fallen into errors, they are the necessary results of the strong reaction into which they have been forced. These men, who have been regarded as teachers of strange doctrines and disturbers of the Church's peace, are, apparently among her best friends; and those who accuse them are pretty significantly told that they had better look to themselves. If the Bishop's censures had been much more severe than they

were, we fancy the Ritualists would have forgiven and forgotten them for the sake of the very pleasant wiggling which their "Evangelical brethren" received. Such an utterance from such a man can only be a heavy blow, and great discouragement to the friends of Protestant truth. The condition of things around us certainly called for no hesitating or uncertain declaration on this subject, and Bishop Ellicott's is hardly even that. He may talk about Protestantism, and tell us never "to shrink from speaking of our Church as Protestant," but it is quite certain that earnest Protestantism cannot hope much from him. Indeed we know not whether the very use of the word is not itself a delusion; for might not the Pope profess to be a Protestant in the sense in which Bishop Ellicott applies it to the Anglican Church—"Protestant in its attitude to false teachings and doctrinal error."

The Bishop of Oxford has very much in sympathy with his brother of Bristol. Like him, he gives a side-blow at those whose ecclesiastical notions are of a less pronounced character than his own, impliedly rebuking some even of his Episcopal brethren, when he tells them that no diocese, perhaps, from various causes, has risen more than his own, in the generally improved Church tone, while none has been more free from these peculiar excesses. Like him, too, he believes that Ritualism is but an ephemeral growth, or, as he puts it, a mere temporary excrescence on the face of a great movement, which has his full sympathy—"some brilliant fantastic corruscation, which has cast itself forth from the surface of the weltering mass of molten metal, which, unaffected by such exhalations, flows on in its full stream into its appointed mould." Like him, too, he recognizes many of the high qualities which Ritualists have developed, and would deal with them in a gentle and kindly spirit. Perhaps, however, he regards them with somewhat less favour because of his own more intense faith in the infallibility of Anglicanism, and consequently his stronger feeling of dissatisfaction with any acts of disloyalty or rebellion.

It is very interesting, indeed, to mark the earnestness with which the Bishop protests against Romanism. The most intense Orange zealot could hardly express himself in stronger terms against Popery and Popish usages. Whether the Protestantism which he would give us would be any improvement upon Romanism—less dogmatic in its tone, less insidious in its spirit, less superstitious at the core—or whether, in fact, Samuel of Oxford would make a much better Pope than Pius the Ninth, is another question. But, at least, we have from his lips the strongest condemnation of Romanism, and consequently of the Ritualists, because of their *Romish* proclivities, and there is some

little advantage in having a testimony from such a quarter to the unquestionable fact that, in some instances, there has been "a studied introduction of names and usages, which seem to have nothing else to commend them than their distinctively Roman character." At the same time this zeal against Rome can deceive none but the most unwary. As to the Bishop's real stand-point there can be no doubt. He would simply reverse the positions of the Anglican and the Roman Churches, for, whereas the Pope proclaims himself the head of the Catholic Church, and treats the English Communion as schismatical and heretical, the Bishop returns the compliment. The one would exact just as implicit a submission as the other, and, though their doctrines might slightly vary, both would be far enough removed from the simplicity that is in Christ.

Thus, in regard to Ritual, his sympathies are clearly with the Ritualists in everything but their resemblance to Rome. He would not copy anything from the Romanist pattern, but he is very careful to indicate his intense dislike of Puritanism, and his repugnance to the influence which it has exerted upon the ceremonial of the Church. He contends against Rome, not in the interests of Protestantism, but of what he chooses to call Catholicity, and cannot express even his anti-Romanist feelings without one of those contemptible insults to Dissenters, in which he appears to find so much zest. Of the same type, as the old allusion to Beer-shops and Dissent, is the sentence in his late charge—"If the real rule was that the farther from Rome, the nearer to truth, we must equally give up Scripture, Creeds, and Sacraments, and become Rationalists, Infidels, or Brownists." His own notions as to the desirableness of a more imposing Ritual he does not attempt to conceal. It is a mistake to suppose that the present simplicity is the result of an anti-Papal sentiment—it is the fruit of that Puritan spirit which we fancy the Bishop hates even more than Romanism itself. "The ceremonial of antiquity was far richer than ours." We should be glad to know what antiquity this lordly prelate means; was it the antiquity of the upper room at Jerusalem, or of the Church at Antioch, or of any other Church in apostolic times? Neither the Puritan nor the Romanist will suffer him to draw his own line of demarcation, but will require that he either abide by the "antiquity" of the New Testament, or that he accept the authority of ecclesiastical tradition with all its consequences. If he takes the former, what becomes of his grander ceremonial?—if the latter, with what justice can he contend against Rome? This assuming Anglican is in a somewhat ludicrous position, bringing in his own notion of antiquity when he wants to resist the Puritan, and repudiating its authority altogether when it seems to favour

Rome. He can, in fact, only defend his own ground by claiming for his own Church that infallibility against which he so loudly protests when it is claimed by Rome, for, if not, who is to decide as to the "antiquity" to which the appeal is to be made? There is a sufficient demarcation between the precedent of Scripture and that even of the first century; but once pass that boundary, and who is to decide where the limit is to be drawn? Answer the question as you will, and you are involved in difficulties, which can only be solved by accepting the idea of Anglican infallibility, which is, though unconfessed, the point to which the Bishop's teaching really comes.

But let us follow his reasonings:—"The ceremonial of antiquity was far richer than ours; so was that in use by such great Anglican Bishops, to name no others, as Cosin and Andrewes. The real influence which, at the season of the Reformation, lowered our customary Ritual was the presence, not of the anti-Papal, but of the Puritan element—of that element which wrought on according to its nature, and never rested till it brought down in one common ruin our Altar, our Prayer-book, and our Crown." We know not what Ritualists need desire more than this, especially when taken in connection with the Bishop's remarkable declarations on the subject of the Real Presence. He has his own idea as to the views of the Reformers on the subject of the ground of their protest against the Roman teaching on this subject:—"The protest of our Reformers against the Roman teaching as to that great sacrament was not that it was lifted up thereby too high in men's estimation, but that its simple grandeur was defaced by human additions; that the doctrine of Transubstantiation was a modern Rationalistic mode of explaining what God has left unexplained; that it was not making the transcendental presence more real, but more material." The expression "our Reformers" is conveniently vague, for it leaves the speaker at liberty to select a small number of those who agree in his opinion, and then to quote their declaration as the testimony of our Reformers. Undoubtedly there was great diversity of opinion among the early Reformers on this point, as might naturally have been expected from men emerging from the superstitions and corruptions of Rome. We should doubt, however, whether he can find any evidence to substantiate his notion. Certainly the words of Ridley, which he quotes, however exceptionable they may be, are far from establishing the position. The following is the Bishop's own view, which contains the essence of the very worst teaching of Ritualism:—"There need not, then, be any tendency towards Rome, but, on the contrary, a safeguard against her wiles, in rites which showed that we value as highly as herself this great culmina-

ting act of Christian worship, whilst, with our fathers, we protest in no faltering tones against her corruptions of the great primitive doctrine of the Eucharist, and refuse to receive the ungrounded fiction of a carnal, for the blessed certainty of a Real Presence in it of our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." This is the very language which the Ritualists are always employing; and if this be conceded, it matters little about the colour of a vestment, the decoration of an altar, or the introduction of incense. We cannot spend more time upon Dr. Wilberforce, and we leave his last charge with the melancholy conviction that there is one prelate in the Church, and one possessed, too, of remarkable subtlety, of singular power in adapting himself to the views of different classes of religionists, and of wide-spread influence, whose great desire is to introduce amongst us a system of Romanized Anglicanism. Our great danger, at this hour, is rather from the prelate of Oxford than from the priests of St. Albans.

The Bishop of St. David's and the Bishop of London take a very different course, though all alike agree in deprecating severe measures. The latter, in enforcing the necessity of Christian charity, speaks of the Act of Uniformity in language which would be very admirable if coming from a Nonconformist, but which sounds strange and inconsistent when uttered by the prelate of a Church, constituted and established on the basis of that Act. It is all well enough to entertain very broad and comprehensive views, and to apply them in the judgment of each new development of opinion and practice in the Church; but it must be remembered that this diversity is contrary to the very theory of the Anglican Church, which two hundred years ago expelled two thousand ministers for the sole purpose of securing uniformity.

The spirit of the Bishop of London's charge is, on the whole, admirable. His protests against Ritualism are at once earnest and judicious, and his repudiation of the Eucharistic doctrines of the sect especially entitled to our commendation. His references to Nonconformists, and the necessity of closer union with them, are wise and manly in themselves, and especially striking from their contrast with the tone of the Bishop of Oxford's references; and he has the merit of throwing out some practical suggestions as to the removal of the evil now within the Church. We could wish that he had sometimes been more decided in his own views. We should be better pleased if his charge had not had the very questionable merit of securing a measure of praise from certain sections of the High Church party. We do not share in his anticipations as to the probability of any legislative changes; but still his utterance is that evidently of a thoughtful man.

burdened with the serious responsibilities of his position, and desirous to supply such service as he can at this critical juncture. Nothing could more thoroughly convince us of the thorough helplessness of the Bishops than the character of the charge given by such a man, who evidently desires to do something, and yet has the painful consciousness how little is in his power.

FROM LOMBARD STREET TO DOVER; OR, THE MORALS OF FINANCE.

BEYOND all question the former times were in some respects "better than these." The statement in Ecclesiastes, vii. 10, that a man does not inquire wisely into the cause that former times were superior to the present, is not to be taken as an affirmation that all things are perpetually improving. Hengstenberg explains these words to signify that a pious Jew, living in the later ages of the Hebrew monarchy, should not have found any difficulty in understanding why so much national trouble then existed in comparison with the times of David and Solomon. It was because of the wickedness of the people. There was no intention of delivering a broad affirmation that the present is uniformly superior to the past. The contrary is assumed. The "betterness" of the past times too relates to outward prosperity, and rebuke is administered to those whose spiritual blindness hinders them from perceiving the reasons of the chastisements of heaven. Here is one example, among many, of the mischief often wrought by a hasty quotation of the Bible. A text is taken out of its connection, an interpretation is imposed upon it, sometimes the reverse of its real meaning, and a general principle of judgment or conduct is deduced from a passage thus carelessly considered. Certainly, whenever we are about to deduce from the Bible, or from any part of it, a principle which is to affect the whole breadth of human thought, we ought at least to take pains to secure a correct preliminary interpretation of its words.

Of every nation, it may be said that, in some respects, the past has excelled the present. It was so in the history of the Jews, which gave rise to the reproof in Ecclesiastes. The times of David and Solomon were "better"—more prosperous than those of the later monarchy, and the material advantages were the

direct result of a moral superiority. In vain then will the uniform corruption of human nature be pleaded as an argument in support of the notion that former generations were just as corrupt as ourselves. This is at least an inconsistent mode of reasoning in the mouths of those who, in the same breath plead for the doctrine of a perpetual improvement. But the truth is, that there is no uniform law of development discoverable in the moral character of nations. Some rapidly degenerate, some make steady advances. The question for us is, Is the England of to-day better or worse than the England of the last century? And passing by other departments of national life we ask, Is there an improvement or deterioration, on the whole, in the morality of finance? He must be blind, indeed, who refuses to allow that during the last twenty years, there has been a great and rapid depravation of this morality, and the marvellous material improvements of the period have been, to a large extent, purchased at the cost of the sacrifice of old English truth, old English justice old English honour. No one, therefore, could "inquire more wisely" than by endeavouring to investigate the causes and the consequences of a moral change fraught with disaster to the future prospects of the country.

The events of the past year have offered a striking illustration of the alleged decline. Never was a general panic more completely and directly the result of immoral dealings in finance than the panic of last May. Confidence collapsed through the universal sense of inability to trust the veracity or the honesty of the leaders of the London money market. A vast abyss of delusion and untruth opened in the middle of the very forum—and men shrank away affrighted at the terrible vision. If "So-and-so" proved faithless, who could be trusted? Such was the argument that carried a death-chill to the heart of English commerce, from which it has not yet recovered, nor is likely to recover very speedily. This widespread ruin is traceable to no derangement of the currency, such as occasioned some previous panics. It was the necessary and natural result of the universal passion for riches, for rapid communication, for outward show, for indulgences which few can really afford, of untruthfulness and injustice discovered in quarters where it had been unsuspected before; and of the conviction that what was known was only a fragmentary revelation of more and worse unknown. The *denouement* of the affairs of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company proved a fitting sequel to such a commencement of the summer season. The "not strictly speaking statutory documents," and the "irregularities in the raising of capital" which have been so remarkably exemplified in the history of this concern, are, we are assured, only types of a large portion of the system of railway business

But who can adequately describe, or even imagine, the private sufferings of which these public wrongs have been the immediate cause. You carry your "not statutory documents," sworn to before a magistrate, to a "Financial Company," and obtain the accommodation you require for carrying out your enterprize. But who are the persons for whose security you provide the "documents," not worth the paper on which they are printed? They are widows, orphans, clergymen, and minors, and an ill-advised crowd of investors, tempted to their ruin by the names of some men who are thought to be incapable of wrong, but who nevertheless employ this good name as an instrument of fallacious credit. These are the materials of which a "financial company" is largely composed, and it is as easy as it is melancholy to consider the impending shipwreck of their fortunes—a shipwreck rendered little less probable by the promised security of estates not certain to pay twenty shillings in the pound.

We do not purpose in this article to enter upon a discussion in detail of the *pros* and *cons* of any particular instance of recent defalcation or misdoing. It may be taken for granted that society at length admits the fact that the commercial system is infected with a gangrene which will destroy it, unless, by a surgery at once severe and wholesome, it is cut away. The tone adopted by the Bristol meeting of "gentlemen, professional men, merchants, and respectable tradesmen," who assembled at St. James's Hall for the purpose of hearing from the leading contractor for the Dover Railway an explanation of his affairs in connection with it, is not that which can save England from her downfall, and this we say in full recollection of the names of some who were present. These contractors had just been denounced, in the most solemn manner, by a Committee of Investigation appointed by the shareholders, for certain proceedings held to be inconsistent even with the loose morality of modern commerce, and to this indictment were attached names of great weight and worth in the London markets. Considering the high repute previously borne by the representative of the contractors' firm, there was every reason why his friends and political supporters should be exceedingly slow to believe evil of his character; every reason why they should generously and hopefully consider all that could be alleged in his defence. But what shall we think of the moral sentiment of the Bristol meeting, of their impartiality, of their justice, of their consideration for the higher interests of the country, when we read, in the authoritative report of the proceedings, that this meeting, called by circular, and thronging the spacious hall in which it was assembled, received the representative of the inculpated firm "with a burst of applause of the most enthusiastic character," that "the

company rose *en masse*, and gave vent to their feelings by waving their hats, handkerchiefs, and umbrellas, and vociferously cheering for a considerable time," even although the contractor himself said that "he did not come there to ask for a vote of confidence or anything of the kind." If this meeting signified anything at all, it was of a moral and judicial quality; and what should we think of a judge upon the bench who welcomed the defendant in a civil court, to say nothing of a criminal trial, by throwing up his wig into the air with loud outcries of admiration and delight, "Here comes my honourable friend; three cheers for him from the whole bar and from the spectators, for I know him too well to believe that there is a word of truth in the presentment of the grand jury, or in the charges of the plaintiff!" Much value would attach thereafter to the ruling of such an ornament of the Bench! Yet this is precisely the course taken by the Bristol meeting. By that one "burst of applause" before they heard a single word, they did their uttermost to prejudice the cause of their friend and representative, and to damage the interests of justice over the whole empire. A kindly and a silent attitude, at once impartial and watchful, might have given a timely assurance to the country that moral considerations outweighed the passions of party or personal pre-occupation, whereas this premature waving of hats and opening of umbrellas has only confirmed the persuasion that any large assembly of moneyed people, when their personal interests are not concerned, will now look more than indulgently on the misdeeds of railway financiers, and modern engineers. Of Sir Morton Peto we shall only add that we account the present condition of his affairs, and the actual injury to his immense and well-deserved reputation—however much that ill-repute is caused by misunderstanding of the facts, or the meanness of coadjutors, an evil only second to a deserved downfall. With a renown so nobly won, with such principles, and such a preceding history, he never ought to have been brought into the position of a man "explaining" his conduct before a crowd of partisan-critics, who shout a worthless acquittal before even they have heard the defence;—and to a man of his sterling sense and general chivalrousness of mind, no chastisement for misconduct could have been more humiliating than such a purgatory. We shall digest that which we have to say on the general question of the morality of finance, into these propositions:

1. *Large things and small ought to be governed by one and the same law of truth and right.*—Perhaps this is the only world where so self-evident a statement requires to be made, but assuredly it is requisite here. There is no "principle," more

deeply fixed in the minds of large numbers of great men, who chiefly control the higher business of nations than this, that it is impossible to apply the moral laws which govern private affairs to the administration of public policy. Nearly all statesmen hold in practice that the prospect of immediate advantage in power or wealth to states and kingdoms furnishes a sufficient excuse for deliberate deceit, selfishness, or cruelty. Conduct which the statesmen of Europe would agree to denounce as infamous in a private individual, they openly defend in the walks of diplomacy and intrigue. Thus it was that M. Guizot abetted the unfathomable wickedness of the Spanish marriages—that Cavour supported, by deliberate falsehood, the plot for the annexation of Savoy that our own statesmen, in the opium traffic of India and of China, persistently maintain, for the sake of revenue and trade, a course of procedure which they would denounce, without measure, in the criminal who poisoned his neighbour, or incited him to intoxication. The same tendency appears in the management of the higher finance. If a poor woman who lived in the neighbourhood of one of the country houses of our City magnates, were to trust her savings with their wives or daughters, they would doubtless insist that the person who so confided in the honour of their family should never at any time have cause to regret her confidence. The deposit would be guarded with absolute fidelity. Or if a member of a great discount-house had occasion to sell some superfluous milk from his cows at Oxbridge to a wealthy brother nabob, it would never occur to him to take payment for a bucket of milk from the nabob's messenger, but, instead of sending the milk, to inclose him a receipt for the money, and afterwards to proceed to raise some fresh capital "irregularly," by obtaining an advance of another two shillings on the same bucket of milk from a much poorer neighbour. Yet the very man who would scorn to commit such an act of meanness and wickedness on a small scale will sometimes go to London after breakfast by first-class express, and embody precisely such a condemnable morality as this in a course of dealing with the public in much larger affairs. Such inconsistency can spring only from a deeply rooted conviction that it is impossible and unnecessary to apply the same law of fair dealing which is demanded in private business and in an account of a few shillings to concerns in which the total is summed up by millions.

La grande politique and the high finance, however, must bow their heads to the eternal laws. There is one law for small and great—for the man who sells hot potatoes at the corner of Tottenham Court Road, and for the mighty bankers at the corner of Lombard Street. If the *hot-potato-salesman* parts with his

business and stock to another of his fraternity, and conceals or misrepresents the debts with which the concern is chargeable, so as to involve his successor in speedy ruin, he is a rascal of the same order, though not nearly so prodigious in his rascality, as the discounting firm which sells to a "company limited," under conditions which ensure destruction to the miserable shareholders before the expiry of a twelvemonth. And when the criminal law shall come to be made by statesmen who have cleared their own minds of the cant that a wrong principle of action in great affairs is less punishable than in small, the penalty for obtaining money under false pretences in one case will be at least equal to the same offence in the other. Indeed, so far as moral esteem is concerned, one begins to feel a kind of comparative respect for those brave men who "raise capital irregularly" by crimes of violence. The burglar, who earnestly wishes for your plate or jewellery, at least risks his own valuable life in the attempt to take possession of your property, and is ready to encounter the chance of a pistol-shot, which, in a moment of excitement, fearing for Mrs. Proudy's safety, you may wildly discharge into the darkness. But it is impossible to feel the same sentiment of qualified admiration for the sleek, philanthropic quaker, or evangelical, or anti-pædobaptist, or decorative high-church Christian, who allows his religious name to act as a decoy-flame by which the poor moths are attracted to their perdition, while behind the scenes he puts in jeopardy, through scandalous enterprizes, the precious savings of the orphan and the widow.

2. *The modern system of credit being nothing else than trust in men's veracity and honour, must collapse and perish when men cease to speak the truth.*—The moment you pass beyond the system of barter or cash payments, you enter upon a constitution of things in which truth and fidelity become matters not less of obligation than of self-interest. The vast system of English enterprize being founded on credit and on paper promises, requires for its conservation and security, not only a certain sum of metallic money in the cellars of the banks, but the far more important reserve of national veracity and honour! As soon as it is discovered that even the greatest names in the City may represent men who, in fact, are capable of ruthless dealings with the deposits of their shareholders, or of obtaining the use of the accumulated savings of those shareholders by offering delusive securities, panic begins, shares decline, distrust spreads on every side, capital retires into its shell, hoarding proceeds, enterprize languishes,—the great name of England is covered with a cloud. The innocent, moreover, suffer with the guilty. Joint-stock enterprizes which have been conducted with

strict regard to the measure of their capital and the interests of their proprietors, lose their proper estimation along with adventures of the baser sort. One great railway *fiasco* drags down all the rest; the discovery and exposure of one wicked bank manager raises suspicion of a hundred others who may not be wicked. The circles of sorrow extend and widen over the troubled waters, until the whole surface of society is agitated, as by a submarine earthquake, by fears which know no limit, or is convulsed by storms which leave wreck on every shore. A single falsehood in trade or commerce or the higher finance does not end with the transaction which occasioned it. It propagates a malign influence over the system of business throughout the country and the world. "One sinner destroyeth much good." There are some single actions of certain individual men placed in positions of eminent authority, or distinguished by a peculiar religious renown, which are capable of inflicting on the whole of society a shock that rives it to its foundations. The evil cannot be represented by millions of money, though a depreciation of stock to the amount of even scores of millions often follows from proceedings of the quality now alluded to; but the chief, because irreparable, loss is in the department of national character. The brightest jewel in every crown is the honour of the people; and if the Queen should sink so low as to pawn the Koh-i-noor to supply alimant to the luxury of the Court, she would do a deed of virtue in comparison with those of her subjects who sell the birthright of England's commercial renown for such a mess of pottage as the income of a branch railway, or a ten per cent. bank dividend.

We are now witnessing the effects of fraud on every hand. The *Times* itself confesses that the financial name of England stinks so awfully in the nostrils of the Continent that men fear to buy or sell in our markets. Russia can obtain a loan of £6,000,000, while capital shrinks from almost every new enterprise at home. Oh, it is a grievous and a bitter-ending to years of inflation and prosperity! But there are some who regard the catastrophe without surprise. When "half England," in Mr. Baldwin Brown's language at Sheffield, "believes that half the clergy lie unto God as to their solemn subscriptions to the standard of the Church," who can feign astonishment that the taught come to resemble their teachers in "such a nation as this?" The income-tax has for twenty years educated the bulk of the people to habits of deliberate falsehood, through putting upon individual virtue a greater strain than it could bear. The license given to non-natural interpretation in religious affairs has afforded an authoritative example of unverity in the very teachers of morality and religion; and the general haste to be

rich, and determination to make an appearance, has completed the curriculum of delusion.

At length the nation beholds its danger. It sees that truth alone can save it. May every Englishman resolve that at least his part shall not be lacking in the general reformation. With truth, and justice, and moderate desires, prosperity will return, and with prosperity strength and honour.

3. *The new development of the principle of association demands fresh and higher measures of personal independence and courage, for the maintenance of both individual and social integrity.*—A proverb lingers in the precincts of cathedrals that a chapter of canons would divide the guilt of a murder between them. Certain it is that there is no severer test of any man's probity than his conduct in affairs when he forms a member of a body charged with joint responsibility. No delusion gains easier access to the judgment than the impression that responsibility is divided by combination. The law in morals undoubtedly is, that each man is fully answerable for the policy to which he gives his assent, even when that policy has been wholly projected by others. Each individual, whose conscience objects to the course determined on, is required to express his dissent with the utmost resolution and publicity, if he would escape the penalties of wrong-doing. It was this which obtained for Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea exemption from the guilt of the Sanhedrim in the murder of Christ. "*The same had not consented to the counsel and deed of them.*" It is not enough to offer a silent protest. There must be open opposition, and an open disclaimer, and in many cases absolute secession, self-sacrifice, and ruin, in order to maintain the right. But such courses of action demand nothing less than a really heroic and inspired virtue, and it is here that common Christians break down. There is many a man who might safely be trusted to act rightly, if acting alone, and even to act with honour under the trying condition of secrecy, who is unequal to the strain of offering persistent opposition to the will of an unrighteous majority. So readily do men assent to the delusion that joint responsibility signifies the same thing with divided responsibility—that the guilt of a bad action is distributed in minute portions among the whole number of persons who consented to it, so that each man supports but a trifling fraction of the incident weight, even in a case of robbery, or judicial murder,—that it requires a special enlightenment in the conscience, and a special lucidity in the understanding to insure that a man shall be proof against this most prevalent of sophisms. The influences brought to bear upon an individual when acting in an association of coad-

jutors are such as to deceive all but the very elect. It is at boards and councils that vanity persuades to gigantic wrongdoing many a man who is incapable of deliberate fraud, just as many a fast talker will utter, in the heat of a convivial hour, a boastful lie respecting himself or his connections, who would shrink from a similar utterance in a private conversation with a single friend. It is not a valid argument that a man who has not greatly gained has not greatly sinned. Vanity leads astray as many as intentional fraud or reckless avarice. Friendship drags along the weak man to a deed of financial cruelty, because he cannot endure to see his brother director go alone into the abyss. A spurious courage incites others to share enormous risks, and to keep up one another's comfort by desperate and mutual assurances of final success. And lastly, the spirit of gambling generally burns fiercely among men who have obtained from Parliament the right to administer subscribed millions, and to borrow millions more. A railway board in difficulties resembles a gambling hall at Baden or Homburg, where men, wrought up to a red fever of intoxication, will risk the fortunes of wives, children, or orphans, upon the last desperate throw. In such an atmosphere a person who is not governed by Invisible Power is nearly certain to be borne off his feet, and to be moved by an impulse given by the crowd. None but a man who possesses within him a mind stronger than any social force which can be brought against it will come out unconquered from such a trial. The first principles of morality are usually the last things learned by the generality of men, and to apply those principles in business is the loftiest triumph of personal integrity, foresight, and courage. Considering then of what material the ordinary men are compacted, there is little ground for surprise, if an age in which it has been almost re-discovered that, in relation to material things union is strength, and in which the principle of co-operation threatens nearly to annihilate individual enterprise, is also an age in which it should be discovered that this same union is also prejudicial to moral integrity. The individual is taught to join his material resources with those of others, in order to attain large results, but the conditions of the partnership are unfavourable to personal character and independence. A committee, a Board of Directors, has no corporate conscience, and unless the individuals who are present possess consciences of double force, the current of their proceedings is nearly certain to be infected with wrong.

It may be, that the new conditions of united action under which the modern world develops its resources and powers, may lead to a special education of the individual mind answerable to the necessities of the time. It may be that men not radically

dishonest, and desirous that right should rule, will draw nearer to each other on boards of management, and yield the reciprocal support which each requires. A small and resolute band of just men might dictate a better rule of procedure to many a loosely disposed body, certain to go aside unless thus guided or opposed. There is no limit to the value of one clear mind and determined conscience. Even a somewhat crotchety disposition is easily bearable, when the moral faculty is supreme. But an honest man must beware how he allows the advocacy of obvious right to be silenced by the charge of either squeamishness or crotchetyness. These are the names ever bestowed by bad men on pleadings for justice and truth; and if right principles are to triumph, they must usually be fought for with the utmost audacity. Sometimes there is required a charge like that of Balaclava, or a stubborn defence like that of Inkerman.

The practical lesson for men who are doubtful of their own forces, or over confident of them, is to regard with profound suspicion and fear the combinations which are uniformly fatal to the weak and to the vain. He who enters an association without knowledge of his companions deserves all the temptation into which he ventures. But it is a furnace from which he will not return like the Hebrew youths scatheless—since to the end of his days he will carry the irremovable smell and indelible brand of the flame which has “passed upon him.” Thrice happy if he himself has not been utterly lost in the consuming fire.

CLAUDIA AND PUDENS.

It is not surprising that the dim annals of early British Christianity should attract and fascinate poetic minds. For, little as we know of the story of four centuries, it is quite apparent that the churches of Britain held no mean place in the community of saints. Druidism, at a very early period, disappears.* The only martyrs of the Cross are victims not to native, but to Roman idolatrous zeal.† Early Christian writers, both in the East and West, point to Britain as pre-eminent in faith. Heresies sprang from Britain, as they always do from large and prosperous churches. The legends of King Arthur show how intensely penetrated with Christian thought was the heroic age of our country.

* The massacre of the Druids by Suetonius, A.D. 61, only partly accounts for this.

† So, St. Alban in the Diocletian persecution: often called “the first British martyr,” A.D. 303.

Yet the history is almost all lost. Not even Welsh patriotism can supply more than a few isolated facts, uncertain traditions, tantalizing glimpses. The Saxon conquest doubtlessly destroyed many a record which would now be priceless. Thomas Fuller characteristically likens the facts he is able to produce to the fragments of skin and bone, which the Levitical law permitted herdsmen to show as proof that their lost cattle had been devoured by wild beasts. So, the historian can but "produce these torn reversions hardly rescued from the teeth of Time."

Still, whatever can be known of those old days is worth the gathering; and imagination may have much worse work to do than that of harmonizing scattered particulars and piecing broken histories by probable conjecture. We are thankful to the writers named below,* whose works have drawn us into this strain of remark, for their efforts to such an end. Perhaps, indeed, they have but faintly appreciated the general ignorance of the whole subject, or at least they would have favoured their readers with some few matter-of-fact notes. It is hardly safe to presume that *anything* on the topic is "generally known." Probably the average Englishman believes that Britain was altogether a heathen land until the days of that most fruitful of witticisms, *Non Angli sed angeli!* Indeed, as we write, a morning London newspaper of to-day lies by us, in one of whose columns of literary criticism we find the following sentence, referring to a volume just published by Lady Herbert of Lea:—

"The most important of these biographies is that of Monica, the mother of the famous Saint Augustine, *to whose compassionate interest our British forefathers are said to have owed their acquaintance with Christianity*, and who was himself indebted for his own conversion to the unceasing, but unobtrusive, endeavours of the most pious and patient of parents."

We know not whether most to admire here;—the confusion between the Bishop of Hippo and Augustin the Monk—the reference to our "British forefathers," when evidently the writer has some vague idea about the great evangelist of the *Saxons*;—or the commendable touch of caution in the words "*are said to have owed their acquaintance with Christianity!*" "The famous Saint Augustine!" Most famous, we should have thought in the eyes of all who knew his name, as the antagonist of Pelagianism; and was not Pelagius a British Christian, or, to speak more accurately, a Welshman, whose name was Morgan? Truly, when our great public instructors can promulgate such

* *Claudia*, by Mrs. Frederick Prideaux. Smith, Elder & Co.
Master and Scholar, &c., by E. H. Plumtre, M.A. Strahan, *Claudia and Pudens*.

views of history, the poet may well fear lest the subtlest interweaving of fact with fiction should be lost upon average readers. At any rate, it may not be amiss for us briefly to intimate the few certainties and high probabilities on which Mrs. Prideaux has based her interesting poem, and Professor Plumtre his graceful sketch.

Among the latest words of the Apostle Paul, he sends to Timothy the loving remembrance of "Eubulus, and *Pudens*, and Linus, and *Claudia*, and all the brethren" (2 Tim., iv. 21). Of the personages so named, we read no more in Scripture. But we learn decisively from the poet Martial that, in his time, there was in Rome a British lady named Claudia, married to Pudens, a distinguished soldier raised, for his services in the western part of the empire, to the equestrian dignity.* Thus far, we could perhaps gather nothing from the mere coincidence of names, especially as the greater part of Martial's Roman career was subsequent to that of Paul. The Apostle, in fact, was martyred about A.D. 67, while the poet's residence in the city was from 66 to 100. Persons known to both must, therefore, belong to the very earliest period of Martial's Roman life. And if Pudens was then a Christian, as he must have been from the Apostle's mention, would Martial have been admitted to his friendship, or have uttered for him the wedding invocation

"Macte esto tædis, o Hymenæe, tuis?"

These are undoubtedly difficulties; and critics like Dr. W. L. Alexander† have been led by them to reject the supposition of identity. And yet there is a chain of coincidences on the other side, remarkable, to say the least.

For instance, it is a remarkable thing that a British princess should appear in Rome with the name of *Claudia*—the appellation of the Imperial house. Does history authorize the notion that an act of adoption had united the family of the Emperor with that of any native prince? We turn to Tacitus, and find that special favour had been bestowed on a British chieftain

* The marriage of Pudens and Claudia is mentioned Martial Ep. iv. 13. Claudia's matronly honours are celebrated xi. 53, where we learn that she was a *Briton*, the former epigram having simply *foreigner*. The military achievements of Pudens are referred to, i. 32, v. 48, vi. 58; and the friendship between him and the poet is intimated iv. 29, vii. 11. From these last two epigrams Pudens appears to have been a sharp critic, whom Martial was anxious to propitiate, although his attempt to make the poet's muse more decent was vain.

† See Kitto's "Biblical Cyclopædia," last Edition, and "The Ancient British Church," R.T.S. Mr. Merivale, in his "History of the Romans under the Empire," allows the difficulties, yet evidently leans to the identity.

named Cogidunus, of the Regni (occupying what is now Sussex, with part of Surrey), who had been a faithful ally of the Romans, certain states having been made over to him as a reward of his allegiance.* The historian says nothing more about him; but it so happened that, in the year 1723, while making some excavations at Chichester, the labourers dug up a broken marble tablet, with a Latin inscription to the following effect:—

THIS TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE AND MINERVA
FOR THE WEAL OF THE IMPERIAL HOUSE
BY AUTHORITY OF TIBERIUS CLAUDIUS COGIDUNUS
LEGATE OF THE EMPEROR IN BRITAIN
THE COMPANY OF SMITHS AND THOSE IN OFFICE AMONG THEM
HAVE DEDICATED AT THEIR OWN COST
THE SITE BEING GRANTED BY
PUDENS THE SON OF PUDENTINUS†

Here, then, we have a British chief—Cogidunus—honoured with the surname of Claudius, and closely connected with one Pudens. Now the chief's daughter would, of course, be called Claudia; she would, almost equally of course, be sent to Rome for her education, partly, also, as a hostage for her father's fidelity. The chronology would favour her being there at the same time with the Apostle, and her subsequent marriage with Pudens would be a natural event. That their marriage (supposing them to be the two persons mentioned by St. Paul) had not taken place when the Epistle was written appears plain from the mention of another name, that of Linus, between them.

But is there anything to connect the house of Cogidunus and his presumed daughter with Christianity? In reply, we may observe, that the general commanding in Britain when Cogidunus was received into favour (about A. D. 45), was Aulus Plautius. To his guardianship, and to that of his wife Pomponia, the care of the Princess would naturally be assigned. We may add, that Martial speaks of his Claudia as *Rufina*; that is, "of the house of Rufus." Now, Pomponia "belonged to a house of which the Rufi were one of the chief branches." Her adoption would, therefore, give to Claudia this further name. Then it is almost certain that Pomponia was a Chris-

* Tacitus. *Agricola*, 14.

† The tablet, of grey Sussex marble, is now in the grounds of Goodwood, in a summer house. It should be added that some of the words are filled in or completed conjecturally, the stone being fractured. Of the name transcribed "Pudens," the first three letters are gone, but there is little doubt that the transcription is correct.

tian* Some years previously (say A. D. 57), she had been solemnly accused, and tried in Roman fashion before a jury of her kindred, "for holding a foreign superstition," precisely the phrase which Tacitus, who tells the story,† would be likely to apply to Christianity. She was acquitted, it is true, through the partiality of her husband; but spent the rest of her life forty years, in mourning and retirement.

We may suppose, then, without any violence to probability that the scattered facts we have indicated, may be harmonized in some such view as the following: that Claudia, daughter of the British chieftain, Cogidunus, having been sent to Rome to the care of Pomponia, received from her patroness the teaching of the Christian faith, that Pudens, her affianced lover, formerly a heathen, also accepted the Gospel; and that the two, in the days before their marriage, were among the friends and comforters of the great Apostle, when he had fought his good fight and finished his course. The friendship of Martial with Pudens may very probably have commenced during the western campaigns of the latter, before the poet took up his abode in Rome and we need not wonder that the heathen epigrammatist should write in heathen style to his old friend, even though the latter was now a Christian. There is, moreover, a touch of reverence in the poet's regard to both Pudens and Claudia, a touch which Martial at heart acknowledged that they were better than he.‡

The poem which Mr. Plumtre has founded on these facts occupies a part of his recently published volume, "Master and Scholar, etc." The Professor's special faculty for the combination of isolated circumstances into a consistent and shapely whole, is illustrated here, though upon a smaller scale, as truly as in his well-known "Lazarus;" while, as of old, the versification is smooth, graceful, and only too easy. We subjoin a passage:—

"So they met once more,
Pudens and Claudia, who, in earlier days,
Had met in Britain, and his heart was drawn
To that fair maid, whom he, in youth's full joy,
Had known and loved, whom now he found again,
The same, and yet another, keeping still
The freshness of her girlhood, yet arrayed
In woman's graces. And he turned to her,

* The coincidence with Rom. xvi. 13 is at least curious—"Salute Rufus chosen in the Lord, and his mother and mine."

† Annals xii. 32.

‡ See "Claudia and Pudens," a pamphlet by Archdeacon Williams, 185; also Alford, Conybeare and Howson, Lewin, on 2 Timothy. *The Quarterly Review*, July, 1855, pp. 103-5, geographically sketches the conjectural story.

He whom Rome's fairest courted for their own,
 Whom Galatea, sporting in the shade,
 Hit with the golden fruit, while Flavia bent
 The haughty pride of her patrician lips
 In becks and smiles, and Domitilla fair,
 In wild un wisdom, went with prayers and gold
 To swarth Chaldean sage and Marsian witch
 For spells and love-charms. Yet they all were vain,
 The smiles, the spells, the power of ancient name :
 He chose the maid of Britain. Whispers ran
 Among his old companions, and they laughed
 The evil laugh that speaks of evil heart ;
 They pelted him with epigram and jest ;
 But even they were somewhat held in check,
 In awe of that great purity which beamed
 From Claudia's presence. Martial's licensed tongue
 Found in her that which silenced scurril jest,
 And woke faint pulses of the nobler heart,
 The little life the canker had not killed :
 And when the scourge of pleasant sins smote sore,
 And he lay writhing in the grasp of pain
 On fevered couch, he turned with piteous cry
 To Pudens, as the one true friend of friends.
 All jesting then was over ; gibe and scoff,
 Thrown back in answer to the kind reproof,
 Were heard no more ; but moans, and groans, and sighs,—
 'Come to me, friend ; come, see me ere I die !'
 And Pudens did not fail him ; cooled the brow
 That burnt with fever's torment, and stood by
 Till all was over, and his soul passed on
 In twilight to the judgment.'

This last particular belongs to the *verisimilia* only. The "gibe and scoff thrown back in answer to the kind reproof" may well refer to vii. 11 ; but we know not of any hint in the Epigrams that their author thus sent for his former friend and critic at the last. Here, however, we speak with diffidence, for it is quite possible that the Professor's keenness may have found such an indication.

The story is happily put into the lips of Eubulus (see again 2 Tim. vi. 21), introduced as a Christian freedman of Pudens, and identified with the Encolpus (Mr. Plumtre writes Eucolpus) of Martial, i. 32, v. 48. We greatly admire the original and felicitous turn which the Professor has given to the fact of the servant's shaven crown. Let our readers who have the opportunity compare Martial's two epigrams, which Dean Alford somewhat unfairly describes as involving Pudens in the revolting moral license of the day.

"And Martial, he made merry with it all,
 Called me Eucolpus, bosom friend and true,
 Instead of trusty slave ; and once, when I
 (Pudens being smitten with the fever's touch),

In new-born zeal of anxious faith and fear,
 Took on my head the Nazarite's holiness,
 He, with glib tongue and ready thought of ill,
 Made sport of me, as though I still had lived
 As others lived, and to Apollo made
 My offering of the golden locks of youth."

The whole story, indeed, from the conversion of Pudens, supposed to have been through the agency of St. Paul, to the early death of Claudia and the long-subsequent martyrdom of her husband is delicately conceived, and finely told.

Mrs. Prideaux's poem of "Claudia" is far longer and more elaborate; and, for vigour and descriptive beauty, claims a high place among the poetry of the day. The story of the British maiden is artistically connected with that of her fatherland; conversion being indirectly a means of its evangelization. No longer, however, do we hear of Cogidunus, and his protection against the Roman power. Mrs. Prideaux inclines to the older notion that the British princess was of the house of Caractacus; and, however, his daughter, as some of the older English writers held, but his niece, child of his brother Owain. In the days when the power of Caractacus was still unbroken, Claudia, then a child, had been kidnapped in a sudden incursion of Roman soldiers into Western Britain, and carried to the imperial court where we find her in ignorance of her parentage, the reputed daughter of Pomponia. The name "Claudia," bespeaks no relationship to the great Roman *gens*, but is simply (as we understand the poem to intimate) the corruption of "Gladys," the name which Owain, the Silurian prince, and his consort, Gwendolen, had given to their child.

Between the capture of Gladys and the opening of the story is the final unsuccessful stand of the Silures against the power of Rome has been made. Caractacus, *i. e.*, Caradoc, and his family including his father Brân, are prisoners in Rome. Through the intervention of Julius, an aged Christian Hebrew, Claudia's father, Brân is introduced to his unknown grandchild, in an interview sought by the latter to apprise Julius of an intention, accidentally brought to her knowledge at the time of Plautius, to massacre all the Jews in Rome. This determines Julius to flight; he apprises his brethren of the intended slaughter; and, for a time, is sheltered in the house of Aristobulus, a descendant of the Maccabees. Here he is joined by Brân, who, with Aristobulus, embraces the Christian faith.

But, in parting from Julius, Claudia, who had become aware of her British descent, had addressed to him an earnest treaty;—

"Grant it as thou would'st grant it, were it made
 By dying lips, sealed by beseeching looks
 In dying eyes. Thou knowest I was born
 In Britain: doubtless of the British race.
 I treasure many a dim remembrance still
 Of fair green meadows, russet forest-paths,
 And cooler skies than these; and looks of love
 That hung above my cradle, ere I dwelt
 With Plantius and Pomponia in the camp.
 Voices and visions haunt me in the night,
 Re-echoed from some far-off place and time.
 My heart is bound so close to that dear land,
 That all her woes are mine, and make me feel
 As if my mother wept and cried to me,
 Calling across the melancholy seas.
 But I—I cannot answer or return.
 Wilt thou not go, my father? When thou camest
 From Lydia's shore, thy course was like the sun
 From east to west; and now, that thou art driven
 From hence, be like the gracious sun once more.
 Still further westward bear the blessed light,
 Even to the islands of the utmost sea,—
 To Britain."

In fulfilment of this entreaty, Julius and Aristobulus, the Christian sage and the fervent Maccabee, take their departure for Britain, and so become its earliest, or among its earliest, evangelists. The thought is at least a happy one. It is, of course, suggested by the old Welsh tradition that the Gospel was brought to our shores by *Idid* and *Arwystli*, which may well have been Cymric renderings of the two Latin names. The landing of the voyagers is well described—

"As Julius gazed, he grew
 Silent with many thoughts amidst the hum
 Of eager voices. For as one by one
 The features of the land revealed themselves,
 He travelled back a thousand storied years,
 And saw the splendid king, king Solomon,
 On Israel's throne. He saw the ships of Tyre
 Cross the Great Sea, and thread the pillared straits,
 And plunging thence athwart the unknown deeps
 That wash the utmost border of the world,
 Turn their bold prows to face the stormy North,
 Seeking the metals of these distant isles
 Wherewith to deck the Temple. There his thought
 Dwelt for a moment, ere with swift recoil,
 Like a spent wave, it swallowed up itself
 In musings on the miserable change
 Since those proud times. And then, as a white cliff
 Gleamed from a sombre headland, swathed in mist,
 A thrill ran through him, and a passing flush
 Kindled the worn lines of his thoughtful face:
 For in that snow-white cliff his fancy found

Claudia, all clad in pureness ; in its feet
 Fast rooted in the waves, her lonely faith
 Standing in no calm waters like to these,
 But in an ever-seething, stormy sea
 Of fierce temptation ; yet still building up
 A rampart of inviolable prayers
 Around her fellows and the land she loved."

One leading object of the poem seems to be, to present the different aspects of primitive evangelism, as modified by the various characters and mental habitudes both of the teachers and the taught. Thus, in Julius, we have the far-seeing, philosophic, tolerant expounder of the truth ; in Aristobulus the fervent convert, zealous, perhaps a little narrow.

" And ever as they taught would Julius hang
 His teaching on the teachings of the bards ;
 Would note the solid beams that still upheld
 Their tottering temple, and essay to drive
 The nail of doctrine in the surest place.
 While, true as Julius to the differing type,
 The Maccabee tore down the old beliefs,
 And built the shining palace of the King
 Sheer from the earth on unencumbered ground,
 With no misgivings of the depths below.
 Yet not in craft, but by a natural choice
 Thus did the pilgrims. Even as the pine,
 Shooting abruptly to the gracious sun,
 Fringes his spiry height with russet cones ;
 While, standing in close brotherhood, the oak,
 Slow-rising on his broadened base of roots,
 Thoughtfully bends his knotted arms, and moulds
 A polished acorn finely here and there.
 So each was faithful to his proper trust ;
 So each was fruitful in his proper kind.
 And as they passed about the Cymric wilds
 They sowed immortal seed."

Did space permit, we would quote from a death-bed scene (pp. 206, 7), where the characters of the two teachers are finely discriminated. But a yet richer variety arises from the difference in mental and moral condition of those to whom the truth is sent. The Gospel, indeed, is one ; and it would be difficult to find its leading truths more tersely and vividly expressed in the same compass, than in several paragraphs of this poem. Yet its various application,—to the speculative and the sorrowful—to the bewilderment of intellect, to baffled ambition, to mourning patriotism, and to the broken heart—is at least as strikingly discriminated. In such a spirit, we feel as we read, must the glad tidings have been commended to minds of the first century, though the form is supplied by the culture of the nineteenth. The background of scenery is evidently

sketched from nature. At least the following is no imaginary picture:—

“Forthwith arise :
Beyond Trefrân, beyond Dunraven's hill
Pursue the sunset, till a river bars
Your farther steps. Thence turning inland, track
The river's course along a winding vale
For nigh three leagues. Then will the valley's head
Branch out in antlers to the right and left.
Adown the open vale upon the right
A still stream glides below a rock-crowned hill ;
Adown the narrow glen upon the left
A torrent roars among huge tumbled rocks.
Follow the torrent till its calming voice
Yields to the murmur of a waterfall.
Cross at the ford below the fall and search
The wooded heights above, and you shall find
A rustic dwelling. There await in peace
Our coming.”

It is here, in fact, as well as in other passages, that we should like to have had an explanatory note. For farther on, we read how, when long centuries had passed away, this waterfall was to be called by the name of Gladys, or Claudia. Has then the name of this British princess been actually traced among the glens and streams of South Wales ? Where, too, is “the Church of Ilid,” marking the place of the first temple of Christian worship “that ever rose in Britain ?”*

We have anticipated the issue of the story. Claudia herself finds, in the end, her way to Britain, with Caradoc, her uncle, who has himself embraced Christianity, and the other British captives. Her life in Rome has, meanwhile, been one of mental struggle. The Emperor Claudius is dead; the days of Nero have come; Pudens is assiduous in his addresses; Martial has already framed a flattering epigram, “touching the gold locks and the violet eyes; and how the Roman and the British dames disputed for the honour of” Claudia's birth.† The throbs of a dangerous ambition begin to be felt; her affections too deeply set upon the still heathen Pudens, distress her greatly: hence her sudden resolve to return with

* Since the above was in type, we have been reminded of the waterfall of Gwladys, in the western branch of the Vale of Neath, Llanilid (or “the Church of Ilid”) is a short distance to the S. E. of the Pencoed station of the South Wales railway. Traditions of the neighbourhood, we learn, closely associate the place with the “Man of Asia,” and the “Man of Italy,” sent over from Rome to preach the Gospel in Britain.

† An evident anticipation, in Claudia's younger days, of the well-known Epigram which celebrates her maturer beauties, when three sons were at her side.

Caradoc to her native land. Here she is taken to the arms of her mother Guendolen ; and the story ends, in uncertainty as to whether our heroine remained in Britain, or returned to Rome. Presuming her identity with Martial's Claudia, there can be no real doubt ; but the matter is not important to settle. Whatever the proportion of fact to fiction, we have in "Claudia" a most interesting poem, well sustained, and artistically wrought and fashioned, perhaps, on the model of Tennyson's narrative blank verse ; but with a Christian feeling, and an insight into divine truth, that are emphatically the author's own.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL, ON HEAT.*

A QUARTER of a century ago, a western seer complained that "our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face ; we through their eyes." The complaint sounds very antiquated now, and is felt to be unjust. Men are content no longer to take either their religion or their science on trust. They do not accept the report which is brought to them of God or nature but they go out and look for themselves. And if there still remain a doubt, as may well be the case, of their fidelity in relation to God, there can be none of their fidelity to nature. All the prophets from Emerson to Sauerteig, must bear witness that the men of science no longer "proceed in the small chink-lighted or even oil-lighted, underground workshop of logic alone, but have come out thence, and looked, and wondered, and pondered. The result, as a matter of course is, that they have been rewarded for their docility and patience ; and we, of this generation, have been permitted to witness some of the most remarkable discoveries that the world has ever known. Of these discoveries, none is likely to be more fruitful, certainly none more wonderful, than that which declares the great agencies of nature heat, light, electricity, and magnetism, so unlike in their manifestation, to be essentially but one. And that, being one, they may be converted from one form to another. This doctrine was

* Heat considered as a Mode of Motion. London : Longman & Co.

expounded a few years ago, in its most general form, by Mr. Grove, in his work on the "Correlation of Forces." In its more special relation to heat, it was the subject of twelve lectures by Professor Tyndall, at the Royal Institution; and to the volume containing these lectures, we propose to call the attention of our readers in the present paper. In many cases, we are glad to know, that the introduction is superfluous. But there are, in this age of over toil and large occupation, many whose opportunities for reading are but few, and who content themselves with an occasional perusal of a work of fiction, seeking for amusement and relaxation only. To such we beg to present a new friend, fascinating in speech, and wise in thought. We trust that he will win them from fiction to reality, and make them feel, not the idle curiosity that asks only for gratification, but the deep wonder that fills the mind seeking for true wisdom. Quite truly, our philosopher tells us, that, "presented rightly to the mind, the discoveries and generalization of modern science, constitute a poem more sublime than has ever yet been addressed to the intellect and imagination of man. The natural philosopher of to-day may dwell amid conceptions, which beggar those of Milton. So great and grand are they, that in the contemplation of them, a certain force of character is requisite to preserve us from bewilderment." We will only say, that we think that the discoveries and generalization which he undertook to bring before us, he has presented rightly to the mind; and will proceed to give our report of his presentation.

In a very rhetorical passage, at the close of his last lecture, Professor Tyndall elaborates a statement made by Sir John Herschel thirty years ago, to the effect that "the sun's rays are the ultimate source of almost every motion which takes place on the surface of the earth." We have space only for a portion of this passage:—"He rears, as I have said, the whole vegetable world, and through it the animal; the lilies of the field are his workmanship, the verdure of the meadows, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He forms the musele, he urges the blood, he builds the brain. His fleetness is in the lion's foot; he springs in the panther, he soars in the eagle, he glides in the snake. He builds the forest, and hews it down; the power which raised the tree and which wields the axe being one and the same. . . . His energy is poured freely into space, but our world is a halting-place where this energy is conditioned. Here the Proteus works his spells; the self-same essence takes a million shapes and hues, and finally dissolves into its primitive and almost formless form. The sun comes to us as heat; he quits us as heat; and between his entrance and departure the multiform powers of our globe appear." But before we can understand the method of his

working, we must imagine what it is that he gives us ; in other words, we must ask, what is heat ? Until very recently, scientific men have taught us that it was a subtle fluid stored up in the inter-atomic spaces of bodies, or, in the words of a foreign chemist, "that substance whose entrance into our bodies causes the sensation of warmth, and its egress the sensation of cold." We need not say that this was, and, among the uninformed on the subject, is still, the prevailing conception formed of heat. It is that which is most easily derived from a superficial observation of its phenomena, and commends itself to the mind as a simple and satisfactory explanation. The object of these lectures is to correct this opinion, and "to bring the rudiments of a new philosophy within the reach of a person of ordinary intelligence and culture." It is to verify, by a popular exposition, one of the guesses of the ancient Greeks, and a speculation of some of our own philosophers, that heat is not a substance, but simply *motion*. This theory, which is called the mechanical theory of heat, discards the idea of materiality, and asserts that heat is "an accident or condition of matter—namely, a motion of its ultimate particles." It rejects the notion that some bodies have a greater capacity for storing up heat than others, and hide this substance within them till it is driven forth by friction, or by a blow. It maintains that heat is not called forth from a latent condition, but generated. It is communicated, not as a substance, but as a motion. That is to say, the particles of which a body is composed being supposed to be at rest among themselves, the body is said to be cool. When mechanical force is brought to bear on this body, so that its atoms are set in motion, it is said to be heated—to have received heat. An experiment of Sir H. Davy will illustrate, and help to prove, these statements. He took two blocks of ice, and, being careful to exclude all external sources of heat from them, rubbed them together until, by friction, he had liquefied the ice. The water so produced was found to be much higher in temperature than the ice from which it was obtained. Whence, then, had come the additional heat ? The believer in the material theory could not say it had been stored up in the ice, and that he had rendered the hidden heat sensible ; for ice, which is solid water, has only one-half the capacity for heat which liquid water possesses. Davy came, therefore, to the conclusion that he had generated heat, and that it was only a kind of molecular motion.

This experiment calls our attention also to one of the most common means of producing heat, viz., by friction. The school-boy knows that he can heat a brass button by rubbing it on his coat sleeves, and he has heard that savages obtain fire by rubbing together two pieces of dry wood. Dr. Tyndall men-

tions other instances more or less familiar, as the cleaning of a knife upon a board, the use of a saw in dividing wood. He shows that what is true of solid applies also to liquid. So that the water at the foot of a cataract is warmer than at the point from which it falls; "the sea is rendered warmer through the agitation produced by a storm, the mechanical dash of its billows being ultimately converted into heat." In one of his experiments, Dr. Tyndall boils water by friction.

"Whenever friction is overcome, heat is produced, and the heat produced is the measure of the force expended in overcoming the friction. The heat is simply the primitive force in another form, and, if we wish to avoid this conversion, we must abolish the friction. We usually put oil upon the surface of a hone, we grease a saw, and are careful to lubricate the axles of our railway carriages. What are we really doing in these cases? Let us get general notions first; we shall come to particulars afterwards. It is the object of a railway engineer to urge his train bodily from one place to another. . . . He wishes to apply the force of his steam, or of his furnace, which gives tension to the steam, to this particular purpose. It is not his interest to allow any portion of that force to be converted into another form of force which would not further the attainment of his object. He does not want his axles heated, and hence he avoids as much as possible expending his power in heating them. In fact, he has obtained his force from heat, and it is not his object to re-convert the force thus obtained into its primitive force; for, for every degree of temperature generated by the friction of his axles, a definite amount would be withdrawn from the urging force of his engine. There is no force lost absolutely. Could we gather up all the heat generated by the friction, and could we apply it all mechanically, we should, by it, be able to impart to the train the precise amount of speed which it had lost by the friction. Thus, every one of those railway porters whom you see moving about with his can of yellow grease, and opening the little boxes which surround the carriage axles, is, without knowing it, illustrating a principle which forms the very solder of nature. In so doing, he is unconsciously affirming both the convertibility and indestructibility of force. He is practically asserting that mechanical energy may be converted into heat, and that when so converted, it cannot still exist as mechanical energy, but that for every degree of heat developed a strict and proportional equivalent of the *locomotive force* of the engine disappears. A station is approached, say at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour; the brake is applied, and smoke and sparks issue from the wheel on which it presses. The train is brought to rest—How? Simply by converting the entire

moving force which it possessed, at the moment the brake was applied, into heat." (Pp. 8—10.)

Heat is generated by compression and percussion, as well as by friction. One example will serve to introduce us to another branch of this subject:—A lead bullet is placed upon an anvil and struck with a sledge hammer. The bullet is flattened and heated to a considerable degree. What has become of the force of the hammer? It cannot be lost, for force is indestructible. It is converted into heat, which is but another form assumed by the force; "and could we gather up all the heat generated by the shock of the sledge, and apply it, without loss, mechanically we should be able, by means of it, *to lift the hammer to the height from which it fell.*" The words in italics are very important. They suggest that there is a method by which heat can be calculated in amount, and expressed arithmetically in terms of mechanical energy. This is true. We have not space to explain the patient processes by which this result has been attained; we must content ourselves with saying that the mechanical equivalent of heat is thus expressed: the quantity of heat necessary to raise one pound of water one degree is able to produce mechanical energy sufficient to raise a one pound weight 772 feet, and conversely. By means of this rule, the amount of heat generated by a rifle-bullet on striking a target, may be calculated, if its weight and velocity are known. But if this may be calculated, so may the heat generated by the stoppage of any body, its weight and velocity being ascertained; and this leads to a very interesting and surprising result. "For example; knowing, as we do, the weight of the earth, and the velocity with which it moves through space, a simple calculation would enable us to determine the exact amount of heat which would be developed, supposing the earth to be stopped in her orbit, we could tell the number of degrees which this amount of heat would impart to a globe of water equal to the earth in size. Mayer and Helmholtz have made this calculation, and found that the quantity of heat generated by this colossal shock, would be quite sufficient not only to fuse the entire earth, but to reduce it in great part to vapour. Thus, by the simple stoppage of the earth in its orbit, 'the elements' might be caused 'to melt with fervent heat.' The amount of heat thus developed, would be equal to that derived from the combustion of fourteen globes of coal, each equal to the earth in magnitude. And if, after the stoppage of its motion, the earth should fall into the sun, as it assuredly would, the amount of heat generated by the blow, would be equal to that developed by the combustion of 5,600 worlds of solid carbon." (P. 43.)

We hope that we have by these explanations and illustrations

made the comparatively new and central idea of these lectures sufficiently clear to the minds of our readers. If they have grasped for themselves the conception of heat as molecular motion, they will be able, by a little reflection upon common things about them, to apply it in an almost endless variety of interesting ways. They will see, for example, that when mechanical force is brought to bear upon different forms of matter, a struggle takes place between their ultimate particles through their natural cohesion, or force of gravitation, as it may be termed, towards each other. In one case, the limits being small, and the moving particles small, the motion is invisible, and can only be known by the heat given off, as in the case of the lead bullet struck by the hammer. In this case the vibration of the particles among themselves is a matter of conception and imagination. In another case the cohesion of the ultimate actions is slighter, and is so far modified, that a change takes place in the form of the body itself, a solid, for example, as ice, is changed into a liquid as water. In a third case, as in that of water, "the particles break the last fetter of cohesion, and fly asunder to form bubbles of vapour. Thus freed from the influence of cohesion, we have matter in vaporous or gaseous form." Thus we have answered the question, what is heat? The further application of this principle we must leave our readers to seek for themselves in the volume we are desirous of introducing to them. They will find there a full explanation of the interesting processes of expansion and combustion; and of the more difficult theory of calorific conduction and radiant heat. We have not space to allow of further information in that direction, but in what remains to us, we wish to direct attention from the earth to the sun. It is from the sun the earth derives its heat, but we are told that the amount of heat received by the earth is an inconceivable portion of what the sun is constantly giving forth. The total amount of heat emitted by the sun in a minute is capable of boiling 12,000 millions of cubic miles of ice-cold water. This statement does not help us much, except to produce the general sense of something inconceivably vast: and leads us to ask, where then does the sun obtain all this heat? It cannot be expending its capital, for it appears that if it were a solid globe of burning coal, in less than 5,000 years it would be all burned out. A conjectural answer has been given to the question as follows: and it derives additional interest from what was seen in our heavens a few weeks ago. For three or four hours during a November night, there fell an unbroken shower of brilliant stars: none of them, so far as we know, touched the earth. Coming toward us in great rapidity, they were raised by their motion to such a degree of incandescence,

that before they reached us they were dissipated by their own heat. Now let it be supposed that the lens-shaped envelope which surrounds the sun, and which is known to astronomers, as the Zodiacal Light, be a crowd of meteors; if they are moving in a resisting medium, and with rapidity continually approaching to the sun, they will ultimately fall into it, and in a state of heat. Under these circumstances, they would be competent to produce the heat observed, and this would constitute a source from which the annual loss of heat would be made good. It is calculated that an asteroid, on striking the sun with a velocity of 390 miles a second, would develop more than 9,000 times the heat generated by the combustion of an equal asteroid of solid coal. This is only one of many answers which have been suggested to this question. That they are but suggestions we need scarcely add. But this brings us back to the point from which we started. "Grand, however, and marvellous as are these questions regarding the physical constitution of the sun, they are but a portion of the wonders connected with our luminary. His relationship to life, is yet to be referred to. The earth's atmosphere contains carbonic acid, and the earth's surface bears living plants; the former is the nutriment of the latter. The planet apparently seizes the combined carbon and oxygen; tears them asunder, storing up the carbon, and letting the oxygen go free. By no special force, different in quality from other forces, do plants exercise this power,—the real magician is the sun. We have seen how heat is consumed in forcing asunder the atoms and molecules of solids and liquids, converting itself into potential energy, which re-appeared as heat, when the attractions of the separated atoms were again allowed to come into play. Precisely the same considerations which we then applied to heat, we have now to apply to light; for it is at the expense of the solar light that the decomposition of the carbonic acid is effected. Without the sun the reduction cannot take place, and an amount of sunlight is consumed exactly equivalent to the molecular work accomplished. Thus trees are formed, thus the meadows grow, thus the flowers bloom. Let the solar rays fall upon a surface of sand, the sand is heated, and finally radiates away as much as it receives; let the same rays fall upon a forest, the quantity of heat given back is less than is received, for the energy of a portion of the sunbeams is invested in the building of the trees. I have here a bundle of cotton, which I ignite; it bursts into flame, and yields a definite amount of heat; precisely that amount of heat was abstracted from the sun in order to form that bit of cotton. This is a representative case;—every tree, plant, or flower, grows and flourishes by the grace and bounty of the sun." (Pp. 430, 431.)

THE ADVANTAGES OF A BAD COLD.

I WRITE in a cosy bedroom—a bright fire burning in the grate—my slippered feet resting on the softest of all possible cushions—at my elbow a glass of mild wine-and-water, in which floats an almost transparent film of lemon peel—on the hob simmers a cup of beef-tea—in a word, I am confined to the house by a bad cold. After struggling down to the office for some weeks, and feebly essaying to go through my ordinary duties, I have been taken in hand by the powers that be, lest worse should come of it. Will the Editor of the CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR accept, in default of better, the fancies and vagaries of a sick room? A periodical which has admitted prelections on the *Advantages of a bad temper* and the *Disadvantages of early rising* may not turn up its nose at a disquisition on the compensations which attend my present condition.

Foreigners insist, with a fair measure of truth, that we Englishmen have no capacity for the enjoyment of a holiday. The passion for working at something with all our heart and soul and strength, which pervades our national life, and has built up our national greatness, still haunts us when we have nothing to do. The average Briton never works so hard as during holidays. I remember to have met a typical English paterfamilias in Rome during the height of summer. It was scorching noon-tide. The natives had all become comatose, dozing undershady colonnades, or idly gossipping in dimly-lighted chambers, from which every ray of sunlight had been carefully excluded. But our Englishman, mopping his moist brow and flushed cheeks with one hand, and holding his faithful *Murray* in the other, steadily persevered in “doing” the regulation sights through the blazing noon. *Voilà, Monsieur Jean Bull*, I heard whispered by a party of French Zouaves who were passing. It was, indeed, Mr. John Bull, who, in true British fashion, was toiling through his annual holiday and enjoying himself by working twice as hard as usual. A bad cold, however, or any similar slight ailment, brings with it a gentle languor and lassitude which, relaxing “those wrestling thews that throw the world,” reduces us to the level of ordinary mortals. We are able to enjoy the luxury of doing nothing. The *kief* of the Egyptians, the *dolce far niente* of Neapolitan Lazzaroni is mine. I lie back in my easy chair, and in slumbrous peace

let the hours go by. Seated on the carpet of indolence, I sit the pipe of peace beneath the canopy of repose. "Vis come and go"—there are no impertinent and obtrusive duties to interrupt them. "Gorgons and hydras and chimeras do fashion themselves between the bars of the grate. Stage pageants grow up out of the wall-paper, and epics are enacted amongst the bed-hangings. I have neither power nor desire to do anything save doze and dream through the perpetual afternoon* of my sick room. For a few days, at least, this life of dreamy vacuity is very pleasant.

My worthy, but long-winded friend Borem, hearing that I was not well, has just called to inquire after me. He is a very respectable fellow, but terribly wordy, reminding me, in length and tedium of his talk, of a famous Viennese professor of whom Thomas Fuller exclaims, "What a gift had J. Halsbach in tediousness! who, being to expound the Prophecy of Isaiah to his auditors, read twenty-one years on the first chapter and yet finished it not." Thinking I might be glad to hear the news, he was shown up into my room. Before long, he mounted his hobby, and was beginning to ride it hard. He has some special and peculiar light on the subject of Horns in the prophecies of Daniel. He is never weary of pounding his own theory, or of confuting all existing theories except his own. On the present occasion, he had just formed his line of battle for a general engagement with all gainsay. I had fallen back in my chair with that feeling of weariness, despair, and irritation with which a bore, with a crotchet, always inspires me. Already he had commenced the action by attacking Dr. Cumming with his heavy artillery; when suddenly he "moved on" by the policewoman in charge. No excuse offered. No courteous fiction was thought needful. He simply told that much talking was not good for me; and *sans phrase*, he was morally collared and turned out of doors. I am afraid he caught the twinkle in my eye, which I could not repress, as he turned disconsolately from the room, looking though not saying—

"Perhaps you did right to dissemble your love;
But why did you kick me down stairs?"

Is it no compensation, no consolation, to see boredom thus summarily arrested and executed without form of trial?

As poor Borem disconsolately turned away, I felt elated by a new-born sense of importance. For some days I have had w

* "In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon."—*The Lotos Eater*

Sir William Hamilton used to call "a latent consciousness" that I was being made much of. Everything in the house was subordinated to my comfort and convenience. My room was becoming the centre of the household; attendance upon my wishes had insensibly grown to be the pivot around which all domestic arrangements were made to revolve. In my ordinary state, the fact that the children were asleep, or the servants were tired, or that the cataclysm of a monthly was impending, sufficed for a reason why this or that should not be done. Now, my faintest wish becomes law, and my comfort and convenience are consulted to such a degree that even Borem, from whom my wife has expectations, is turned out of doors, because it is perceived that his presence ruffles me. I discover that my indisposition has invested me with regal authority. My place in the household is no longer that of *primus inter pares*. I have grown to be autocratic. Even the wash, the due recurrence of which is fixed and immutable as an astronomical phenomenon, has been postponed "till Master is better."

Since the day before yesterday, a great gulf has opened between me and the active life of the outer world. Up to that time, I was earnest and active not only in my own affairs, but in those of my neighbours. *The Times* was a daily necessity; I felt ruffled and ill-used if I did not get it in due course. It was essential to my comfort that I knew how the world wagged. Until I had seen the paper, I suffered from an uncomfortable suspicion that something had gone wrong—like a nervous passenger on the coach-box, who dares not remove his eyes from the reins, lest the driver should upset the coach. I flatter myself that I was not altogether mistaken in the estimate I formed of my services. Did not I prevent the levying of that additional farthing in the pound in the paving rate? Did not I carry Smuggs for beadle at the head of the poll over seventeen other candidates? Who but I defeated that job about gilding the hands of the clock in the market-place? But to-day, all these things are nothing to me. The echoes of the outer world fall muffled and faint upon my unregarding ears. Like the thin ghosts of Virgil's heroes, or the disembodied spirits of the Schoolmen, I hear from afar the movements of the busy world, but I take slight interest therein. I smile languidly at the eager excitement they once stirred within me. It is far more important that my barley-water be sweetened and acidulated to the right point, than that the nefarious designs of Tompkins be exposed in the Board of Guardians, or that the schemes of Bismarck should be rightly understood. Emerson, in one of his Essays, describes a man coming out of a crowded and excited public meeting, into the calm still night. Beneath the silent stars, and the broad full moon, Nature

lays her hand upon his shoulder, and says to him, reproachfully and lovingly, *Why so hot, my little sir?* and the man looks back with wonder and shame upon the heat and agitation into which he had been betrayed. This sick room has a similar effect upon me. It seems to have removed me from the heat and clamour of affairs *quorum magna pars fui*, and made me a calm and almost unconcerned spectator.

"'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all."

JOHN BRIGHT.

THE assaults recently directed against Mr. John Bright were, happily, of a kind altogether unknown of late years in English politics. Political antagonism is generally distinct and decided enough, and the feeling which it awakens, often very keen; but there is a degree of malignity in the attacks upon Mr. Bright which is quite exceptional. We do not allude to the persistent, and often very unfair, references to "the honourable member for Birmingham," with which the Tory speeches in the recent Reform debates were so full, that a casual hearer might have easily supposed that it was the personal character of the honourable gentleman, and not the merits of a Reform Bill that were being discussed. These were the natural incidents of political warfare, and the speakers no doubt each one acted after his kind. It was natural enough that pompous, shallow Sir John Pakington should eagerly seize the first opportunity of administering that solemn rebuke, which he had been preparing during the recess, as it was equally of course that Mr. Bright should administer such a castigation as may teach the pretentious baronet the necessity of more caution in the future. It was to be expected that Messrs. Lowe and Horsman should pour forth the vials of their indignation upon the champion of a cause which they hate with a bitterness of which only renegades are capable, and not very wonderful that, after having had one expe-

nience of his power of reply, they should afterwards have been very chary of a fresh encounter. Of course, too, it was the most natural thing in the world that the rank and file of the Tory party, the young lordlings who were anxious to flesh their maiden swords, the Adullamites who wished to find some plausible reason for their shameless violation of their own pledges, and the stolid section of the House, who are influenced by a blind, unreasoning dislike to any change, should all indulge in a fling at John Bright. They had really nothing else to say, and anything they could say on this point was sure to draw down those vociferous cheers which must have been the more welcome as they were so unusual. It would be very foolish to complain of these men. They simply obeyed their own instincts, and did their own proper work. Those instincts may have been very mean, and that work very contemptible, but they could rise to no higher level. They did what they could, and the gratification they found for themselves in the doing was certainly far greater than any injury they inflicted upon their opponent. There are few men on whom such assaults will produce less impression than Mr. Bright, and, perhaps, could these gentlemen have understood how little their reiterated assaults disturbed him, and how much they disgusted impartial men, and even the more rational supporters of their own views, and, especially, how much they increased Mr. Bright's popularity among the masses of the people, who however despised, or calumniated, or reviled, must ultimately exercise a mighty power in the country, they might think that even the pleasure of abusing the honourable member for Birmingham, sweet as it was, had been purchased at too high a price.

It is, however, neither of these Parliamentary assaults, nor of the ordinary criticisms of the newspapers, that we complain. Their frequency, the persistency with which they are repeated, the severity by which they are often characterized, all indicate the bitterness of the feeling from which they proceed, but if it stopped here, it might safely be left unnoticed. It is the intensity of personal feeling which has been imported into the discussion, the evident determination to extract from Mr. Bright's words, a meaning which they were never intended to bear, the attempt to drag his private conduct into public, and to make it the groundwork of an attack upon his public policy, and the frequent refusal to treat him with that common fairness, which is rarely found wanting in our political conflicts, that has made these attacks so discreditable. They are not at all likely to influence the highest kind of public opinion to any appreciable extent, or materially to affect the settlement of the great political question of the day, but they diffuse a great amount of

unreasoning popular prejudice, they fan the violence of political passion, and they do gross injustice to one of the ablest and most honest statesmen of his day.

A recent incident, which may have escaped the notice of many, especially of those who take their ideas entirely from the *Times*, is an illustration of a mode of warfare, which, if it is allowed to continue and increase, must eventually lower the whole tone of our political life. A Mr. Alfred Harris, a political nobody, who may, in fact, be the son or husband of Mrs. Gamp's illustrious friend for anything that the world knows about him, recently won for himself a brief and unenviable notoriety by an attack on Mr. Bright, for his conduct during the cotton famine. After enumerating Lord Derby's eminent and praiseworthy services at this great crisis (services, however, which might not unreasonably be expected from a nobleman who, perhaps, owes more to the cotton trade than any other man in England), he inquired, with great vehemence, what had Mr. Bright done? The *Times* report represented him as answering, "Nothing," amid the loud cheers of a sympathizing audience. The charge is no new one. It is a favourite Tory calumny, which we have ourselves heard again and again in private circles. But having been put in this palpable form, one of Mr. Bright's managers gave it a formal and unmistakable contradiction, and wrote to Mr. Harris, asking him for his proofs. Of course he had no satisfactory answer to give, but yet he was unwilling to give the *amende honorable*. He could not sustain the charge, but he could assume a high and mighty tone, and then sneak out of the very uncomfortable position in which he found himself; and he did this by asserting that though he asked the question, the answer was given by the audience. And this is Tory fairness! Mr. Bright is, as his slanderer might have known, had he cared to enquire, ready for every work of practical benevolence in Rochdale, and he had certainly not been found wanting during the cotton famine. But what of that? It suited Mr. Harris to make a point against him by asking a question, evidently intended to have one answer, and then, when he was taxed with the calumny, it equally suited him to evade the responsibility, and shift it on to the people, who only shouted as they were prompted to shout. What matter? It was only Mr. Bright that was injured, and is not the one object of snobbery of every class, literary, commercial, or political, all over England, to put him down? Why should a country orator be so careful, when great orators and leading journals are so reckless? But mark the sequel. The *Times* published the original accusation; of course the *Times* was eager to supply the correction. The first journal of the kingdom which lectures everybody all round on all sorts of subjects

must doubtless be a very pattern of political chivalry and courtesy. It may make some mistakes in its policy, but it is always correct and impartial in its statement of facts. Yet the *Times* has never thought it worth its while to publish the correspondence; and English people, Londoners in particular, go on believing in the *Times*, as though its reputation were immaculate, and its authority indisputable.

It is well indeed that misrepresentation is perhaps the worst that some of these men are able to do against Mr. Bright, for there have not been wanting indications that if some strong mode of repressing him is not adopted, it is for want of power, not of will. It is not long since we happened to hear a conversation in a railway carriage, in which one of the speakers very significantly exclaimed, "I do not say I would hang Mr. Bright, but—" the sentence was left unfinished, but the tone and gesture of the speaker indicated plainly enough his animus and purpose. But we need not wonder at such sallies as these, when we find the *Record*, that paragon of Christian meekness and charity, plainly intimating that Mr. Bright's sympathy with poor Gordon, was owing to the consciousness that he deserved the same fate. We should be sorry to suppose that such ebullitions had any very clear purpose and meaning, or that they would be endorsed by any of the more intellectual members of the Tory party. The writers for the *Saturday Review* or the *Pall Mall Gazette* mean nothing more than to indicate their sympathy with all that is aristocratic and exclusive, and their sneering contempt for the unconventional straight-forwardness and determination with which Mr. Bright conducts political struggles. But the virulence of their attacks produces in the minds of their more ignorant and excited partizans the kind of feeling which expresses itself in these violent outbursts.

Certain it is that the rancour of political hate has seldom been so strongly developed as in the state of feeling existing throughout the Tory party, and even among a certain class of so-called Liberals, towards John Bright, and which, in whatever aspect it may be regarded, is extremely discreditable to those by whom it is manifested. Mr. Bright is a man of whom Englishmen of all classes, whether friends or foes, might well be proud. The position which he, a private citizen of the middle classes, who has never held even the humblest official position in the country, has won for himself by his extraordinary talents and stainless political integrity, reflects not only honour on himself, but also on the institutions of a country where such a career is possible. His marvellous oratory, his indomitable courage, his steady adherence to principles, however unpopular for the time, his unblemished character, his superiority to any self-interest and

purpose, his devotion to the one work of securing his country's freedom and real prosperity, have given him a power which ought to have secured the respect even of those who do not adopt his opinions. Grant, even, that some of his views are extreme, that his language is sometimes as dangerous as his enemies represent it to be; yet, surely, the transparent honesty which has marked his whole political career ought to count for something in the estimate of his character. This, however, is continually forgotten in the denunciations directed against him. He is spoken of as though he were a fierce revolutionary leader, whose ambition can only be gratified by exciting popular violence, and whose one desire is to create tumult and revolution, in order that he himself may ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm.

Nothing could be more contrary to the fact. In the common acceptance of the term, Mr. Bright is anything but a demagogue. He is indeed well fitted to be the leader of the people; for his sympathy with the popular cause is intense and sincere, and his power is unquestionable. Neither pique, nor selfish ambition, has been the moving spring of his political action. He has strong faith in the justice of the people's cause, and an equally firm belief that what is just must also be wise and expedient. He stirs the hearts of the people, not more by his matchless eloquence than by that moral power which always attends a course of unselfish devotion, and undeviating consistency. In the highest sense, therefore, John Bright is a demagogue,—that is, a brave, skilful, true-hearted, mighty leader of the people. But in the lower and more general sense—the sense in which the term may properly be applied to O'Connell, or Wilkes, or Danton—John Bright is not a demagogue. He does not flatter popular vanity, he does not study popular prejudice, he does not accept popular opinion, he does not trade upon popular credulity. Having no object to serve, but the interests of truth and patriotism, he can dare to be independent; for applause or honour won by any tampering with truth and right would not to him be worth seeking or accepting.

Hence, on more than one occasion, he has placed himself in determined opposition to that popular opinion which he is said to be so anxious to conciliate. His enemies at present are very anxious to draw attention to the fact that he has opposed many measures supposed to be for the good of the working classes, and notably the Ten Hours' Bill. They seem to forget, that if they injure on one side, they elevate him on the other. Even if they should succeed in alienating from him a certain amount of popular sympathy, they can do it by showing the world how superior is this demagogue, as they call him, to the tricks and arts of the vulgar

caterer for popular favour. True, it is answered, but there his pecuniary interests were at stake, and, with strange inconsistency, the men who charge him with recklessly exciting a revolution, amid whose commotion his property must be imperilled, insinuate that he was content to risk that popular influence which, to a mere demagogue, is so sweet, rather than suffer a brief curtailment of the hours of labour in his factory. The notion is altogether too absurd. He may have been, probably was, mistaken. Like all the advocates of economic science, he may possibly have pushed his conclusions too far, and neglected to take into account those other considerations by which its hard reasonings need to be qualified. But it is ridiculous to suppose that regard to the paltry losses which he might fear would be the result of the changes contemplated by the law could induce him to place himself in determined defiance to the strongly-pronounced popular sentiment of the times. In the case of the Crimean war, however, no such explanation can be suggested of the manly and generous course which he pursued. The people were all but unanimously on one side; he did not hesitate to place himself on the other, and, with an eloquence that cannot soon be forgotten, to denounce what he regarded as the follies and crimes of the Government. By this he exposed himself to a perfect storm of popular indignation, and had to endure an amount of opprobrium which has rarely fallen upon any statesman. We do not ask for any verdict in his favour on the particular points at issue. All that we ask is that he should be honoured for an independence and a courage never found in the professional demagogue.

But we are told that Mr. Bright is not a statesman. If he is not, it surely must be a grievous fault, for grievously hath he answered it. But where is the proof of the confident assertions made on this point by the exquisite journalists of the "Pall Mall," and "Saturday," and so freely and dogmatically repeated by their admirers in society? It is certainly enough sometimes to rouse one's indignation, to hear some conceited young sprig of fashion, who has not an idea of his own, but who, by virtue of retailing something he has found in the last leading article, passes muster with some people, and above all, with himself, as a very clever fellow, drawling out with ineffable self-complacency, the assertion, "John Bright is no statesman." With such men it is no use to argue; they are simply reflecting the opinion of the "Times," or the "Pall Mall," or the little coterie in which they move, and if you were to ask them for a definition of their term, or a defence of their opinions, it would be an act of cruelty to innocents, of which a humane man would not willingly be guilty.

But apart from these poor snobs, whose miserable Tory cant

infests almost every circle into which we enter, there are men of intelligence and judgment who have got hold of the notion that though a very great orator, John Bright is no statesman, and we suppose that they have triumphantly established their position when they have challenged us to produce any great measure which is associated with his name. It might be sufficient, perhaps, to name the Repeal of the Corn Laws, for, though it has passed the Bill through the Legislature, to him, as much as to any other man, living or dead, belongs the honor of organizing and conducting that great movement, which, in the end, enforced this Parliamentary action. But we do not stop here, although it would be somewhat paradoxical to assert that the man who has so firm a grasp of grand principles, in which everybody believes, now that experience has demonstrated their truth, in which hardly anyone believed when John Bright espoused them, and, by his glorious eloquence, so greatly advanced them, has not a statesmanlike mind. Very likely there is not in him that balance of contending forces which some deem so necessary to the idea of a statesman, but the real result of which is to quench all enthusiasm, and to render a man incapable of doing a great and noble thing. Or if Lord Palmerston be the model statesman, and if the qualities which he possessed were essential to statesmanlike character, then John Bright will certainly never have that distinction. He is not the man to trim his sails to every breeze; to please every party; to disarm opposition by consenting to do nothing; to play off contending factions against each other, and so provide that, though truth may be sacrificed and progress hindered, he himself shall be glorified. But a man may be a very poor manager in the House of Commons, and yet a really great statesman. A statesman is one who understands his country's true interest, and sees the way in which it can best be promoted—whose measures are based on sound principles, and directed to noble ends—who is not needlessly hampered by theory, but has undoubting faith in the policy of righteousness and truth—who is not madly reckless nor coolly diffident, but who knows both when to dare great and bold things, and when to be content with a more quiet mode of action. In his proposals to the Government of India, in his great speech on the grievances of Ireland last year, and in his whole conduct during the late Reform discussions, Mr. Bright has shown the power of a great statesman. His recent proposition for the treatment of Ireland has been severely criticized, but when we find that a humane Irish landlord, like Lord Dufferin, has no better remedy to suggest than an extensive emigration of the peasantry, perhaps it may come to be thought that Mr. Bright's notions are not so utterly devoid of practical wisdom.

as was at first sight supposed. It may very probably be true that, from lack of official experience, his plan may be very objectionable in details, but there can be little doubt that the end which he contemplates, which is the creation of a powerful middle-class having an interest in the land, would be of the very highest benefit to Ireland. To object that he has never passed a measure is to object to his advanced principles, not to his statesmanship. In truth, he has never had an opportunity of displaying any statesmanlike capacities he may possess, simply because he has never been able to command a majority in support of his views.

We do not care to notice at length the charges so freely and so unjustly brought against Mr. Bright of exciting to deeds of violence, for we can hardly think that even those who advance them can themselves believe them. He was charged with agitating for changes in which the people themselves had no interest. He replied in the only possible way by calling on the people to express their own opinions, and now he is charged with being a teacher of sedition and a leader of rebellion. It is the old story of the fate which has attended all really earnest and decided Reformers. We are far from asserting his infallibility, but we do earnestly maintain his incorruptible patriotism, his high honour, and his generous confidence in the people. Had he had fewer of these qualities; had he been more accessible to the flatteries by which so many demagogues have been cajoled; had he been of less strong and decided character, he would have found a different reception. It is because he can neither be bought nor silenced—because he commands that great moral strength, which nothing but lofty principles can secure, that he is assailed with such bitterness. He is essentially a true man, and unfortunately for him a true man who has a faith, and will maintain it at all costs, is especially offensive to large sections of the political world.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

"THE key of modern politics," says Mr. Gladstone, "is to be found at Rome," and so indeed it has been throughout the history of modern Europe, but it is not on that account a whit the more true that the Pope has the Power of the Keys. There is not at this moment a so-called potentate in the world so powerless to influence public events, nor less able to determine even his own destiny, than Pius the Ninth. Other people beside the believers

in Doctor Cumming, look eagerly to the telegrams in the morning papers to see what has happened to him; whatever our theory of prophetic interpretation, it is impossible not to feel an interest in the denouement of the drama at Rome. On the 11th of December, the day fixed for the execution of the Convention between France and Italy, the French flag was hauled down from the Castle of St. Angelo, the last French soldier marched out of the Eternal City, and not only did the protectorate of eighteen years cease, but the liberation of Italy was accomplished. For more than a thousand years the soil of Italy had been trodden by foreign troops, and now there was not one left in the land—except it might be the lingering regiment, waiting at Civita Vecchia for a transport. The Pope and his Cardinals had not been able to believe that the Eldest Son of the Church would be honest, would keep his word and leave them to the mercies of the Italians. The Pontiff's anger with Louis Napoleon, the oscillation of his mind between earthly dread and heavenly faith, his terror at the revolution which he saw "coming to the gates of Rome," his struggle to be confident in heavenly protection, his perplexity and inability to decide whether to run away as the Neri counselled him, or stay as his own judgment would suggest, were most naively expressed in the farewell speech which he addressed to the officers of the French army. He sobbed over his forlorn and abandoned lot—"I repeat, the revolution may come. What am I to do? I have no resources on earth," and then, with bitter irony, he added, "Go, with my blessing. Tell your Emperor, if you see him, that I pray for him. It is said his health is not good; I pray for his health. It is said his soul is not at peace; I pray for his soul. The French nation is Christian; its chief ought to be Christian also." In the "authorized version" of the speech, the words are somewhat softened. There may be a doubt whether the old man could have been so smart and epigrammatic, but his meaning cannot be mistaken. Louis Napoleon is too sensitive not to feel the insult, and he no doubt thinks it a very ungrateful return for so many years' unpopular service. Whatever disturbances may now arise in Rome, he will not march his troops back to the Pope's rescue, and it will be strange if he allows the Empress to fulfil the vow she is said to have made of a pilgrimage to Rome. Some political advantage might be expected to result from such a visit; the Pope's ruffled temper might be calmed down, and the French priests might be quieted, but the Emperor would see in it fresh dangers to that "peace of soul" for which his Spiritual Father is so tenderly concerned. So the Pope is now left face to face with his loving subjects. He has the Papal Zouaves it is true, but their appearance in public is much more likely to pro-

voke disturbance than to prevent it. The people of Rome instead of rising upon the priests or even making any demonstration of gladness at the departure of the Frenchmen have remained perfectly still; affairs have gone on just as if there had been no change. But it is impossible to say how long the quiet may last, and not even Sir George Bowyer will venture to quote it as a proof of the satisfaction of the Romans with the Papal rule. They know that disorder will serve the purposes of the priests, that their wishes are certain to be realized if they have a little patience, and they are content to let the King of Italy negotiate for them. The terms, which are offered to the Pope by the Court of Florence are sufficiently humiliating. The inhabitants of the Pontifical territory outside Rome are to say whether they would like to remain subject to the Pope or go over to Victor Emmanuel. Rome is to be declared "a religious city," in which the Pope is still to reign, yet the real governance of its affairs will be entrusted to a Municipal Council, to be elected by its citizens, and all the Pontifical troops are to be sent away. Pio Nino will thus retain nothing but the virtual sovereignty of Rome, and when he dies even this shadow of "temporal power" will pass away from the occupant of St. Peter's Chair. Besides this the Pope is to acknowledge Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy, and go to Florence to crown the very man who, a few months since, he excommunicated. Apparently the Papal Court is to be compensated for these concessions by a blunt money payment—the Cardinals will be declared princes of the kingdom, and will get from the Italian Treasury double the salary they now receive, while Italy will contribute its quota, as a Catholic power, to the Pope's civil list. Thus the position which Archbishop Manning loudly declares is necessary for the independence and authority of the Catholic Church is to be bartered for some pieces of silver. If the Cardinals kick at the offered conditions, or hesitate about accepting them, the people will soon settle the matter. They will not wait to be asked. They will summon their own plebiscite, and release themselves from allegiance to the Pope-King. "All idea of flight," says the *Italia*, "has been abandoned," but there is no telling what sudden impulse or access of terror may send Pio Nino on his travels. We only hope he will not roost on any territory belonging to Great Britain.

Another potentate, if report is to be believed, is also kept from running away against his will. Maximilian, by the grace of Louis Napoleon, Emperor of Mexico, is detained, so it is said, in his kingdom, till it may suit the French Emperor to let him come home. The collapse of Louis Napoleon's pet scheme for founding a Latin empire in the Western world has inevitably followed the

collapse of the attempt to establish a Southern Confederacy. It is so palpable a failure, and has excited so much ridicule, that the French people are very sore and very much inclined to resent the expenditure of so much money on such a miserable *fiasco*. But the acute Emperor will probably extricate himself with adroitness and a certain *eclat* from his false position by resorting to his favourite device of a plebiscite. He will make a merit of necessity, and, in withdrawing Maximilian and his troops in favour of Juarez, he will profess to have had in view throughout, only the good and the wish of the people. Apparently he meditates some grand military *coup*, in the glory of which Mexico, Rome, and Germany shall all be forgotten; but his people are growing wiser, and the projects for enormously increasing the army meets with a strong opposition. Peace must, however, be kept next year that the pageant of the Great Exhibition may pass, and, before it is played out, the Inexorable may beckon the Emperor off the stage and shift all the scene.

The event of the month at home has been the Trades' Union Reform Demonstration in London. What it lacked in numbers, it made up in respectability and good order; and the manly bearing of the artisans who took part in it made quite as good an impression in favour of Reform as an assemblage of 200,000 persons of a less favourable type would have done. The Tory Cabinet have not yet come to any resolve as to what they shall do about Reform, but the majority are understood to be convinced, against their wills, that it is absolutely necessary they should have a Reform Bill of some kind, and Lord Stanley and Mr. Disraeli are for making it a reality. Household suffrage in the towns, counterbalanced by assured squirearchical influence in the counties, is understood to be their scheme. General Peel and Lord Cranborne are for playing the honest Tory *role* of opposition to all Reform. They say that the Radicals will insist upon household suffrage if proposed by the Tories, and will reject their ingenious counterpoise—a very likely result, indeed. Liberal politicians seem to be gradually drawing towards agreement on household suffrage. It is certain that, before long, the working classes will be invited to take part in governing the empire, and it is high time to ask why the artisans and the labourers, who follow their example, so uniformly stand aloof from our Christian organizations, and are so unfavourably disposed to Christianity itself. A Conference is to be held in the metropolis shortly, at which these questions are to be discussed by working men themselves, and some answers may be expected which will perhaps disturb the self-complacency of our comfortable middle-class church-goers.

Lord Shaftesbury tells the editor of the *Times* that, if the laity

of the Church of England will not bestir themselves, "a miracle alone, nothing less can save the Reformation in Great Britain." His Lordship is apt to talk a little wildly. In Scotland the Reformation does not appear to be imperilled, and the Nonconformists of England are not likely to betray the Protestant cause, though there are persons who suspect them of yielding to the fascinations of the Scarlet Lady, because they sing better and worship more reverently than they once did. But we have here Lord Shaftesbury's measure of the danger, and since Lord Ebury's belief is "that the greater portion of the influential laity are either in favour of the Tractarian movement or indifferent to it," no hope is left for the noble Earl but in a miracle. What then is become of the great Evangelical party which his Lordship heads? They have trusted in Prime Ministers and paltered with truth till there is no more virtue or strength left in them.

Peace has its awful fields of death, as well as its victories. Nearly five-hundred hard-handed men burnt and blown to pieces in one week, while providing fuel for our Christmas fires, is, indeed, a terrible story. A great addition is thus made to the demands upon benevolence; but that, though the first, is perhaps the least serious consideration suggested of these repeated murderous colliery explosions: Englishmen will not endure to pay the price of blood for their coal,—some means must be devised for making the workings safer.

The only other event of which notice need be taken here is the appointment of a Positivist to the Mental Philosophy Chair at University College, vacated after thirty years of persevering labour by Professor Hoppus. The Council rejected the Rev. James Martineau in favour of Mr. J. Croom Robertson, a young man of ability, but little known, except as a *protégé* of Professor Bain. Mr. Martineau's Unitarianism has developed into a mild Theism—he appears to reject the supernatural, and to teach the eternity of matter, but he still abides by a spiritual philosophy in which alone faith can find any root. If the Mental Philosophy Chair is occupied by a gentleman who teaches Sensationalism, University College must become a mere school for mechanism and languages.

JOTTINGS.

I.

THE action of the soldiers at the Crucifixion, who parted Christ's raiment among them, dividing to each a fragment, represents in a lively manner the general operation of the human mind upon Christianity. A readiness to tear truth to pieces, an inveterate proneness to one-sided thought and fragmentary faith, prevails throughout Christendom. The pictures in any public gallery of art show how steadily the Roman Church adheres to the Infant Christ, and the Dead Christ. The Unitarians know and honour Christ only as Man, and after the flesh. The ordinary Protestants direct their whole attention to Christ on the cross, too often even "counting his bones," as if He were only a skeleton of theology. The Irvingites worship the risen and reigning Christ, the Christ of the future. And the Quakers resolve Him almost into a pure Spirit, ignoring too much the historical and tangible revelation. But it is the whole Christ in whom we are "complete." Christ the child and the son of the blessed Mary, lifting up infancy and womanhood to glory through the incarnation; Christ the man, "eating and drinking with publicans and sinners," and setting us an example that we should follow in His steps; Christ dying for our sins according to the Scriptures; Christ rising again and ascending into the heavens, "that He may fill all things;" and Christ returning in the glory of the Father, that He may "destroy them that did destroy the earth," and create a "new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." Slowly and gradually the mind yields itself to that Spirit who thus seeks to reveal the Image of the Invisible; but there can be no real unity in Christendom until the Church has learned that "Christ" must not be "divided," and that all alike must receive in its fulness the "many-sided wisdom of God."

II.

As the children of the first Adam, being partakers of an animal nature, do not for a long time after their birth reveal the existence of any nature higher than the animal, but only gradually display the powers which are properly human, the rational and moral faculties; so, the children of the Second Adam, the "babes in Christ," being partakers of the nature of the first, do not reveal the existence of the new-created nature very distinctly, but often seem to grovel for a lengthened period amidst manifestations of an imperfect renewal. They will eventually "grow up to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ;" but you would never imagine from the phenomena of their spiritual childhood in what forms of beauty, power, and goodness, they will at last shine forth.

III.

Success in all kinds of work depends on the possession of a wise confidence; and this must be taught, notwithstanding the dangers of its opposite. Faith precedes every victory. The little child takes its first journey across the room by faith in its own powers. The swimmer,

the skater, must believe in order to excel. How many there are who are hindered throughout their lives from exercise of their abilities by disbelief in their sufficiency, produced by an "education" which was a perpetual discouragement. Thus it is that many never succeed in society through unvanquished timidity of spirit; thus it is that many never excel in art, in speech, in thought. Their powers have withered under the influence of self-distrust. Confidence is essential to the development of power of every kind. Who would like to commit himself to the care of an engine-driver who only "humbly hoped" that he might be able to take an express train safely across the country. Power and confidence produce each other; and "all things" are, in a manner, possible to him that believeth. Thus, too, in religion, "assurance," lies at the basis of the spiritual structure. "Acceptance" precedes holiness and victory. "Access with confidence," is the secret of Christianity; and since this cannot arise from nature it is bestowed by grace; and without faith in this new constitution of things, it is "impossible to please God."

IV.

The very idea of a law is that of an authoritative demand for uniformity of action throughout the Commonwealth. Whatever is established by law should therefore before all things else be that which can be enforced upon all, and demanded from all. If any department of the State, if any institution leagued with the power of the State, becomes itself a mass of illegalities, of precedents overriding legal decisions and express decrees of the governing authority, or becomes one vast embroglio of irregularities in thought, in custom, or even in speech, then that institution becomes a positive danger to the whole realm. The spirit of disorder extends on every side into every department of the State; uncertainty, through the decay of principle, pervades the laws of property, of punishment, of taxation; and the issue will be a general depravation of the life of the nation. If the institution so offending against law be the Church of the people the mischief is redoubled, for then the chief dependence of mankind for the preservation of truth and order is converted into the chief element of disintegration and corruption.

V.

Popular language, being formed upon the perceptions of the multitude, often obscures, both by its distinctions and confusions of thought, spiritual truth. Thus we speak of that which we see as "this world," and of the unseen as "the other world," and the world which is unseen is regarded as being very much less real than this. But the limitations of the perceptions of sense are certainly not the limits of the worlds. Our vision is not co-extensive and conterminous with the reality which even here the popular mind appreciates. It is but a superficial custom of speech to call that which we see a world, and the unseen another world. It is as if an insect should call its own leaf this world, all other foliage of the forest the other world. There is truly but one world, all of whose parts are joined together, and the gradual extensions of knowledge reveal its existence by degrees to the indi-

vidual mind. The extension of vision even here has made k
 "new worlds." The microscope has revealed a "new earth," and
 telescope a "new heaven." Science has already unveiled a reg
 invisible forces which control the phenomena of visible nature
 in this world of our own there is a Spirit-region,—a world of
 which determines the course of events, and governs the m
 elements. Thus, too, religion makes known to the spiritually sen
 new worlds within worlds, holies and holiests; and every exte
 of insight shows that since "the veil has been rent in the midst,"
 is but one "Father's house," and one world for the saints. He
 "sees" possesses all things, and has already become an inhabits
 these spiritual realms, to which, through union with the all-perv
 Power, he for ever belongs.

THOU DOEST ALL THINGS WELL.

BY THE LATE REV. W. M. BUNTING.

Thou doest all things well,
 God only wise and true !
 My days and nights alternate tell
 Of mercies always new.
 With sacred toils o'erpressed,
 I sink in welcome sleep ;
 I wake in darkness and unrest,
 Yet patient vigil keep.
 Soon finds each fevered day
 And each chill night its bourn ;
 Nor zeal need droop, nor hope decay,
 Ere rest or light return.
 But, be the night-watch long,
 And sore the chastening rod—
 Thou art my Health, my Sun, my Song,
 My Glory, and my God !
 Thy smiling face lights mine ;
 If veiled, it makes me sad—
 Even tears in darkness, star-like, shine,
 And morning finds me glad !
 For weeping, wakeful eyes,
 Instinctive look above ;
 And catch, through openings in the skies,
 Thy beams, unslumbering Love !
 Hours spent with pain and Thee,
 Lost hours have never seemed :
 No ; those are lost, which but *might* be
 From earth, for heaven, redeemed !
 Its limit—its relief—
 Its hallowed issues—tell
 That, though Thou cause Thy servant grief,
 Thou doest all things well !

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THE REAL PRESENCE.

BY THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

THE supposed "real" or bodily presence of our Lord in the sacrament of the Eucharist is the fundamental dogma of Popery and Ritualism. If, by the act of an order of men who claim apostolic descent and apostolic authority, and of them alone, the Lord Jesus Christ becomes personally present in the bread and wine, then no external ritual is too pompous to do honour to such corporeal Presence, and no deference is too profound to pay to those who ministerially are the agents in so stupendous a miracle.

The Romanists say that the bread and wine, by the act of consecration, become changed into the flesh and blood of Christ, retaining the appearance only of bread and wine. This is Transubstantiation. Many of our Ritualists, in their devotional books, plainly teach the same dogma. Others, if pressed in argument, would say that the bread and wine are unchanged, but that the body and blood of Christ are present together with them. This is Consubstantiation.

These two theories are, essentially, one. They both teach that while, to the senses, bread and wine alone seem to be present, yet that by the agency of the priest the body and blood of the Lord become really and corporeally present, under the form of, or together with, the bread and the wine.

There is no middle ground to which the argument may be.

shifted. Christ is there spiritually or corporeally. If spiritual this is a presence which Protestants affirm. If His presence more than spiritual it must be corporeal—and our Lord's actual human body of flesh and blood is on the plate and in the chalice. To this dogma the following objections may obviously be urged:

1. The language of Scripture refutes it. The Ritualists use the words of our Lord—"Take, eat; this is my body;" as proof that the bread was actually His flesh. Alford says (Matt. xxvi. 26)—"The form of expression is important, not being *ὁυτος ὁ ἄρτος* or *ὁυτος ὁ ὄινος* but *ταῦτο* in both cases, not the bread or wine itself, but the *thing* in each case; *precluding the idea of a substantial change.*"

Our Lord said (Matt. xxvi. 28)—"This is my blood of the new testament." But in Luke xxii. 20, we read—"This cup is the new testament in my blood;" not "my blood," but the covenant ratified by it. Was, then, the wine literally and actually the covenant? Obviously not. Neither was it literally actually the blood; but it was the emblem of both. If, when the cup is said to be the new testament, the Ritualists interpret figuratively, why do they insist on a literal interpretation when the cup is said to be the blood? And if a figurative rendering is given respecting the cup when it is called the new testament, why should not a figurative rendering be given to the statement respecting the bread? As the cup represents the covenant of the Gospel, confirmed by the blood of Christ, so the bread represents the body of Christ. This is in harmony with Scriptural usage. God said of the rainbow, "This is a token of my covenant." He said to Abraham respecting circumcision, "This is my covenant which ye shall keep; every man-child among you shall be circumcised." But circumcision was only the sign, not the covenant itself. When the Israelites escaped from Egypt Moses commanded each family to select a lamb, and "kill the passover." The disciples asked, "Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the passover?" But the passover itself could not be killed and eaten; but only the lamb representing it. As the lamb was though called the "passover," was only the figure of it; so the bread was called the "body" of Christ, and the cup was called the "new testament."

The Ritualists say that what is eaten is the very body of Christ. But St. Paul says it is *bread* which is eaten. "As often as ye eat this *bread*" (1 Cor. xi. 26, 27). The Ritualists say that by the act of blessing or consecration, which precedes the breaking of the bread, the bread becomes the Lord's body; but St. Paul calls it *bread*—"The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" (1 Cor. x. 16). It represents the participation in common, by all believers, in the benefits

Christ's incarnation and sacrifice. Bread cannot literally be itself a communion. What represents this is bread at first, and remains bread throughout. Bread is blessed, bread is broken, bread is eaten, and this bread represents both the Lord's body broken for us, and our mutual participation in the salvation thus secured. If the Ritualists appeal to Scripture, so do we, and refute them on their own chosen ground of the isolated passage, which they urge in its literal meaning, in disregard of the general teaching of the Bible and the obvious deductions of common sense.

2. If the bread and wine are actually the body of Christ, every person who receives the Lord's Supper must be saved. Our Lord said, "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day; for my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." We bind our Ritualists to their own literal interpretation. If the words "This is my body" mean that actually the Lord's body is present in the bread, then every communicant "eateth the flesh and drinketh the blood" of Christ, and "hath eternal life." Then Judas had eternal life even when meditating the betrayal of the Lord. Then the Lord's Supper may be administered to the most wicked and profane as a sure method of salvation, irrespective of repentance. No! the words must be qualified. Our Lord taught that they who spiritually feed on Him, that is, who love and obey Him, possess eternal life. If then the eating of Christ's flesh means here a spiritual participation in Him, why are we to consider our Lord's words, "Take, eat, this is my body," as meaning that the bread actually became and did not merely represent His body.

3. The claims of the Ritualists respecting the bread and wine in their hands, exceed what can be asserted of the bread and wine in the hands of Christ Himself. He said, "This is my body." But the bread could not then have been that body. His own body was present, visibly, tangibly Himself. That body held the bread, broke the bread, spoke of the bread; that body was there complete, with no single part of it absent. The bread could not therefore have been at that time the body, else Christ would have had two bodies. Besides, He said, "This is my body which is broken." But at that time His body was not yet broken. The bread was broken and thus became a figure of His own body about to be broken, but the bread could not literally be the body broken, when as yet the body was intact and whole. Moreover, if the bread which the disciples ate was the actual body of Christ, what was that which was crucified? But if that which was crucified was the Lord's body, how could it have been previously eaten? It is evident that when the disciples saw the living unbroken body of their Lord before them, He

could not have meant that the bread and wine were actually flesh and blood. The Ritualists therefore, in claiming that, every celebration, they, by mysterious power received in ordination and by succession from the Apostles, do make Christ actually and corporeally present in the bread and wine, claim to do more in celebrating this sacrament than the Head of Church did or could do in instituting it.

4. To assert that the body of Christ is present in the sacrament is to say that the same material substance can be in many places than one; which is impossible. A body, by the necessary conditions of matter, if present in one place, is absent from other places. Thus a person charged with committing a crime is acquitted if he can prove an *alibi*. If elsewhere, he could also be at the spot where the offence was committed. Our Lord is illimitable as to His Divine Spirit; but He humbled Himself to assume our humanity which is limited. If the body of Christ is really material, it cannot occupy two different places at the same time. But if, whenever the bread and wine are "consecrated," the body of Christ is present, Christ must either have many bodies, or His one body is in many places at once, and therefore is not a body like our own. Besides, our Lord has ascended in His human body to heaven, and the angels said to the disciples "This same Jesus shall come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." He is to return, not mysterious under the form of bread and wine, but openly under the manifest form of humanity. The heavens have "received Him till the restitution of all things." Until that restitution He is not on earth. And St. Paul says, "As often as ye eat (not the body of Christ, but) this bread, ye do show forth the Lord's death till He come." He has not yet come. Bread and wine alone are here, the emblems of the body and blood; but He Himself is in heaven, and until He come the Church thus testifies His sacrificial death. The bread is a substitute for His bodily presence and reminds us of His absence, and cannot therefore be the very body which it only represents.

5. To say that the body and blood of Christ are present under the forms of bread and wine is to utter not a mystery but a contradiction. Matter is known to us only by its properties. A stone has certain properties; so has bread. To say that a substance having all the properties of a stone is really bread, though possessing none of the properties of bread, is to talk nonsense. "Can a son ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone?" If the same transformation could take place as the Ritualists assert, would the stone, now turned to bread, having bread present with it, satisfy the son's hunger, retain as it would, all the properties of a stone? Romanists

that Transubstantiation, like other doctrines of Christianity, is a mystery, to be received, not by reason, but by faith. But we deny that Transubstantiation can be proved to be a doctrine of Christianity. If it were proved we should receive it however mysterious. But it is more than mysterious, it involves a contradiction; what is mysterious may be possible though inexplicable; what is self-contradictory is impossible and therefore incredible. I do not understand how the Divine and human natures are combined in our Lord; I do not understand the union of body and soul in myself; but I believe the former for it is revealed; and the latter, for I am conscious of the fact. But to say that a substance having all the properties of bread, and being at one moment bread, is the next moment transformed into flesh, and yet retains all the properties of bread as before, is to say that the same thing can be two distinct things, or can have all the properties of one thing and yet be something else. I reject such a dogma as not simply *inexplicable* by reason, but as *irreconcilable* with reason.

6. This dogma is subversive of the external evidences of Christianity. Those evidences depend on the certainty of phenomena and the trustworthiness of our senses; else the loaves and fishes multiplied by Christ might have been only the appearances of food; and the blind man who was healed might only have fancied that he saw; and Lazarus might have risen only in appearance. The certainty of Christ's own resurrection is also taken away. For if bread, having the appearance only of bread, may be the Lord's body; why may not the Lord's body, having only the appearance of flesh, be bread? How could an unbeliever be convinced by the appearance of Christ's risen body, that Christ had really risen; if he was taught that Christ was equally present when nothing but bread was apparently before Him? Our Lord said, "Handle me and see that it is I myself." He considered that the senses were to be trusted; we handle the bread and see, we taste it, we eat it, and we say "it is bread." "No!" say the Ritualists; "under the appearance of bread there is the reality of Christ's body." Might not an objector to Christianity retort and say: "Under the mere appearance of Christ's body, there is the reality of something else, which is not Christ; and so there is no evidence of His resurrection?" "But if Christ be not risen, our faith is vain."

7. If the real body of Christ were present in the sacrament it would not profit us. When our Lord said, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me and I in him," He added, for explanation, to the disciples who stumbled at that saying—"It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and

they are life" (John vi. 63). We want Christ's spirit in our souls, not His flesh in our bodies. We need faith, and love, and holiness; and these we obtain by having Christ in our thought and affections, and motives. Christ's bodily presence in the bread and wine, and our receiving Him thus into our bodies, would "profit us nothing." But that real presence which is promise to all who seek, we do possess. "Whenever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of you." "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." In our private retirements, at our family altars, in our public assemblies, in praise and prayer, and meditation of the Word, as well as at the Lord's Supper, we do experience the real presence of the Lord. That presence is manifested by many infallible signs; by indubitable evidence that Christ Himself is working on human souls. Wherever the tear of penitence is falling, and the prayer of faith ascending, wherever sinners renounce their sins and the self-righteous their pride, wherever the throne of the heart is yielded up to Christ, and believers joyfully consecrate themselves to Him, *there* is the real presence of the Lord.

As regards the Sacrament of the Eucharist, Christ is present in no other manner than He is present in all the means of grace. By faith that presence is actually felt and enjoyed. "According to your faith be it unto you." It is not according to the power of the officiating minister, or any mystic virtue in the words of consecration. It is not dependent on any authority in him who "dispenses" or "administers" the rite. Indeed, such terms are unscriptural, and misleading. The Lord's Supper is a mutual feast in commemoration of Christ's death by Christ's friends and followers. It is not something dispensed and administered by one, but a mutual act performed and participated in by all. Thus viewed, the very standing ground is removed from the Ritualists for not merely have they no exclusive claim to dispense this sacrament, but it is a sacrament equally valid whether there be any church-officer to dispense it or not. For the sake of order it is fitting that the pastor or president of a church should preside at this as at other religious services; but such presidency secures no validity for a means of grace which, less than preaching or teaching, needs the help of any "minister" at all. "The disciples came together to break bread." Thus, for example, two or three pious women on a long journey, deprived of the services of any organised church, might celebrate the Lord's Supper together, and be certain that Jesus was as really present and that they were by faith feasting on His body and blood, as if the bread and wine had been "administered to them" by an ordained pastor, apostolically descended priest, consecrated bishop,—or even the Pope himself.

MISSION WORK IN THE ZENANAS.

BY MRS. LEWIS, OF THE CALCUTTA BAPTIST MISSION.

WHAT is Zenana work?—this new work of which such frequent mention is made in connection with missionary operations in India? To answer this question in many private circles has been the pleasure and privilege of the writer of this short sketch; but she has been induced to adopt the present mode of giving information on the subject by the earnest desire of several on whose judgment she could rely, as well as by her own anxiety to enlist as widely as possible the interest of English ladies in their less favoured yet most interesting Indian sisters.

It is not very easy to describe to persons in this country the condition of Hindoo domestic society. Here, as a rule, every family sufficiently opulent possesses a habitation peculiar to itself, and on marriage, a son literally leaves his father and mother to establish a home of his own. The house of a respectable Bengali, on the contrary, is seldom the abode of one couple only. It is rather the home of an aggregation of families: father and sons, and even cousins and grandsons, often dwelling together in one domestic community. The family inheritance even is not divided amongst the sharers; but a patriarchal bond unites the several members of the household, and preserves the deference and subordination which nature and custom dictate to them.

In every respectable Hindoo house a range of apartments is to be found set apart for the occupation of the women. This is called the Zenana, from the Persian word "Zen," woman. To this part of the house no man has access, except the fathers, husbands, or sons of the family, and from it no female member of that family beyond the age of childhood is allowed to pass unguarded. The apartments of the Zenana are usually dreary, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, and miserably furnished rooms, so constructed that no curious eye can overlook them, and that their inmates may see as little as possible of the outer world. In some households the number of women thus immured is very great, and the same patriarchal system which regulates the relation of the men of the family prevails also amongst the women. The aged mother of the household is supreme, and the other women rank according to their husbands' relative posi-

tions. How monotonous and wretched a life passed in such circumstances must be, need hardly be remarked. These poor women enjoy little of their husbands' society—they do not even sit or eat with them; and, having received no education—unable to read books—having no knowledge of any useful or elegant art of needlework or other pleasant occupation to beguile the wearisomeness of their lot—they are shut up to utter indolence. The survey of such jewels as they may possess, the care of their little ones, and the discussion of any family gossip, or of such items of news as may find their way to them from the outside,—are their only amusements; and great is their delight when some marriage takes place, or when some idolatrous festival or ceremony is celebrated, and they have their share in the stir, the feasting, and the illuminations which attend it. Such occurrences are their gala days and form the only breaks in their monotonous lives.

According to Hindoo custom a girl must be married before she is ten years of age, but usually the ceremony takes place at a much earlier period. Though married, she generally remains with her parents until she is twelve or thirteen years old, when she is regarded as quite fit to take her place in the family of her husband, and henceforth she remains in his Zenana, never being allowed to leave it but on very special occasions, and then only in a carefully closed carriage or palanquin, and with the additional protection of the darkness of night. Such a position as this is sufficiently revolting to our English ideas of social comfort and domestic bliss. What then must be the condition of the widows in such households? In former times it was customary to burn the widows with the dead bodies of their husbands, and many a poor creature, with the knowledge of the misery that would inevitably be her portion in life, willingly accepted the fearful alternative.* Though this inhuman practice has been prohibited by our enlightened government, and the widow now may not voluntarily or by compulsion be immolated, yet her life is usually rendered as bitter as possible. If she is mother of sons she has a status which preserves her from many of the petty degradations and annoyances which fall to the childless widow—often herself a child. Should a girl become a widow before she has entered her husband's dwelling, she is yet transferred to that home so soon as she has reached the age when, had her husband been alive, she would have gone there. Unwelcome to the family who henceforth have to support her, she becomes but too often the drudge and servant of all

* Before the prohibition of the rite of Suttee, it was computed that in the province of Bengal alone 10,000 widows were thus annually sacrificed.

and, being subject to all, has the desolation of her lot but too painfully and perpetually kept before her. By Hindoo law, her food is limited to one meal a-day, and that of the coarsest kind, and she may never wear an ornament of any kind whatsoever. The re-marriage of widows is now sanctioned by legal enactment, but the sentiment of the people is against it; so that, desolate and hopeless, in numerous instances, they fall an easy prey to the seductive arts of wicked men, and abandon the dwellings in which they cannot find a home.

It has been said above that the Hindoo women are wholly uneducated. It does not appear that they were always so. In the literature of the country mention is made of women who were proficient in all departments of learning. For ages past, however, custom has denied all instruction to the daughters of India. It has even been thought disreputable for a woman to be able to read and write. Only those who had no character to lose, it was said, could turn such knowledge to account; and to impart it to female children was supposed to be demoralizing, inasmuch as it was a qualification for illicit correspondence. Thus it was that when missionary enterprise found its way to India, and efforts were made to give to the people the blessings of Christian knowledge, for a long time it was impossible to teach any but the lads and young men of the community. They might be benefited by learning; it would be to them an introduction to profitable employment; but to girls it would be nothing but an injury and degradation. So the Hindoos reasoned, and thus the efforts of Christian philanthropy were baffled for many years. It was the honour and privilege of the agents of the Baptist Missionary Society to make the first successful attempts towards native female education, in 1819; but the children of the poor alone could be reached by these efforts, and the results did not go far to alter the national feeling. That it has now been altered, is, we think, attributable to the influence of education upon the men.

Western literature has been now so effectually taught to the young men of India in the many Government and Missionary schools, that their minds have been to a wide extent enlightened by it. The dense ignorance of the women was no disadvantage to their husbands whilst they were themselves untaught, or instructed only in the absurdities of Hindooism, but now that their minds have been stimulated by the possession of true knowledge, and are prepared to enjoy intelligent conversation, they find it to be no small evil that, in their homes, there can be no sympathy with their pursuits, as there is no power to appreciate their choicest acquisitions. Besides, with knowledge, there has come to the young Bengali an impatience of the restraints of caste, and

a disregard of the prescriptions of idolatry, which are leading him on to great, and it is hoped salutary social reforms, but for which his household, while uninstructed, must be altogether unprepared.

Thus the sentiment of the people has for some years past been undergoing a great change. National prejudice, however, is not easily defied; and though many have been ready to acknowledge the advantages to be derived from educating women, until lately comparatively few have had the moral courage to brave the odium attaching to such an innovation.

It is about sixteen years since an establishment was opened in Calcutta for the education of native young ladies by the Hon. W. Drinkwater Bethune, one of the members of the Supreme Council of India, and not only was education given gratuitously, but covered carriages were provided to convey the children daily to and from the school. After Mr. Bethune's untimely removal by death, the Government, in honour of his memory, further endowed this school, and it has ever since had a goodly number of girls attending it; but so utterly was the necessity of the mothers being taught ignored, that it was not until one lady-superintendent (well known to the writer) had had charge of this institution some three years, that even she was allowed to pay friendly visits to the Zenanas, from which her pupils came, and in no instance that we are aware of was she allowed to impart instruction.

About seven years ago, some ladies connected with the Church of England and Baptist Missions were invited by native gentlemen to come to their houses and teach the female inmates. The ease with which these women acquired the power of executing fancy work, as well as of reading and writing, led the Baboos with much pride to display the work accomplished, and thus others were induced to seek the same advantages for their female relatives. From that time to the present, the work has continued to advance; but even now, in many instances, ladies are admitted to these Zenanas rather as a concession to the wishes of the women than by the desire of the husbands. At present, there are more than one hundred houses in Calcutta in which instruction is being given, and every house is a centre of influence promoting the further extension of the good work.

It will be readily understood that the work of instructing Hindoo women in their own homes, under the circumstances above described, is encumbered by not a few difficulties. Labour cannot be economized by collecting the inmates of several houses together, and each family presents pupils differing widely amongst themselves, in age and capacity. Visits, too, must be adjusted to the family convenience; and it has

been found that the afternoon, from one to six o'clock, is the only time when attention can be expected. Thus, if a Christian lady were able to give her full strength to this effort, she could probably give instruction twice a week in at most ten or twelve houses only. Regular daily teaching can only be secured, even to such a limited sphere of labour, by the employment of native Christian women as assistant-teachers. Of these, a few words will presently be said; but before the work of the European lady is passed over, we may call attention to the amount of self-denial required for the discharge of it. To sit and teach in the close and dirty apartments, or in the ill-screened verandah, where the women congregate around her, is attended with no small inconvenience and exhaustion. Yet the eagerness with which such visits are welcomed, the delight at any new information acquired, the joy as increased facility in needlework is gained, the loving gratitude for the care and interest bestowed, which the women evince, are sufficient to make the Christian visitor oblivious of discomfort and weariness; and not until she is returning to her own home is she aware how severely both mind and body have been tried by her labour of love. Nor does her task terminate here. Work must be prepared for her next visit, and very much time and patient industry are required for this purpose.

Native assistants are selected from the women of our churches, who have been taught in Mission Girls' schools; and the Normal School in Calcutta affords great advantage for the training of young persons for this employment, and has furnished many valuable assistants. Each native teacher is paid from £1 to £2 monthly, but it is commonly necessary to provide some conveyance for them, that they may not be exposed to humiliating insults, as they teach from house to house.

The support of these teachers, their conveyance, hire, and the purchase of books and working materials, are, of course, expensive; and it may be thought that respectable Baboos should be required to provide the funds requisite, to secure to their wives and daughters the great benefits of instruction. Some progress has been made in this direction; but until such an impetus has been given to the course of female education, that we need not fear the effects of discouragement or opposition, it has been thought best not too urgently to call for payment. When the movement is more general, and the results of it are understood and appreciated, the people will be ready to carry it forward themselves, without depending upon foreign aid. There is the advantage, too, in a free education, that we are left very much to ourselves in determining the nature of the truths to be taught. If it were in any sense paid for, we should, without doubt, be often fettered by stipulations that nothing intended to effect

religious conversion should be communicated. There is, of course, a not unnatural dread of this in most cases; and the women themselves are often ready to deprecate any attempts to teach them Christian knowledge, when they first come under instruction; but as they become better acquainted with their European friend, and are won by affection for her, and by wonder at the difference between her and themselves, they long to know what she believes, what god she worships, and what she expects to be her state after death—and, at length, come to beg as a favour that she will read them some little story out of her “Holy Book;” and as they listen with surprise to the gracious words uttered by Him “who spake as never man spake,” they may be seen turning to each other, and saying, “We never heard anything like this before; the Christian religion must be good after all; our Shasters teach us nothing like this.” Apart from the above-mentioned considerations it is but due to the Baboos to remark, that many of them though of high caste, are yet very poor, and really incapable of paying for the education of their wives and daughters.

Up to the present time all those engaged in Zenana teaching in connection with the Baptist and London Missionary Societies have given their services to the work gratuitously; Missionaries wives and daughters being almost the sole agents employed. But now that the demand for instruction is growing very rapidly, it becomes necessary for us to emulate the noble example set us by our friends of the Church of England and Free Church Missions, in supporting ladies exclusively devoted to this work.

American Christians have come forward with their accustomed energy and zeal, and having first sent out a lady to ascertain the prospects and requirements of this enterprize, have added two other co-workers; and these three ladies, belonging each to different sections of the Christian Church, live together in one home, and work together in perfect harmony; a great blessing manifestly resting on their labours.

As a merely philanthropic effort such a work must commend itself to English women; but when the higher aim of carrying life, eternal life, to those who are now so completely sitting in the shadow of death is considered, we believe we shall no appeal for help in vain.

Is it asked what encouragements we have had to persevere in this work? We may reply that not a few of these women have become readers and students of the Word of God, and, in some instances, they have induced their husbands to study it with them. More than one or two have abandoned idol worship, and avowed their belief in the “true God and Jesus Christ, whom *He has sent,*”

Neglected and despised as the women of India are, and have been, yet there, as everywhere else, they assert a powerful influence; and the writer has ceased to wonder at the too often insurmountable barriers they have opposed to the reception of Christianity, as she has witnessed the fond affection subsisting between the Hindoo mother and her sons. Who will not then rejoice that now at last so many of these dark homes are open for instruction, and who will not pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into this harvest? for truly it is great and the labourers very few.

We must not close this paper without reminding our readers that the women of India are believed to number 90,000,000; and those of Bengal alone 20,000,000, and already the Zenana Mission is not confined to Calcutta; some houses have been entered in Agra, Delhi, and also in Bombay, and funds are now needed to enable us to engage all who are qualified and willing to enter on this work, whether they are found in India itself, or among devoted and self-sacrificing Christian young ladies in this country.

An appeal on behalf of so many who are ready to perish will not surely be made to the women of England in vain!*

[NOTE.—Any contributions for the Zenana work of Calcutta that may be entrusted to Mrs. Lewis may be transmitted to the Secretaries of the Baptist Mission, John Street, Bedford Row, London.—ED. C. S.]

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT LOWE.

SOME of Mr. Lowe's recent utterances indicate an extreme sensitiveness to criticism, such as we should not have expected him to reveal even though he had felt it. In a community like ours, no man can occupy so prominent a position as that which he has recently taken, without being exposed to a sharp fire from the party he has so fiercely defied. His friends have attempted to draw a parallel between the attacks upon him and those on Mr. Bright, but it cannot be sustained. No one has sought to inquire into Mr. Lowe's private charities, or sought to drag any of his personal concerns into publicity. His political life and speeches have been the only object of assault, which may or may not have been unfair; but at all events has not intruded into the sanctity of his private relations, and has

not been marked by any personal malignity. Tory politicians have had the monopoly of this kind of weapon, during recess. Some very hard and some very senseless and stupid things have been said at some of the Reform demonstrations and of these quite enough has been made. Nothing for example could be more ridiculous than Mr. Lester's tirade against the House of Commons, except the undignified style in which Mr. Lowe and others have replied to the unfortunate glass-blow. But the personal calumnies, such as those against Mr. Bright and the even more disgraceful ones against Mr. George Poyser, have been uttered only by those who profess to represent the party of English gentlemen.

Of keen, searching, and even severe criticism, Mr. Lowe has no right to complain. He is a man of great genius, and he has employed that genius, with all the vehemence of which he is capable, in opposing popular progress. He has accomplished that which few men, if any, have ever been found capable of before. He has suddenly taken a foremost place in the ranks of the politicians of the day. From being one of the most obnoxious men to High Church and Tory obstructives, he has suddenly become their most honoured and petted champion. He has not only taken to the lead of a political sect, but has in his own person developed an entirely new type of politician. Hitherto Liberals have been distinguished for their advocacy of popular rights, desiring to govern by the people as well as for the people. Mr. Lowe is one of the first who has sought to unite Liberal principles with anti-popular sentiments; seeking to repress democratic tendencies, and, at the same time, to advocate the abolition of abuses and the adoption of a system of government based on equal justice to all classes. Liberals have supported, and Tories have opposed democratic claims, mainly because of the ultimate results to which it was supposed that concession would yield. Mr. Lowe would seek the ends which the former desire and the other deprecate without adopting means which both alike believe to be essential to their accomplishment. Going beyond even the Tories themselves in the intensity of his opposition to the recognition of democratic power, he is Liberal to a certain extent, on all other questions both in Church and State. He has thus taken an independent position, which he has defended with an ability hardly surpassed in this generation. He gathered round himself during the session a band of adherents remarkable not so much for their numbers as for the peculiarity of their position, and the power which they were able to wield, and he was thus able to defeat the Reform Bill, and to overthrow a Government invincible by its natural foes. A man cannot expect to attain this eminent

without provoking hostility, and without having his principles and actions somewhat severely canvassed. This is only one of the penalties of greatness, and Mr. Lowe must not complain if, in common with all others, he has to endure it. He has not been very measured in his attack on political opponents, and he cannot wonder if the same measure has been meted to him again.

Looking carefully at the facts of the case, we confess ourselves unable to understand what reasonable ground Mr. Lowe and his friends have for their complaint. Of course his name has been continually introduced, and his opinions discussed at Reform demonstrations. It could not be otherwise. The language in which he and his party have been denounced has often been somewhat violent, but hardly more so than that of his own eloquent tirades against democracy. There has been little of unjust imputation of unworthy motives, and even the manifest inconsistency between some of his former utterances, as triumphantly quoted by Mr. Childers, and those of more recent date has been but lightly dwelt upon. The one thing which has been continually done, and which to him seems specially distasteful, has been to remind him of his own distinct words in the House of Commons. It is on this account, that he is continually complaining of misrepresentation, though he has never yet condescended to tell us in what the misrepresentation consists, and what it was that he really intended by his too famous speech. Very recently he told the world that that Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright had both been compelled to apologize for attributing to him the views which the Reform League has so continually reprobated, but he did not as our Scotch friends say "condescend on particulars," and he would certainly find it hard to point to the page in Hansard, justifying such a statement. He simply assumes the air of offended innocence, haughtily rebukes his critics, and there leaves the matter, without any attempt to indicate what his real views are. The truth would seem to be, that while he found it pleasant enough to utter his denunciations among the cheers of an assembly where the working man has few representatives, and where the harder the hits, the more vociferous was the applause, he feels it a very different thing to encounter the storm of opprobrium and unpopularity which he has provoked outside.

We have rarely met with conduct less manly, less honourable, less creditable, either to his courage or sagacity, in any public man. There was a certain sort of daring in the way in which he defied the opinion of his own party in the severity of his first attack; but the attempt to evade the manifest force of his own reasonings, the unwillingness either to abide by his words or man-

fully to retract them, the attempt to set up all sorts of pitiable pleas in his own defence have produced a very different impression on all unprejudiced minds. The best refutation of the sophistries to which he has had recourse is to be found in the republication of his argument. That admits but of one interpretation. If it had been a single phrase hastily introduced there would have been some ground for the indignation he has expressed. But his speech was based mainly on the argument that the working-classes were unfit to be entrusted with power, and every illustration which he introduced was intended to give this reasoning a keener point. The worst classes of the present constituency, he maintained, were the poorest; and ridiculing the notion that greater purity could be obtained by going down into a deeper stratum, contended that the lower we went the worse the evil would become. In confirmation of this opinion he pointed to the freemen, and adduced their corruption as an illustration of what might be expected from the introduction of the artisan class. If his introduction of this illustration, his classical allusion to the ancients, who fancied that if they travelled sufficiently far north they would get out of the region of the north wind altogether, and the general conclusion to which the reasoning is pointed were not meant to cast reflections upon the working-classes, we should be glad to know what their meaning really was. Of course no one supposes that Mr. Lowe meant to charge all working-men with venality and drunkenness, but unquestionably the whole effect of his speech was to create the impression that, as a class, they are prone to these vices, and, therefore, intellectually and morally disqualified for the franchise. Let him confess that he has been mistaken, or prove that his hearers have mistaken him, and it would be unjust to inflict any further penalties for his offence. In the meantime it is only natural that those whom he has thus assailed should bitterly resent such imputations.

But there is a far more important question than any connected with Mr. Lowe's personal relations to this controversy, and that is, the real value of the argument he has employed. He has undoubtedly uttered, in very forcible and eloquent language thoughts that were already working in many minds, which perhaps they rather hoped than believed to be true, which some of them who had a craving for popular sympathy were afraid to avow themselves, but which they were delighted to hear so boldly proclaimed and so ably defended by another. They revealed that mingled fear and distrust of all democratic tendencies which Trades-unions undoubtedly have done much to foster; the dislike of innovation which is naturally so powerful in the minds of those who enjoy prosperity and power under the existing

system; and that disposition to glorify the constitution as it is, so pardonable in those who regard themselves as its pillars and strength. All who have, or expect to have the blessings of the present monopoly of power, all who have a nervous fear of change, fancying that the beginning of change like the beginning of strife is the letting out of water, the members of the clubs and their literary hangers-on, the young lordlings, Whig and Tory alike, who believe that they have a vested right in the government of the nation as indefeasible and secure as the title to their own estates, have something of the feelings of the countryman, in listening to the speech of an eloquent orator, "Them's my very sentiments, only better expressed." If the fear of the constituencies and of the people beyond them could only have been removed, the House of Commons would have been glad enough to acquiesce in the same notions, and considerations of popular right would have been very summarily dismissed as worthy only of wild enthusiasts and impracticable theorists. Mr. Lowe appealed very adroitly both to their foibles and their nobler sentiments. There was something chivalrous in the idea of standing manfully by venerable institutions, assailed by a powerful and unreasoning democracy, of showing a superiority to mere vulgar clamour, of obeying the dictates of reason in defiance of the clap-trap of popular declaimers. At the same time, there was something very pleasant in the belief that though not theoretically perfect, the House of Commons presented the very model of a wise and impartial legislature, that if it did not adequately represent the people, it at all events cared for their interests in a way which could not be surpassed by an assembly more thoroughly representative in its character, and that whatever improvements might be effected in its constitution, there could be none which would make it a better reflection of public opinion, or a wiser conservator of national interests. The policy of selfishness has never been presented in a more pleasing form, or made to look so like an incarnation of the highest virtue. It is not wonderful that numbers were enamoured of it, or disposed to laud to the skies the magician who had performed so extraordinary a feat.

In calmer moments, perhaps, some of those who were at first carried away by Mr. Lowe's plausible appeals, may be disposed to suspect the soundness of his reasonings, and the wisdom of his conclusions. Possibly even that gentleman may, on a review of his own experiences, doubt whether the House of Commons has always exhibited that freedom from class prejudice, that superiority to all considerations but those of the general weal, that determination to do what is right, which he so generously ascribed to it. He has not, we trust, repented of his own sound

and liberal policy at the Educational Board, or entirely forgot the way in which it was thwarted by the selfishness of the clergy and the squirearchy. He must be more or less than man if he does not remember those exciting evenings when galleries and lobbies were thronged with eager crowds of angry clergymen, when bitter taunts and insults were levelled at him personally because of his resolution to uproot gross abuses when the effect of his powerful speech was marred by the gibed quotations from his despatches, circulated on the benches of the House by the noble lord whom he has helped place at the India Board, and when he was compelled to bow the storm created by his zeal on behalf of right and liberty. We can hardly fancy that he would at that time have spoken such eulogistic terms of a House of Commons prepared to sanction such a waste of public money, and pervert to sectarian purposes a scheme designed to secure a great national good. We may admire the forgiving spirit which has consigned the memories to oblivion, and has led him to serve so faithfully and disinterestedly the very men by whom his character was maligned, and his public career thus early arrested; but we cannot commend the statesmanlike wisdom which allows him to ignore such significant facts when forming a judgment of the character of the present House of Commons.

We are not disposed to take up a position of strong antagonism to the existing legislature, or to deny the service which it has rendered to the cause of popular progress. If I must be a very uncandid or unreasoning man who, on surveying the history of the last thirty-five years, can pronounce a verdict of unqualified condemnation on the reformed House of Commons. It has swept away many abuses, it has secured the general predominance of Liberal principles, it has inaugurated and carried to perfection the great system of Free Trade, it has greatly relieved the industry of the country from the pressure of severe taxation, it has, above all, done something towards the establishment of a more perfect religious equality. But it must never be forgotten that these great reforms have been achieved by means of that democratic element the increase of which Mr. Lowe regards with such jealousy and dread. Mr. Gladstone, against whom some of his bitterest tirades were directed, but by whom some of the very measures now so much lauded were carried, in defiance of the avowed or secret opposition of a large portion of the aristocracy, is pre-eminently the minister of the people, and owes the success he has achieved mainly to the support of the popular constituencies. Mr. Bright, who is not the butt of every petty whipper-snapper of the Clubs, has always been one of the leading advocates of reforms which were

opposed at the time just as much as his present proposals for a change in the representation, but which are quoted now in justification of the wisdom of the very men by whom they were most sternly opposed. The very sagacity, therefore, of the popular leaders, and the ability with which they have been able to secure the triumph of their own ideas, has furnished the most plausible argument against the recognition of their present demands. It is contended, and not without some show of fairness, that a House of Commons which has served the country so well has constituted for itself a right to preserve its organization unchanged. But even a very slight amount of reflection would show that such reasoning was essentially superficial and fallacious. It would be more fair to argue that, if under all its disadvantages, the popular party has been able to work out such beneficial changes, it has established a claim to have a still ampler recognition of its power, in order that it may pursue the same course with greater freedom and efficiency.

It is indeed simply absurd, in the face of the many questions at present waiting a settlement, on which the public opinion of the country is sufficiently decided, but on which the House of Commons lags behind the more intelligent and thoughtful portion of the community, to assume that it has done all that needs to be done, and that none of the charges against it can be fairly maintained. We are promised, at present, a series of administrative and social reforms, in almost every department, from the Conservative government, to serve as sop for the comfort of those who are dissatisfied with their treatment of the Reform question. The list may seem tempting enough to some, but it is significant both in its contents and its omissions, for most of the measures it contains ought to have been passed years ago, while it passes over and ignores many of far higher importance. The condition of our Army and Navy, supported at so extravagant a cost, and yet continually declared to be utterly inefficient, is alone sufficient to prove that the House of Commons has succumbed to selfish influences, and suffered a shameless waste of the national resources. The state of the Poor Law, and the whole history of the struggles for the alteration of the law of Settlement, afford one among the many proofs of the undue predominance of the landed interest, a fact still more strikingly illustrated by the way in which the subject of the Cattle Plague was dealt with last session. It is only necessary indeed to take a list of the members of the House in order to see to how large an extent it is controlled by an aristocratic influence. What with peers' sons, peers' cousins, and peers' nominees, the broad-acred squires who represent the counties, and the *nouveaux riches*, whose grand ambition it is to be admitted into the ranks

of county society, the military and naval officers, who go to Parliament to do battle on behalf of the two services, and lawyers who enter it to fight a battle for themselves, there is sufficiently strong anti-popular phalanx in the popular branch of the legislature. These are the men who frequent the Clubs, who give the tone to their opinion and talk, who vote an earnest champion of democracy a bore, who manage to break down the virtue of many a Radical, sturdy enough out of doors, but too sensible to the fascinations of these aristocratic circles. Their indirect influence thus exerted is far stronger even than actual power commanded by their votes. It hinders the act of Liberal cabinets. It deters Liberal members from pressing points felt to be inconvenient to these aristocratic interests. It creates an atmosphere unfriendly to earnestness and enthusiasm on behalf of liberty. To say that all this has not told is to fight against the evidence of facts, and to require us to believe that these gentlemen are endowed with superhuman virtue. It is simply contrary to all experience to suppose that there should be such a direct preponderance of any one class without making its power felt. It has been felt, and is felt still, and the only hope of providing any adequate counterbalancing force is a considerable introduction of the popular element. That, after that can be done, the strength of the aristocracy will still be very great is certain, but, at all events, a freer spirit would prevail and questions bearing directly on the interests of the working-classes would secure more attention, and be discussed with more intelligence if the real opinion of these classes themselves could be heard in the debates of St. Stephen's. We do not anticipate the commencement of a political millennium as the result of such a change, but even as the infusion of the middle-class element in 1832 has been found to be most healthy in its results, so we expect an equal amount of good, though in another direction from giving the working-classes their due place in the legislature.

But even if it were not so, if the House of Commons was pure and patriotic as Mr. Lowe contends, we should still dissent from his conclusions. The working-classes of this country are rapidly continually increasing in intelligence, numbers, and wealth. They are infinitely superior in their understanding of political subjects to the ten-pound householders to whom the act of 1832 gave the suffrage. Their income from wages is very large, and their proportionate share in the taxation of the country considerable. It is unjust, it is impolitic, it is unsafe, that they should feel humiliation necessarily attendant upon an exclusion from their share in the government of the country. The political inferiority which they are thus doomed sours their spirit, alienates their sympathy

pathy and loyalty from the great institution of the country, leads them to place themselves in an attitude of antagonism to the more favoured classes, and, so, greatly complicates those questions between labour and capital, which in themselves are sufficiently difficult to adjust. The charges of venality so freely urged against them must certainly be less earnestly insisted upon, since the recent enquiries have proved that other classes, who have no excuse of poverty to plead in mitigation of their offence, have been deeply tainted with this same corruption. Besides the accusation comes with specially bad grace from those who are accomplices in the sin. Who indeed has felt it to be a sin? Surely not those honourable members who have secured their seats by the practice, and have made a jest of the exposures which have been made from time to time in the House. Surely not those clever electioneering managers who have reduced the practice to a system, and have had recourse to all sorts of ingenious expedients in order to mask it in secrecy. Surely not the commissioners who have made so merry in the discharge of their duties, or those who thronged their courts, and found only subject for ridicule in those very offences which, when occasion serves, are thought sufficient to disqualify a large section of the community for the enjoyment of the franchise. The moral tone of the nation upon this subject has been low, and if the working classes have shared in a common evil, it is surely unjust that on them alone the punishment should fall.

In our next number, we shall be in a better position to discuss the prospects of Reform under the new administration. Meanwhile we urge the working-classes to the exercise of a wise moderation. They have already demonstrated the falsehood of the slander, which, had it been true, would have been as full of danger to the country, as of discredit to themselves, that they do not care for the political rights their friends are anxious to secure for them. Monster demonstrations, attended with no little peril, and awakening the fears of other classes of society, have for the present been carried far enough. They can afford now to wait and see the effect of that which they have already done. If there should be an indisposition to recognize their rights, there will be opportunity and occasion for still further action, but we hope that the wisdom of our political leaders will spare them and us from such necessity, and that the present year may witness the passing of a measure as just in itself, and as happy in its consequences as that Bill of 1832, which Mr. Lowe now lauds, but which his principles, if consistently carried out, would have compelled him to oppose with the same vehemence which he directed against the righteous and moderate proposition of 1866.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S LATEST POEMS.*

THE poem which gives its title to Mr. Longfellow's most recent collection, has been significantly chosen for that purpose. The author living would be less likely to impose any false pretence upon his readers; and Mr. Longfellow is much too keen a critic of literature not to have taken long since his own true poet measure. Our readers all remember Mrs. Barrett Browning's "Musical Instrument,"—

"He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river:
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

'This is the way,' laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sat by the river,)
'The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed.'
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river."

Such is the conception of poetry by one to whom, in her own words, it was "as serious a thing as life itself"—"the comest expression of personal being to which" she "could attain. We turn to Longfellow, and find ourselves again "down in the reeds by the river;" but there is no uprooting or lacerating; no thrilling sweetness that tells in its sad undertone of st

* "Flower-de-Luce," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London: Routledge & Sons, 1867.

preceding discipline. The lily waves, the breeze softly breathes, and the very melancholy is luxurious, with no passion in its sorrow—

“ Beautiful lily, dwelling by still rivers,
Or solitary mere,
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers
Its waters to the weir !
Thou laughest at the mill, the whirr and worry
Of spindle and of loom,
And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry
And rushing of the flume.
Born to the purple, born to joy and pleasance,
Thou dost not toil nor spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence
The meadow and the lin.
The wind blows and uplifts thy drooping banner,
And round thee throng and run
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,
The outlaws of the sun.
The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,
And tilts against the field,
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent
With steel-blue mail and shield.
Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,
Who, armed with golden rod
And winged with the celestial azure, bearest
The message of some god.
Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities
Hauntest the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties
That come to us as dreams.
O, flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet !
O, flower of song, bloom on and make for ever
The world more fair and sweet.”

These last two lines reveal the secret. Mr. Longfellow aims, and not unworthily, to make “the world more fair and sweet.” As he elsewhere puts it (in “The Builders”) some men “work with massive deeds and great; *some, with ornaments of rhyme.*” Hence he must be classed with those with whom poetry is not the life but the ornament of life. It is his chosen holiday from harder work and more strenuous service. Very possibly it is not without surprise that he finds himself famous through two hemispheres for this—his bye-work, while the world hardly cares to know anything of the Professor of Modern Languages, and the accomplished master of every dialect in Europe !

Can a just criticism account for the fame? No living poet perhaps, has given more pleasure, and the pleasure is always pure: let this be eulogy sufficient. Our own Laureate has characterized him by discriminating praise. For it is undoubtedly to Mr. Longfellow's poem, "The Ladder of Augustin" that the opening stanza of *In Memoriam* refers—

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

The "harp" is always "clear," if its tones are never passionate: charms, though it may not thrill; and while its philosophy by no means deep, it is generally the reflex of our own experiences. He cannot be called common-place in the sense which Mr. Tupper, for instance, is common-place. One characteristic of genius at least belongs to Mr. Longfellow, "*proprie communia dicere*,"—the utterance of familiar sentiments in fresh a style, as to make them *his own*. "What oft is thought is seldom 'so well expressed,' as in his better verses. It here that his power lies. We care but little for "The Spanish Student;" but who ever wearies of "The Village Blacksmith Nay, who would not give all "Hiawatha," with the "Tales of Wayside Inn," thrown into the bargain, for four such lyrics "The Fire of Driftwood," "Resignation," "The Reaper and the Flowers," and "The Light of Stars." There is nothing in the which we have not thought before; and *therefore* are we not less, but the more thankful, for the grace with which the sentiment is presented by the poet. If we want to dare, and speculate and strive with Faust, we go to Goethe, or even to Mr. Bailey, rather than to "The Golden Legend." We doubt, even after the specimens we have seen, whether our author's calling is to translate Dante, although the sonnets which describe his emotions in contemplating the Divina Commedia are among the finest things in the present collection. "Evangeline" has a certain charm for us, though we lose half the pleasure in our doubts about the ill-matched metre; but

"When the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like spectres grim and tall,
Shadows by the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlour wall;"

or, when

"We see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and mist,
And the feeling of sadness comes o'er us,
Which our souls cannot resist;"

or in any other hour of reverie—thoughtful, without profundity, —melancholy, without bitterness, Longfellow is the poet we want; not to sing us to sleep, (though that too may befall), but to “quiet the restless pulse of care,” and to “fill the night with music.”

In such a mood the defects in art, which of themselves mark his place as only among the secondary poets of our time, are unnoticed, or viewed indulgently. Yet any honest criticism must indicate these faults, especially as they most abound in some of Mr. Longfellow's favourite pieces. “The Psalm of Life,” for instance—what does it mean? Its bold trochaic measure, its clear terse phrases, ring upon the ear; and there is a glowing earnestness in its tone which chimes well with the better thoughts which haunt our reveries; but when we come to analyze it, where is the distinct impression which it leaves? *Who* is bidden not to tell us “in mournful numbers,

‘Life is but an empty dream’?”

The heading of the poem answers the question in a dim inscrutable way: “What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.” Now we confess never to have quite satisfied ourselves as to whether the poet intended the Bible “Psalmist,” and pictured the “young man” as rebuking, or at least correcting, David, or, it may be, “Moses, the man of God!” Or is the poet himself the psalmist, admonished by his own youthful heart; as in the famous lines—

“As I walked by myself I talked to myself,
And myself said unto me”?

But to pass this by: mark the proofs assigned, that life is not an empty dream. The first is, that “the soul is dead that slumbers.” Undoubtedly, if the soul is awake it does not dream; if asleep, it is dead, and therefore cannot dream. Life, therefore, is no dream—*Q. E. D.* But, further, “things are not what they seem.” Now this is true; but where the relevance? Why, it is the very characteristic of a dream-state that things, *there*, are not what they seem. Hence this line would prove, if it proved anything, that life is a dream and not a reality! We might carry the same strain of remark all through the poem, but we notice only the famous figure about “footprints on the sands of Time.” Now what footprints are these? We understand the poet—who, like so many others, is often greatest in prose—when, in “Hyperion,” he speaks of the “gigantic form of Faith, half buried in the sands of Time, and gazing forward

stedfastly into the night, while sounds of anger and voices of delight alternate vex and soothe the ear of man." But those sands bear no footprints. The next simoom will cover up the deepest track: and the one lesson taught by the long caravan of weary humanity that have toiled along that pilgrim-way, is the one-sided, and therefore false doctrine, that for the most part the vestiges of life will disappear! But, perhaps, the poet meant to correct the falsehood? If so, his imagery is at least incongruous, and he should have placed us elsewhere than amid the desert sands. Yet we are not sure, after all, that such was the scene before him. For, the traveller, who is "to take heart again," is, or appears to be, a *mariner* "shipwrecked" in "sailing o'er life's desert main." Does the desert, then, mean the sea; if so, where are the footprints? Or, if we imagine him gaining the shore from his shattered bark, what will the footprints tell him? Nothing to the purpose, certainly. That the island is inhabited, it may be; or that some one else has been shipwrecked there before him, not that he himself may reach with swelling sails the port at last.

Many readers will say that it is not fair to try a figure thus strictly by prosaic rules. We reply that our purpose is simply to illustrate the adaptation of such poetry to times of reverie when the mind is content to accept impressions vaguely, not caring to analyze the images which connect themselves with congenial truth. But part of the glory of the highest poetry is that its pictures shape themselves into a grander distinctness the longer they are pondered. Mr. Tennyson, for instance, would never leave us in doubt whether a caravan were "shipwrecked" in the sandy desert, or a merchantman were striving to make out footmarks in the sea! Then we are not quite sure about Mr. Longfellow's teaching in this poem. We admit that "not enjoyment and not sorrow" is our true goal; but is it sufficient to make *progress* the aim of our being

"So to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day!"

Surely this is vague. The further lesson to labour and to wait is valuable; and a passage in "Hyperion,"—at the end of the first book—may be recollected, in which the thought is finely expanded. But there is something higher, nobler than this waiting; for what, after all, should the true man care to wait for?

"So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true.

The fame is quenched that I foresaw,
 The head hath missed an early wreath.
 I curse not nature, no, nor death;
 For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass; the path that each man trod
 Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
 What fame is left for human needs
 In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,
 Fade wholly, while the soul exults;
 And self-infolds the large results
 Of force that would have forged a name."

These words traverse in part the same line of thought as the "Psalm of Life," but how far deeper, more comprehensive, more healthy the lesson!

Of "Excelsior," Mr. Longfellow's other best-known piece, we only need say that when young ladies learn Latin, or when their brothers come home from school and give them the true rendering of the classical *refrain*, the effect is somewhat painfully disenchanting. It is touching, perhaps, to think of the youth with a flag upon his Alpenstock, scaling steep after steep, with the cry, "Still higher;" but it is difficult to be enthusiastic about a young traveller, who at every stage ejaculates, "A taller man!" This defect, to our mind, is fatal to the poem; else, there is one thought finely suggested by it, although strangely enough often unnoticed. It is not aspiration, not success, but *failure*, of which the poet evidently means to speak. The climber rejects the allurements of home, scorns the thought of danger, breaks from the ties of love, stays not even at the altar of religion, that he may win his purpose. And he does not win it after all, but sinks upon the icy slope and dies! Then "from above serene and far, a voice fell like a falling star,"* COME UP HIGHER. That is, as it has been said, "Heaven is for earth's failures." Still, the sentiment is but half a truth; and the poem as entirely fails in disclosing the true secret of life as the "Psalm" on which we have commented, or, we may add, as the "Builders."

It is where the poet no longer essays so wide a view, but confines himself to some transient mood of feeling, or tender reminiscence, or half-melancholy view of one phase of life's experience, that his special charm appears. What can be more delightful than his "Children's Hour," or the poem beginning

"Come to me, O ye children"?

* By-the-bye, how incongruous this metaphor! The falling star by its instant's flash symbolises swiftness, hurry: the voice of Heaven is solemn and calm! It will be seen that for the moment we allow the popular rendering of the word.

The "Gleam of Sunshine," again, the musing on "Sand for the Desert," in an hour-glass, "Santa Filomena," the "Prelude to the collection entitled "The Waif," with a score of brief lyrics on old legendary or chivalric themes, are absolutely perfect in their way. Of a yet higher strain are the "Hymn for a Brother's Ordination," the "Two Angels," the "Ladder of Augustine," and "God's Acre." "The Children of the Last Supper," of which it is not for us to say how much is retranslated from the Swedish, and how much is Mr. Longfellow's own, is the only piece in the English language which to us rings melodiously in hexameters. We have met with the beautiful lines beginning

"Ah, when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,"

in a hymn-book; and well does the music, as well as the meaning of the words befit the hour of loftiest Christian devotion.

A secret of Mr. Longfellow's power is undoubtedly in the subtlety and grace of his analogies. Many a piece of his derives all its effect from some sudden turn of thought, bringing into view the likeness between outer things and the super-sensual reality. Often the scenery of the poem becomes a harmonious accompaniment to some train of emotion, as, for instance, the leaping spires of flame in "The Fire of Drift Wood" to the transient glimpses of memory and momentary relightings of the fire of olden affection. There is a piece of the same kind in the new collection, but hardly so felicitous:

"THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY."

"See, the fire is sinking low,
Dusky red the embers glow,
While above them still I cower,
While a moment more I linger,
Though the clock, with lifted finger,
Points beyond the midnight hour.

Sings the blackened log a tune
Learned in some forgotten June
From a schoolboy at his play,
When they both were young together,
Heart of youth and summer weather
Making all their holiday.

And the night-wind rising, hark!
How above there in the dark,
In the midnight and the snow,
Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,
Like the trumpets of Iskander,
All the noisy chimneys blow!

Every quivering tongue of flame
 Seems to murmur some great name,
 Seems to say to me, 'Aspire !'
 But the night-wind answers, 'Hollow
 Are the visions that you follow,
 Into darkness sinks your fire !'

Then the flicker of the blaze
 Gleams on volumes of old days,
 Written by masters of the art,
 Loud through whose majestic pages
 Rolls the melody of ages,
 Throb the harp-strings of the heart.

And again the tongues of flame
 Start exulting and exclaim :
 'These are prophets, bards, and seers ;
 In the horoscope of nations,
 Like ascendant constellations,
 They control the coming years.'

But the night-wind cries : 'Despair !
 Those who walk with feet of air
 Leave no long-enduring marks ;
 At God's forges incandescent,
 Mighty hammers beat incessant,
 These are but the flying sparks.

'Dust are all the hands that wrought ;
 Books are sepulchres of thought ;
 The dead laurels of the dead
 Rustle for a moment only,
 Like the withered leaves in lonely
 Churchyards at some passing tread.'

Suddenly the flame sinks down ;
 Sink the rumours of renown ;
 And alone the night-wind drear
 Clamours louder, wilder, vaguer,—
 'Tis the brand of Meleager
 Dying on the hearth-stone here !'

And I answer,—'Though it be,
 Why should that discomfort me ?
 No endeavour is in vain ;
 Its reward is in the doing,
 And the rapture of pursuing
 Is the prize, the vanquished gain.'

Undoubtedly these comparisons often degenerate into conceits, giving the impression of being ingeniously brought to the subject, rather than having spontaneously shaped themselves out of the thought. We feel a certain aptness, but there is no revelation. Thus, in the "Prelude," before quoted, the falling of darkness "from the wing of night" is likened to "a feather wafted downwards from an eagle in his flight." Very pretty,

but hardly more than a conceit. May not the same too be of the bards "whose distant footsteps echo through the corridors of time," and notably of the last simile—

"The cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away"?

There is in the little volume now before us a notable example both of Mr. Longfellow's happy felicity of expression and of his tendency to the artificial and overstrained in fancy. The poem is entitled "The Bells of Lynn," and runs on in music to the close, when the effect of a sudden stoppage in the musical scheme is thus expressed:—

"And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous surges,
And clap their hands, and shout to you, O bells of Lynn!
Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incantations,
Ye summon up the spectral moon, O bells of Lynn!
And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of Endor,
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O bells of Lynn!"

We have left ourselves no space to speak at any length of other poems in this little book. Instead of doing so we quote two sonnets—the former for its beautiful simile, the latter for its characteristic touch of sentiment wrought into a characteristic picture.

"GIOTTO'S TOWER."

"How many lives, made beautiful and sweet
By self-devotion and by self-restraint
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint
On unknown errands of the Paraclete,
Wanting the reverence of unshodden feet,
Fail of the nimbus which the artists paint
Around the shining forehead of the saint,
And are in their completeness incomplete!"

In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone,—
A vision, a delight, and a desire,—
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
But wanting still the glory of the spire."

"TO-MORROW."

"Tis late at night, and in the realm of sleep
My little lambs are folded like the flocks;
From room to room I hear the wakeful clocks
Challenge the passing hour, like guards that keep

Their solitary watch on tower and steep;
 Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,
 And through the opening door that time unlocks
 Feel the fresh breathing of 'To-morrow creep.

To-morrow! the mysterious, unknown guest,
 Who cries to me: 'Remember Barmecide,
 And tremble to be happy with the rest.'
 And I make answer: 'I am satisfied;
 I dare not ask; I know not what is best;
 God hath already said what shall betide.'"

In one thing we are disappointed. The "Poem on Slavery" so earnestly and beautifully expressed the poet's abhorrence of the national crime that we were prepared for a worthy chant of triumph over its downfall. It may be that the shadow of the war is yet so deeply overcast as to forbid the utterance of exultation. The conflict itself furnishes the theme of two touching pieces—"Christmas Bells" and "Killed at the Ford." The former runs thus:—

"I heard the bells on Christmas day
 Their old, familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat,
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
 The belfries of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
 The world revolved from night to day,
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
 The cannon thundered in the South,
 And with the sound
 The carols drowned
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
 The hearthstones of a continent,
 And made forlorn
 The households born
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
 'There is no peace on earth,' I said;
 'For hate is strong
 And mocks the song
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!'

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep :
 ' God is not dead ; nor doth he sleep !
 The Wrong shall fail,
 The Right prevail,
 With peace on earth, good-will to men ! ' "

This good-will born of war we confess we cannot quite understand, excepting, indeed, upon the principle of Mr. Longfellow's compatriot, whose words (referring, however, to another war) may not disadvantageously compare with the last of the foregoing verses :—

" Ez for the war, I go agin it,—
 I mean to say I kind o' du,—
 Thet is, I mean thet, bein' in it,
 The best way wuz to fight it thru ;
 Not but wat abstract war is horrid,
 I sign to thet with all my heart,—
 But civlyzation *doos* git forrid
 Sometimes upon a powder-cart."

We cannot but acknowledge, with all our sympathy in the general tone of Mr. Longfellow's writings, that we do not find in them that calm, consistent view of life which a firm hold of Christian dogma would impart. Here, too, the general effect is vague and uncertain. In poems which deal so much with the varying experiences of life's history, we would like oftener to hear some echo of the triumphant "I know in whom I have believed." But the generation is speculative, doubting ; preferring a merely sentimental religion to the forms of doctrine which the Churches have to give it. Ages of faith have passed ; another is to come : perhaps not yet ; when it dawns it will bring its poets ; but among its heralds we can scarcely reckon Mr. Longfellow.

UZZIAH—HIS SIN AND PUNISHMENT.

(2 CHRONICLES, CH. XXVI.)

THE story of Uzziah is one of those narratives which earnest pious Christians sometimes wish they could altogether blot out of the Bible. On two points it runs directly counter to our modern habits of thought and feeling ; habits of thought and feeling which have been formed in us by the teaching and influ-

ence of the Gospel. Uzziah's sin in its formal aspect appears much like our duty—that, namely, of protesting against the claims of an exclusive priesthood; claims which must be resisted if men and nations are to be preserved from certain degradation, and from hopeless separation from God. An enfeebled morality, again, resents all records of Divine judgment: it startles, it shocks us to read of the avenging stroke of leprosy. It is one of the great blessings of the Bible that it does run thus impartially athwart all prejudices; refusing to accommodate itself to any, even our most sacred traditions; that it compels us to study its narratives patiently and submissively, and will not allow us hastily to reduce its teachings to our own conventional standards. Its difficulties are ever the key to the deepest mysteries of our lives and of God's rule. The "door" will "open" at length to him who continues "knocking." It is the object of this paper to show that the story of Uzziah is, in substance, a human much more than a Jewish story; to indicate how it touches at various points on the life we are living from day to day.

We first affirm, broadly and emphatically, the sole High Priesthood of Christ, and the universality of the lesser priesthood. The New Testament is decisive on this point. All who have "tasted that the Lord is gracious" "are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." The New Testament speaks of differences of gifts in the Church, of administrations and operations; but not of any exclusive rights to office. Each man has to bring for himself his offering of prayer and praise immediately to God. Christian ordination services are only acts whereby the congregation recognizes and welcomes those whom God has fitted to help their brethren; the fitness is itself the call. Whatever lessons the story of Uzziah has for us, it is not intended to prevent any whom God has enabled to edify his brethren, from using his gifts privately, in the social circle, or in the Church.

The Jewish priesthood was part of a system which, partial indeed and temporary, was yet a real dispensation of God. Exclusiveness was one mark of this dispensation. The words which give solemn urgency to the second commandment, "I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God," run as a spirit throughout the whole Jewish worship. Of all the nations of the earth, He chose one through whom to reveal Himself. Of all the Jewish cities, He fixed on one as the place of worship. Of all the Jewish tribes, He consecrated one to the priestly office. There are many indications that a larger purpose underlay this system of restriction. Side by side with the exclusive priesthood there existed the prophetic office; not confined to any class of men, but filled, as God called them, by old men and maidens, young men and chil-

dren, husbandmen and citizens, priests and princes. This, not the priesthood, is the true type of the Christian minister and as the history advances, the prophets wax, while the priesthood wanes, in influence. A freer spirit was ever asserting itself among the restrictions of Judaism; God was thus preparing people for the large, the universal comprehensiveness of Gospel. But while the restrictions lasted, they were to be revered; the Temple and the priesthood were not to be profaned by the intrusion of unconsecrated men, whose pride prompted them to rush in and demand a part in these services.

We may see some meaning in the fact that a restrictive system like the Jewish precedes the freedom of the Gospel. The broadening energies of grace rest upon the deep foundation of eternal righteousness. Before men could even understand love that redeems by the manifestation of itself in sacrifice, they must know the sanctities into which they are redeemed. It awakened the sense of holiness in men by calling them to carefulness, and reverence, and obedience. The infinite distinction between holiness and profanity is embodied in forms adapted to the childhood of the race. An order that must not be transgressed, restrictions that are not to be disregarded—these develop the sense of reverence that at length fixes itself in the character of the great and holy God. Then when the sentiment of sanctity is confirmed, when the presence of God is felt in all hallowing thing, it is revealed that nothing is common or unclean; that God's presence hallows every circumstance of every life; that God's name is to be always sanctified, and every man. The priesthood was a call to worship—a mode of impressing men with the "holy and reverend name" of God. When the sentiment of reverence and the habit of worship were fully disciplined, the Apostles of Christ proclaim to all to believe "Ye are the holy priesthood; ye are all priests unto God." The priest whom you have been taught to honour is the type of yourselves; God has sanctified you all to the service of which He began to teach you when He consecrated the tribe of Levi Himself."

Rightly to apprehend Uzziah's sin, we must remember through what barriers he had to break before he could resolve to do anything. He had to disregard the direct command of Jehovah that the priests alone should burn incense on His altar. He had to despise the history of his people, to refuse the solemn lessons that he had learned from childhood. He was defiling his sacred things; the Jewish history was the history of his people, the charter of his own blessings; the Temple and the priesthood were the solemn ordinances of his own worship. He was impiously defying the holy name by which himself

called. It was an act of direct and daring sin; of wilful disobedience to his own conscience; of contemptuous disregard of the word of Jehovah Himself, and to him. Therefore it was,—because his rebellion was so great, his defiance of his convictions and his God so flagrant, that the Lord smote him, and he bore till death the mark of the curse that fell on him for his impiety.

“Uzziah did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, according to all that his father Amaziah did. And he sought God in the days of Zechariah, who had understanding in the visions of God: and as long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper.” The arts of war and peace flourished under his rule. He extended his borders; husbandry and commerce were enlarged under his sway. “And his name spread far abroad; for he was marvellously helped, till he was strong. But when he was strong, his heart was lifted up to his destruction.” What is all this but just a history daily repeating itself among us? The influence of godly training and holy companionship are seen in the prudence, and diligence, and sobriety which command success and reputation. The modes of life which the influence of the Gospel forms, which are the tradition of Christian households, are just those which conduct to happiness and honour. Continuing, however, mere modes of life—pious influences not finding their fulfilment in actual godliness—the very prosperity they bring is a fatal danger; being lifted up with pride, men fall into the condemnation of the devil.

Mere worldly prosperity is often the prelude to daring impiety. It is a perpetual question how to “remove” the “hireling” spirit out of the Church. Men whose ships bring them wealth, whose plans in business succeed, come to fancy themselves fit for any place of responsibility in the Church; what airs they give themselves; how many are their assumptions; how they despise meeker and more lowly men; how self-reliant they grow, and impatient of rebuke, and vain, and indifferent to Christ’s self-denying call! Others, too, are eager to confirm their judgment of themselves; their self-complacency is flattered instead of checked. Churches love to pay honour to men of wealth; choose for places of special service, not those of pure heart, and fervent faith, and lowly self-denial, but those who have succeeded in business, and whose plans, it is therefore thought, must needs be followed in Church operations. This is a real fellowship of Uzziah’s sin. Uzziah was a good king, but he was a bad priest; he was not the priest whom God had chosen. Men whose godliness, and integrity, and Christian conduct have won them respect; men who in all things are Christ’s servants, and whom He has therefore made stewards of much, are most valuable helps in all the ordinances of Christian

activity. But mere worldly success is a poor measure of things, and ought never to be allowed to secure to any, and direction in church affairs. "It appertains not to thee to burn incense unto the Lord." State-craft and policy have claim to spiritual direction. The Spirit of the Gospel is not that of the successful worldling, but that of the little church of the kingdom. God does curse with weakness and tremor with spiritual deadness, with feebleness of Christian energy and decay of piety, those churches which are not carefully appointed to the direction of their affairs only men whose hearts He Himself hath touched.

"But the punishment of Uzziah," one may ask, "is not simply Jewish, quite foreign to our life to-day? If there is something like his arrogant impiety in the conduct of men, simply because they have prospered in their temporal success, would it not eke out Christ's Gospel by worldly maxims, what is among us at all like the smiting of the king with leprosy in the house of the Lord? Does God visit men with judgments in our day? is there anything here for Englishmen?" Let us see; it may appear that God is judging us; the same God who judged the people of old; there may be something in this very part of the narrative to set us thinking on the mysteries of our daily life, and to help in their interpretation.

Suppose, now, a physician had given us a purely medical report of this incident; suppose he had told us that there was in Uzziah an unsuspected taint of leprosy; a taint which, if he had been careful of himself, especially avoiding strong passions and excitement, might never have developed into actual symptomatic disease; that Uzziah, distracted by contending emotions, and with pride, haunted by the terrors of a conscience trained by Jewish influences, unable to shake off the fear of Divine retribution for his presumption, yet urged on by ambition, had gone into the Temple of the Lord; that there, while he was engaged in a conflict with the priests, the hidden taint had developed, and the leprosy had leapt out upon his brow—should we not once understand the story? recognize a very common fact in the history of disease? A brand may lie concealed—a birthmark or an old scar—during the greater part of a man's life, becoming visible at times of strong excitement. Old wounds, quiet the most part, will throb under the influence of passion. A dietary or constitutional disease may often lurk for a life unsuspected, till some circumstance favours its development, and instantaneously it works itself out in all its power. Of all favouring circumstances, strong passionate excitement is the surest; in the heat of pride the seeds of sickness are frequently quickened.

No stories are more impressive or more common than those of men suddenly stricken down on the eve of the gratification of their pride, in the first thrill of triumph, in the very fever of unbridled ambition. A man has been all his life-time amassing wealth; satisfied at length, he builds himself a lordly mansion, that he may rank with the nobles of the land. He builds, but he never enjoys it:—he is found some morning smitten with impotence; and the palsied speech-muscles refuse to articulate a word. A statesman is summoned to the royal presence-chamber: at the council-table, the blood-stain at his lips declares that honours and life will soon be laid together in the dust. A student is called to preside over some learned body: his brain gives way, and the asylum is henceforth his home. A Jewish story this—foreign to the life of to-day? Instead of leprosy, read paralysis or hæmorrhage, or softening of the brain; and it is just a narrative from our daily press. For one who “comes to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season,” hundreds are swept away by pride or passion, in the conflict and the triumph of life. Say what we will, this is true, that pride and passion, unregulated ambition, and impious recklessness, do terribly punish those whom they enslave.

The Jewish story interprets the English life. If Englishmen trace these things to natural causes and go no further, while the Jew says “God has smitten him,” the Jew is right and the Englishman is wrong. It is a sign of unbelief and folly to refuse to trace God’s hand, save in events that are utterly unintelligible. God’s great work is to reveal, not to hide Himself. It is part of His order of nature that bodily pains should often reveal and rebuke the workings of an ungodly soul. No Jew would ever have thought it out of place to speak of God’s hand in an event, simply because the natural causes might in part be traced. The Jewish history is God’s revelation of Himself in all history; so that men may say, “Verily, He is a God that judgeth in the earth.”

The hour of pride is often, too, an hour of terrible revelation of hidden spiritual taints; secret sins leap to light in the heats of unbridled passion. Men flatter themselves that God has made them to prosper because they sought Him. Their seeking of Him becomes a tradition of the past, a memory; they think they have overcome their temptations, laid aside their easily besetting sin; and, even while they boast, they fall before God and men. They thank God they are not as other men; suddenly they have to change their boasting, they know themselves the chief of sinners. They could not do a mean thing, could not withdraw their hearts from the noble and the good, and

decline to the ungodly, the impure, the base. Allured by ambition, they do even this. They find in themselves not only the seeds, but the power of vices which they have most loudly most bitterly, condemned in others. Prosperity and pride are terrible revealers of men; rather God in them often judges men that they may know themselves.

Hope concerning Uzziah is given in the record of his hasting to go out of the Temple. His proud heart was broken; he was smitten with shame. There needed not "the priests, the valiant men," to thrust him out; "Yea, himself also hasted to go out, because the Lord had smitten him." It may have been mere terror that drove him forth, the force of circumstances, and not a convicted, penitent heart. His self-abasement may have been as godless as was his exaltation. It may have been so;—but it may have been far otherwise. Assuredly God intended it to be otherwise. A man is not altogether lost while he can feel shame. God quickens the "sorrow of the world which worketh death," into "godly sorrow working repentance not to be repented of."

Of the seven years that he spent in the "several house" we know nothing; of this we may be sure, that during all those years, God was seeking to restore and save his soul. What the "several" house was is doubtful. Some take it to have been a leper hospital; others a separate house, a "free" house, as the margin reads, a house into which God manumitted him from the kingly office, liberating him from the cares and responsibilities of the throne. But whether he dwelt among sufferers shameful men like himself, or quite alone, there was opportunity for him to offer himself in life-long penitence to God. He was debarred from the Temple; he could never cross its threshold more. But God dwells in the hospital and the solitary place. He was cast on God whose care are all the wretched he had but to cast himself on God and be forgiven and restored. The leprosy might cling to him; never more could he be king but in the fellowship of the suffering was an opportunity of rendering true service. In solitude, while his son was over his kingdom, and regents were doing the work God had taken from his hands, he might have learnt many a lesson he had not learnt upon the throne.

The king who aspired to an honour God had not called him to, deprived of the very service to which God had appointed him, sinking at last into a dishonoured grave, buried in the field without his fathers' resting-place, and not in the tomb itself:—these are touching aspects of the story, of universal human interest. The dignity and service forfeited through pride may be never regained. A stain may cling to the name

the reputation long held honourable, and lost through a shameful fall, may not even after death be recovered. Sons may blush more over the dishonourable grave and the one terrible sin of their fathers than they triumph in the glory of a whole life. Impiety is a fearful thing, and has a fearful curse. But no curse is final ; the shame that is felt may be washed away. God's judgments are for mercy's sake ; he humbles that he may lift up. A world in which God's judgments are abroad is an awful world : but infinitely horrible would be a world in which He did not judge.

A. M.

YOUNG NONCONFORMITY—ITS DUTIES AND OPPORTUNITIES.

ARE the British youth of the present day inferior, morally and politically, to the youth of half-a-century ago ? Is "culture" being promoted at the expense of conscience—slang taking the place of sense ; indifferentism and cynicism of youthful ardour ? Are juvenile snobs and incipient Sadducees more numerous than nascent reformers and budding patriots ? Or, to bring our interrogatories a point nearer home, do our hopes or fears predominate, as we scrutinize the ranks of Nonconformity, and watch the development of the young men and women in whom are centred, not merely our personal affections and anticipations, but our aspirations in regard to the organizations and the principles by which our own energies have been elicited, and our own lives have been largely influenced ? Do our most educated, and, in some respects, most influential, sons and daughters display an increasing tendency to float with the stream of worldliness and fashion, which carries them away from the principles and practices of their fathers, and makes them the victims of loose theologians, or the tools of reactionary politicians ? Will the demands of the pulpit, of the diaconate, of the Sunday-school, and of the Committee be met as they should be met, in an age in which Christian work calls for increasing force and increasing wisdom ? Or are the old traditions, involving personal service and self-sacrificing devotedness, so modified as to suggest the arrival of a time when hard-working Christians in

the higher social ranks will be regarded as estimable eccentricities, and broad-cloth and silk will give to our religious institutions the benefit of their money and their prayers, but devolve on fustian and cotton print the sweat and agony of individual solicitude and effort for the salvation of human souls?

We put these questions suggestively, and without proposing to answer them, otherwise than by expressing apprehension as to the replies which a careful inquiry would elicit. Let us, however, add the opinion, that the result would be very much determined by the area of the investigation, and by the social position of those who might be the subject of it. Thus we suspect that it is in the large towns that the process of deterioration goes on most conspicuously; its most advanced stage being reached among the suburban villa population, and more especially that of the metropolis. It is among the commercial, rather than the artisan class, that these signs of moral decadence are to be found, and as a general rule, it is to material prosperity that they are chiefly traceable.

A distinction has to be drawn between zeal for Nonconformist principles and zeal in Nonconformist work; for it is notorious that many of those who are heartily engaged in the latter are but ill-informed, or indifferent, in regard to the former. The advocacy of what are known as "our distinctive principles" has, except on rare occasions, been a speciality—the chosen office of a few, who have practically been both the representatives and the guides of the many. And even the number of such champions, and the extent and effectiveness of the labours have, to a great extent, been dependent on special circumstances; which kindled latent fire in the breasts of passive Nonconformists, or decided the bent of young minds, and disciplined them for the army fighting under the banner of Him whose kingdom is not of this world. We owe to the repressive acts, and the legislative blunders, of Toryism, and State churchism much of the bone and muscle of Nonconformity, which has seen its heroes spring up from the dragon's teeth sown by its bitterest foes. There are men now occupying conspicuous positions in the ranks of Voluntaryism, whose training school for public life was the agitation to which, first the Factories' Education Bill, and then the Minutes of Council gave rise. The (apparent) accidents of history also sensibly affect the momentum and direction of Nonconformist propaganda—as witness the Voluntary controversy in Scotland with the reflex influence which it has exerted on Voluntaryism on this side the Tweed. And lastly—and this is a modern phase of aggressive Nonconformity—a wise use of passing times and events becomes instrumental in quickening the energies, and in

multiplying the numbers, of those with whom Dissent is more than chapel-going, and who, not content with holding truth themselves, wish it to become regnant in the hearts of others. The bicentenary agitation of 1862 is the most recent and important illustration of this class of influences—an agitation which undoubtedly left its mark upon the Church of England, as well as upon the religious world without.

A yet more golden opportunity for the enforcement of Non-conformist views now presents itself in the existing condition of the Church, as by law established; the members of which appear to be bent on demonstrating the soundness of *a priori* objections to Church Establishments, while they, at the same time, are alarming into activity those who are more concerned for Protestantism and orthodoxy than for any theories touching the relations of Church and State. Hence, if the "Liberation Society" were less wise than it is believed to be in discerning the signs of the times, it could scarcely fail to recognise the greatness of the occasion, or be backward in discharging the duty which it imposes. Its Executive evidently appreciate the importance of the crisis, and are displaying good generalship in the organization of their forces for a struggle, which cannot be averted if it were wished, and for which, in fact, they have long been carefully preparing. They foresee that it will be lengthy, as well as severe, and that new levies will be needed to supplement the efforts, if not to take the places, of veteran battalions. And it is to the young they are looking for the required reserves, and more especially to young men, "on whom will rest the responsibility of pressing to a decisive issue some of the controverted questions of the present time, and who may even witness the consummation of the long-continued labours of their predecessors." When those labours were commenced, they were assumed to be directed to the assertion of a mere abstract principle; whereas, it cannot be denied that they are now passing into that practical region which is the world in which the average Englishman lives, and moves, and has his being. The existing relations of the Church of England to the State are being disturbed, and a rearrangement will come about as the result of events, which will drift both Church and State into utter confusion, unless there be the clear-eyed purpose, and the courageous resolve, by which alone they can be steered into a safe and tranquil haven. Whatever, therefore, there may be of intellectual power and of religious earnestness in the oncoming generation of Nonconformists will find a field of action for its development, which can be occupied with the highest honor, and which cannot be avoided without damage and disgrace.

Looked at from this point of view, the Conference of Young

Men, which, at the summons of the Liberation Society, assemble at Radley's Hotel on the 9th of January, is one of the most encouraging incidents which, for a long time, has been chronicled in our pages. It was a happily-conceived idea, and the mode in which it was executed was worthy of the conception. Had the design failed, the failure would not have been inglorious ; while its complete success opens up a prospect of possibilities and probabilities, which will put new strength into the hearts and arms of those who, long walking by faith, and not by sight, now distinctly see that they have not laboured in vain, nor spent their strength for nought. No one who witnessed the intelligence and enthusiasm with which between three and four hundred of the pick and flower of the Nonconformist youth of the metropolis responded to the appeals of the Rev. A. Hannay, the Rev. S. Martin, Mr. Templeton and Mr. Miall, on that occasion, will doubt that, so long as the work lasts, there will be willing hands to carry it on, with unflinching energy. If, as has been sometimes asserted, the leaders of the movement have, in recent years, devoted too much attention to Dissenters' disabilities, and too little to Dissenters' principles, they wish their youthful allies clearly to understand that it is for the interests of truth rather than for any personal rights, that they are desired to contend. "We must," said Mr. Hannay, at the close of his very thoughtful and stirring speech,—

"We must offer ourselves as the defenders of the truth. We must offer ourselves to speak for Christ and to work for Christ. Anything that is a dishonor to Him we must take upon our conscience to resist; I do not know that I ever had the ambition to have a national name, so that I might speak words that should be heard through the whole length and breadth of the land, and that should be listened to by every young man in it, until now, but I have that ambition now. Would to God that the men who have national names would stand up and speak and work in this great crisis of the Church's history in England, and say to the young men of England, and say it in clear tones, 'Gird yourselves for a great conflict to assert the spirituality of Christ's religion and of Christ's kingdom. Demand of the legislature that they take back the unspeakable blessing of an Established Church; that they set the Church free; that rejoicing in the strength of her own life, and the security of her Master's guidance she may bring the Church to his feet,' and, I would add, may God prosper all who give themselves to this enterprise!"

Equally high-toned was the closing appeal of Mr. Martin who said:—

"May I add one other word—it shall be only one; let us try to be devout religious, Christian Nonconformists. Our friend who spoke just now, said that this was a political question and not religious. My brothers, to a religious man everything is religious—business is religious, recreation is religious, social intercourse is religious, friendship is religious, reading of books is religious and to a religious man politics are religious. My country is my God's country,

and the men of my nation are the offspring of my Father in heaven. To a truly religious man everything is religious, and politics of course. I should not dare to touch politics with the tips of my fingers, if I did not touch them—at least if I did not try to touch them—in the fear of my God and in the neighbourly love of my fellow-men. Let us be courageous, consistent and devout Nonconformists, and let us do all we can do lawfully and religiously to deliver religion from State-patronage and control.”

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in these proceedings was the strain of speaking adopted by Mr. Miall, who, while acknowledging that his mind and heart had been stirred by such a meeting, took pains to impress upon his auditors, the fact that it was no holiday-work—no mere feather-bed soldiering—in which they were urged to engage. Speaking just before the close of the Conference, he said :—

“The object that I have specially to set before you this evening, the one idea that I want to put into your minds and consciences, is this, that we are calling you to a work that necessarily involves vast self-sacrifice. Now, do not mistake for one moment. This is not going to be a popular agitation for a long time to come ; on the contrary, depend upon it, all the respectable influences of the world will frown upon this movement. It has been so hitherto ; it will be so, in spite of your joining it, for a long time to come. Calculate upon this one thing, that if you are going to take an active part in the prosecution of this enterprise for the deliverance of religious institutions from State-patronage and control, you will come down rapidly in the estimation of many of your friends. Do not expect by means of this agitation to raise your worldly position, or to increase your worldly pleasure, and if you are not prepared to take up the question as a question involving deep responsibilities, and a certain bringing before you of many occasions and opportunities of self-sacrifice, you had better not take it up at all. It would be far better for you to go away from this meeting with the determination not to touch the question at present, than to allow yourselves to imagine that you are just joining in a stream which will, perhaps, within ten or a dozen years, become the triumphant opinion of the country. Well, but if I do not misunderstand this assembly, the spirit of it is that you young men would be glad to take your part in anything that would expand your moral being, and give exercise to your spiritual feelings. I have not the smallest doubt that you are doing things now, perhaps daily, at all events according to your opportunities, whereby you are exercising and strengthening those religious sentiments which have been implanted in your bosom by the Gospel of Christ.”

It was in this spirit that the founders of the “Liberation Society” began their enterprise, and it is refreshing to find that growing strength, no small measure of success, and daily brightening prospects have in no degree abated the soberness of their judgment, and the patient earnestness which has hitherto characterized their labours. Let the young men who have just entered the Society’s drill-ground as recruits but catch, and persistently display, this spirit, and they will not only do credit to their instructors, but will receive a well-earned reward.

We have left ourselves but too little space to refer to another

step which the Society has taken for the accomplishment of the same object, viz., the inculcation of their principles in the minds of the young. The idea of offering a prize for the production of a book adopted for that purpose, suggested itself at least a year before the holding of a Young Men Conference was suggested; but, by a happy coincidence, the same week witnessed the meeting at Radley's Hotel, and the publication of the Prize Book. Whether the adjudicators, the prize—Dr. Underhill and the Rev. J. Kennedy—selected the best of the productions sent in by the competitors, can, of course, be known only to those who may have read the several manuscripts; but it is in the power of every reader of *Conversations on Church Establishments** to judge whether the book be not one of very great value, having regard to the particular purpose which it is designed to serve. The plan of the work is most comprehensive; since it not only embraces what is termed the abstract argument, but deals with the working of State-churches as exemplified in England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, and also includes sketches of the rise and progress of Dissent in those countries. Never before, we suppose, have both the reasoning and the facts of the case been placed before the public in so compact and complete a form. The information is brought down to the very latest date; even Baron Ricasoli's letter to the Italian bishops being quoted in its pages. We may add, that the book is studded with quotations of an unusually apt and pointed character, which show a wide range of reading on the part of the author. Mr. Guthrie's style is vigorous and incisive, and has about it a glow and force which will carry thoughtful young persons briskly over ground which, besides being wide, might otherwise be thought dry and repulsive. Of the spirit in which the author has written, the reader may judge by a passage from the preface :—

"I have not assumed any very juvenile style, knowing that youth of the manlier stamp kindle with interest at whatever tends to draw their mind onward and upward. (I have spoken unto you, young men, because you are strong). The title to your interest which I am most ambitious to secure, is that of plainly and comprehensively presenting to you the truth. If I were to write for experienced men, I do not know that I could say more than, in simple phrase I have tried to say to you. The task has been a pleasant one; for every sentence has been written as if in the light of young beaming eyes, and quick-bounding hearts, winged with pure aspirations, and toned to noble aims, with faith unfeigned, and conscience unstained, ready fearlessly to go wherever truth leads, and faithfully to do whatever truth bids."

* *Conversations on Church Establishments.* By the Rev. John Guthrie M.A., London: Liberation Society, 2, Sergeants' Inn, Fleet Street, and Arthur Miall, 18, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

We shall make no extracts from the book itself; our hope being that all our readers will obtain copies—partly for their own information, but chiefly for the sake of the young men and women in their several circles. It is acknowledged on all hands that such a work has long been wanted, and now that it has appeared, and that, in regard to both matter and manner it realizes every reasonable expectation, we hope that those who have produced it will find in a quick and extensive circulation the best evidence that their exertions have been appreciated.

BREATHING.

We often say that we cannot live on air. Yet we do live on air every minute of our lives; nothing is more precious to us than the air we breathe. We date the beginning of our life from the first breath we draw, and we say "All is over" when the last is gasped out, though long before the first breath and long after the last breath there are many things done, many works carried on, in the cunningly contrived workshop which we call our Body. We can fast from food for hours or even days without doing ourselves any great wrong, but we cannot cease from breathing for even a few minutes without running the greatest risk of losing our lives. The thread of life is woven of two strands, air and food; but the chief of these is air.

The ancients, though, of course, they could not help recognizing the vital necessity for breathing, curiously, as it seems now-a-days to us, and yet naturally, thought that men and animals breathed in order that air, entering the chest, might cool the heart and lungs and temper the heat generated by the fierce strivings of the vital spirits. The discoveries of modern chemistry have strangely enough led us to an exactly opposite conclusion—namely, that we breathe in order to get air, wherewith to fan the slow fire that is ever burning within us. It is not, however, air as such that we need for this purpose; we use only one part of it, that part or kind to which chemists have given the very awkward name of oxygen.

At about the time when the French nation were ushering in the new era of politics through the struggles of the Revolution, the great French chemist Lavoisier ushered in a new era of

chemistry and physiology by proving what it was that really took place when a fire burnt, when iron rusted, when animals breathed. Before his time many fancies reigned supreme in men's minds about these matters, fancies which we now look upon as foolish, because we are able to view them in the light of his wisdom. He tried these fancies, literally, in the balance, and found them wanting. He shewed that all burning is an oxidation, a union of the thing burnt with the oxygen of the air in which it is burnt, and without which it cannot be burnt; that the rusting of iron is only a slow combustion, and that the breathing of animals is only a hidden combustion. He said, what no one had said before him, that our food is made up in great part of two things, called carbon and hydrogen, and that these unite within the body with the oxygen of the air we breathe, and are then burnt off, the carbon and oxygen uniting or burning to form carbonic acid, the hydrogen and oxygen uniting to form water. And this grand truth, which Lavoisier worked out with the balance and the retort in the quietude of his laboratory, while France was heaving under the sense of coming troubles, still remains and always will remain as the basis of our knowledge of the chemical doings of the animal body. Oxidation is the fundamental fact in the existence of every animal. From the highest to the lowest every creature is busy all its life long in getting oxygen, from the atmosphere if it live on land or in the air, from the air which is held dissolved in all natural waters if it live in the water, and in binding that oxygen to the carbon and hydrogen of its food.

At the present day, however, we do not accept this truth exactly in the form in which Lavoisier put it. He thought that the carbon and hydrogen of the body and of the food were, by help of the mysterious processes of the body, distilled as a combustible liquid, drop by drop, into the lungs, and then and there burnt off by the oxygen which came in with the breath into carbonic acid, which went out with the breath, and into water, which went out partly as the vapour of breath and partly in other ways. He proved that there was oxidation; but his combustible liquid was only a supposition, and, like many other suppositions, has been cast to the winds. We now-a-days deny not only that any such liquid exists, but also that the lungs are in any way the place where the oxidation or burning goes on. We admit that oxygen comes into our body through the breath that we draw in, and that carbonic acid goes out through the breath that we send out; but we hold that oxygen meets carbon, that the fire which is born of their encounter burns, not in the lungs only, or even chiefly, but in every part and parcel of our body *that enjoys the privileges and fulfils the duties of living matter.*

To Lavoisier the lungs seemed, as it were, a kind of furnace, where the fire of life was ever kept burning; to us they appear as a kind of double-acting flue, bringing to the vital fire within the air deprived of which it would soon cease to burn, and carrying away from it the carbonic acid by which it would otherwise soon be smothered and choked.

The modern theory, however, raises up a difficulty which was not felt during the reign of the old one. Oxygen is a gas and carbonic acid is a gas, but our bodies are made up of solids and liquids, of flesh and blood, and, as long as we are alive and well, there is not a bubble of air to be seen anywhere from the crown of our heads to the soles of our feet, save only in the lungs and stomach. Indeed, a few bubbles of air in the blood bring instant death. How, then, are these gases enabled to travel all over the body? How does the fire that is burning in our finger-ends or in our brains, ever so far from the lungs, separated from its chimney by many layers of muscle and of bone, of fat and of sinew, get its inward draught of oxygen and its outward draught of carbonic acid? By means of the blood, which is the great gas-carrier of the body, and which, as it rushes along the path allotted to it, from the nooks and corners of the body to the heart and thence to the lungs, from the lungs to the heart and thence to all parts of the body again, may be said to act the part of a great animal ventilator.

Not that the blood carries to and fro these gases as gases. That is not at all necessary. A fish breathes with its gills quite as truly as a man does with his lungs; it takes in oxygen and gives up carbonic acid; but if you watch it you will see no bubbles of gas going to and from its gills. The oxygen and carbonic acid which it gives and takes have passed from their gaseous state and are said to be dissolved in the water in which the creature is swimming. And as the gases outside the fish are dissolved in the water, so the gases inside the fish are dissolved in the blood; and when water and blood meet in the gills, with only a very delicate skin between them, they compare accounts, as far as their gases are concerned, and strike a balance. The blood, as it comes to the gills from the body, is loaded with carbonic acid, and has but a scanty supply of oxygen, while the water, if it be fresh and good, is rich in oxygen but poor in carbonic acid. So blood takes up oxygen from the water, and water takes up carbonic acid from the blood, and then both move on; the blood to carry its burden of oxygen to the burning of the fish's slow fire, and the water to carry its carbonic acid away to where further duties await it. It is not necessary, however, that the oxygen should be dissolved in water before it can enter into the blood, or that there should be water present for the carbonic acid

to get into, in order that it may escape from the blood ; the one may be taken from and the other given to the air without the need of being any water to act as a go-between. When a fish is taken out of the water it dies, not because the blood that passes through its gills cannot barter gases with the air, but because, through the drying-up of the exposed tender gills, the minute blood-vessels get shrivelled up and otherwise altered, and the circulation of the blood in them is brought to a stand-still. The business of respiration, so to speak, is closed, not because the agents have become unfit, not because of any lack of goods, but because the premises have been ruined, and traffic can no longer be carried on in them. In man and air-breathing animals, the arrangement of parts is just suited for carrying on in the open air this interchange of carbonic acid and oxygen. The blood-vessels, instead of being exposed on branched and tufted gills, are hidden in the moist cavities of the lungs, where the air, though it passes in and out ever so freely, is always moist. Here the venous blood readily gives up to the air its surplus of carbonic acid, here from the air it takes in oxygen and then goes on its way as arterial blood ; while by the heaving of the chest the air itself is always being continually renewed.

It may be asked why does this interchange take place ? why are the blood and the air thus obliged to give and take ? why could not the carbonic acid remain in the blood and the oxygen in the air ? To this question there are more answers than one.

In the first place, it is a general law of nature that, when two such things as blood and water come together they should each try to supply each other's deficiencies. If you expose pure distilled water, or what answers the same purpose, recently boiled water to the air, the water will always take up some of the air ; it will always dissolve some of it, the exact amount taken up being dissolved being dependent on the warmth of the water and air and many other circumstances. By boiling, or by other means, this air may be driven out, and the water is then ready to take up a fresh supply. In the same way blood takes up air (oxygen) in the lungs, gets rid of some of it in the inner recesses of the body, and is ready for a fresh supply when it gets back to the lungs. On the other hand, if you force into water more gas than it will naturally dissolve, as in the manufacture of soda-water, an escape will always take place when opportunity offers, as when the soda-water bottle is uncorked. During its journeyings through the tissues, while it is bathing those parts which are being consumed in the vital fire, blood gets overcharged with carbonic acid, and when it reaches the lungs the surplus is set free, not in bubbles or with effervescence, for the strain is not great enough for that, but silently and quietly, though none the less really.

There is also another process at work in this business of breathing. Venous blood, the blood that is on its way to the lungs and ready for the changes about to take place there, is, as every one knows, of a dark colour. If, however, venous blood is exposed to the air it becomes of a much brighter red. When a butcher kills a sheep the blood, as it flows from the neck, is, for the most part, dark, but when collected in a vessel becomes of a bright red at the top where it is exposed to the air. The same change takes place when the blood is exposed to the air in the lungs. Whether in the body or out of the body dark venous blood becomes bright arterial blood whenever it can get a chance of coming into contact with air. And if the proper means are used, a great deal more oxygen can be got out of the bright than out of the dark blood, for it contains much more. Hereupon hangs a tale. We say that blood is red, either dark or bright red; but its redness is not spread all over it equally; it is not red in the same way that port wine or the red liquids in a chemist's shop are red. Blood is made up of minute discs, the blood-corpuscles, swimming in a fluid; the discs are red, but the fluid is nearly colourless, at least, shows only a pale yellowish colour. Blood, in the mass, looks red because the discs are so small and so closely crowded together, but the redness is really due to the discs and the discs alone. If we allow blood to clot and wait till the clot has gathered all the blood-discs to itself, we shall be able to pour off what is called the serum, the fluid of blood free from discs. This serum is nearly colourless, and therefore we cannot expect to see it change in colour on being exposed to the air; and if we use the proper means we shall find that after ever so long an exposure to the air, it contains only a very little oxygen, nothing at all to be compared with that which can be got from the bright red blood which has not been robbed of the discs. From which we learn this notable fact, that it is the blood-discs which are so fond of oxygen, not the blood-fluid or serum. We may go even a step further. The redness of the blood-discs is due to their being made up of a red substance, which we can by proper means separate and even crystallize. It is a substance as distinct as any other chemical substance, as tartaric acid for instance, or magenta. This red substance, too, is greedy of oxygen, and, moreover, differs somewhat in colour according as it is in possession of or in lack of oxygen. If you prepare a solution of it in such a way that no oxygen gets to it, you will have a dull purplish liquid; if you then shake the solution in an open bottle so that the air can get readily to it, its colour changes to a much brighter red, to something of a scarlet hue, and on examination you will find that it now contains a good deal of oxygen. You may even play

another trick with it. If you take some of the bright red oxygen holding solution, and add to it some substance, which the chemists can readily provide for you, still more greedy than for oxygen, you will be able to see that the solution has give up its oxygen to the added substance, for it has become dark and purple instead of bright and scarlet. But the experimenter need not end here. Shake up the mixture; the solution will take fresh oxygen from the air and become once more bright and scarlet. Add again some more of the oxygen-loving substance, the colour is again changed to purple; and so the experiment may be carried on for a long while, the red blood substance, the essence so to speak of the red blood-discs, acting as a go-between, taking up oxygen from the air and handing it over to the oxygen-loving substance, itself shifting in colour between scarlet and purple; or as we might more truly say between arterial and venous, for the change thus brought about in a bottle or a test tube is probably identical with that which takes place in the lungs, not only in the matter of colour, but in other respects as well. When the purple venous blood reaches the lungs and comes very near to the air, the thinnest possible membrane alone intervening, there by virtue of its blood-discs, (and they by virtue of their red substance): takes up oxygen and goes on its way as bright arterial blood. As it travels onwards through the body it meets with many oxygen-loving substances to which it renders up its oxygen, helping them to burn themselves away, while it goes on its way as oxygen-robb'd purple venous blood, to get oxygen once more from the air of the lungs. Retail dealers of oxygen are the blood discs, and this traffic of breath is probably the chief business of their lives. The air of the lungs is a great warehouse; from thence each tiny disc carries its load of oxygen. Driven by the heart's beat it wanders over the body, and brings the breath of life with it wherever it goes, so that the remotest and inmost spots breathe as freely, have as ready a supply of oxygen as those that are situate in the lungs themselves, or those on the very surface of the skin.

The blood is thus the life of the body, inasmuch as it bears in itself the essence of the two things on which we live, food and air. The food enters the blood from the digestive organs, the air from the lungs. And just as the food before it enters the blood is in some measure prepared for use, so, there is reason to believe that the oxygen, in becoming saddled on to red blood disc is also to a certain extent "prepared." Oxygen, though we speak of it as of one thing, has somewhat different qualities under various circumstances. Thus under certain conditions it is said to be more "active" than under others, more prone to unite

itself with other bodies, more ready to carry on the work of combustion. The oxygen of the blood-discs is, we are led to believe, thus "active." Unlike many retail dealers, these tiny tradesmen improve instead of injuring the goods that pass through their hands.

"Breathing," then, as it appears to us moderns, is a far more complicated matter than the ancients thought it when they talked of its cooling their excited breasts, and yet we most likely have not got half to the bottom of it. But the more complicated the process the more chances are there of its getting wrong. To the ancients there seemed to be only one way of suffocation, a stoppage of the breath; but we can see several ways. The passage to the lungs may be stopped, or the chest may cease to work the bellows-actions, or the air may be wanting in oxygen, though it enter the lungs never so freely, or the discs may be sick and inapt to carry on their oxygen trade, be there ever so much in the lungs, and sickness may come upon them either through disease of the body influencing the blood, or through some subtle poison paralysing them, striking them helpless at one blow. In any of these ways a man may be cut off from the breath of life. In the first cases, though no air enters the lungs, the blood has still some breath to last the body a little while. But only for a little while; the fire that burns in our tissues though silent and invisible, is imperious and fierce. Oxygen, fresh oxygen, it must have constantly and continually, or else the whole vital machine is shaken by convulsions and hurries on to death. As we said above, we may starve ourselves of food for hours or days, for the blood's store of food is but slowly used; but we cannot starve ourselves of air even for a few minutes, so quickly is the blood's breath consumed.

M. F.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S CHURCH.

For many years, this church upon Brooklyn Heights has been, to the best of the visitors to the metropolis, the most interesting object in or near it. Of Brooklyn itself—a great assemblage of residences, without much business or stir,—it seems the animating soul. We have a fancy that we can tell by the manner and bearing of an inhabitant of the place whether he

attends this church or not; for there is a certain joyousness, candour, and democratic simplicity about the members of that congregation which might be styled Beecherian, if there were not a better word. The church is simply the most characteristic thing of America. If we had a foreigner in charge to whom we wished to reveal this country, we should like to push him in, hand him over to one of the brethren who perform the arduous duty of providing seats for visitors, and say to him: "There stranger, you have arrived; *this* is the United States, the New Testament, Plymouth Rock, and the Fourth of July, *this* is what they have brought us to. What the next issue will be, no one can tell; but this is about what we are at present."

We cannot imagine what the brethren could have been thinking about when they ordered the new bell that hangs in the tower of Plymouth Church. It is the most superfluous article in the known world. The New-Yorker who steps on board the Fulton ferry-boat about ten o'clock on Sunday morning finds himself accompanied by a large crowd of people who bear the visible stamp of strangers, who are going to Henry Ward Beecher's church. You can pick them out with perfect certainty. You see the fact in their countenances, in their dress, in their demeanour, as well as hear it in words of eager expectation. They are the kind of people who regard wearing apparel somewhat in the light of its utility and are not crushed by their clothes. They are the sort of people who take the "Tribune," and get up courses of lectures in the country towns. From every quarter of Brooklyn, in street cars and on foot, streams of people are converging toward the same place. Every Sunday morning and evening, rain or shine, there is the same concourse, the same crowd at the gates before they are open, and the same long, laborious effort to get thirty-five hundred people into a building that will seat but twenty-seven hundred. Besides the ten or twelve members of the church who volunteer to assist in this labour, there is employed a force of six policemen at the doors, to prevent the multitude from choking all ingress. Seats are retained for their proprietors until ten minutes before the time of beginning; after that the strangers are admitted. Mr. Buckle, if he were with us still, would be pleased to know that his doctrine of averages holds good in this instance; since every Sunday about a churchfull of persons come to this church, so that not many who come fail to get in.

There is nothing of the ecclesiastical drawing-room in the arrangements of this edifice. It is a very plain brick building, in a narrow street of small, pleasant houses, and the interior is only striking from its extent and convenience. The simple, old-fashioned design of the builder was to provide seats for as many

people as the space would hold; and in executing this design he constructed one of the finest interiors in the country, since the most pleasing and inspiring spectacle that human eyes ever behold in this world is such an assembly as fills this church. The audience is grandly displayed in those wide, rounded galleries, surging up high against the white walls, and scooped out deep in the slanting floor, leaving the carpeted platform the vortex of an arrested whirlpool. Often it happens that two or three little children get lodged upon the end of the platform, and sit there on the carpet among the flowers during the service, giving to the picture a singularly pleasing relief, as though they and the bouquets had been arranged by the same skilful hand, and for the same purpose. And it seems quite natural and proper that children should form part of so bright and joyous an occasion. Behind the platform rises to the ceiling the huge organ, of dark wood and silvered pipes, with fans of trumpets pointing heavenward from the top. This enormous toy occupies much space that could be better filled, and is only less superfluous than the bell; but we must pardon and indulge a foible. Blind old Handel played on an instrument very different from this, but the sexton had to eat a cold Sunday dinner; for not a Christian would stir as long as the old man touched the keys after service. But not old Handel nor older Gabriel could make such music as swells and roars from three thousand human voices—the regular choir of Plymouth Church. It is a decisive proof of the excellence and heartiness of this choir, that the great organ has not lessened its effectiveness.

It is not clear to the distant spectator by what aperture Mr. Beecher enters the church. He is suddenly discovered to be present, seated in his place on his platform,—an under-sized gentleman in a black stock. His hair combed behind his ears, and worn a little longer than usual, imparts to his appearance something of the Puritan, and calls to mind his father, the champion of orthodoxy in heretical Boston. In conducting the opening exercises, and, indeed, on all occasions of ceremony, Mr. Beecher shows himself an artist,—both his language and his demeanour being marked by the most refined decorum. An elegant, finished simplicity characterizes all he does and says; not a word too much, or a word misused, nor a word waited for, nor an unharmonious movement, mars the satisfaction of the auditor. The habit of living for thirty years in the view of a multitude, together with a natural sense of the becoming, and a quick sympathy with men and circumstances, has wrought up his public demeanour to a point near perfection. A candidate for public honours could not study a better model. This is the more remarkable, because it is a purely spiritual triumph. Mr.

Beecher's person is not imposing, nor his natural manner graceful. It is his complete extirpation of the desire of producing an illegitimate effect; it is his sincerity and genuineness as a human being; it is the dignity of his character, and his command of his powers,—which give him this easy mastery over every situation in which he finds himself.

Extempore prayers are not, perhaps, a proper subject for comment. The grand feature of the preliminary services of this church is the singing, which is not executed by the first talent that money can command. When the prelude upon the organ is finished, the whole congregation—almost every individual in it—as if by a spontaneous and irresistible impulse, stands up and sings. We are not aware that anything has ever been done or said to bring about this result; nor does the minister of the church set the example, for he usually remains sitting and silent. It seems as if every one in the congregation was so full of something that he felt impelled to get up and sing it out. In other churches where congregational singing is attempted, there are usually a number of languid Christians who remain seated and a large number of others who remain silent; but here there is a strange unanimity about the performance. A sailor might as well try not to join in the chorus of a fore-castle song as a member of this joyous host not to sing. When the last preliminary singing is concluded, the audience is in an excellent condition to sit and listen, their whole corporeal system having been pleasantly exercised.

The sermon which follows is new wine in an old bottle. Up to the moment when the text has been announced and briefly explained, the service has all been conducted upon the ancient model, and chiefly in the ancient phraseology; but from the moment when Mr. Beecher swings free from the moorings of his text and gets fairly under way, his sermon is modern. No matter how fervently he may have been praying supernaturalism he preaches pure cause and effect. His text may savour of old Palestine, but his sermon is inspired by New York and Brooklyn and nearly all that he says, when he is most himself, finds an approving response in the mind of every well-disposed person whether orthodox or heterodox in his creed.

What is religion? That, of course, is the great question Mr. Beecher says: Religion is the slow, laborious self-conducted EDUCATION of the whole man, from grossness to refinement from sickness to health, from ignorance to knowledge, from selfishness to justice, from justice to nobleness, from cowardice to valour. In treating this topic, whatever he may pray or read, or assent to, he *preaches* cause and effect, and nothing else. Regeneration he does not represent to be some mysterious

miraculous influence exerted upon a man from without, but the man's own act, wholly and always, and in every stage of its progress. His general way of discoursing upon this subject would satisfy the most rationalized mind; and yet it does not appear to offend the most orthodox.

One remarkable thing, however, about his preaching is, that he has not, like so many men of liberal tendencies, fallen into milk-and-waterism. He often gives a foretaste of the terrific power which preachers will yield when they draw inspiration from science and life. It cannot be said of his preaching, that he preaches "Christianity with the bones taken out." He does not give "twenty minutes of tepid exhortation," nor amuse his auditors with elegant and melodious essays upon virtue.

We need not say that his power as a public teacher is due, in a great degree, to his fertility in illustrative similes. Three or four volumes, chiefly filled with these, as they have been caught from his lips, are before the public, and are admired on both continents. Many of them are most strikingly happy, and flood his subject with light. The smiles that break out upon the sea of upturned faces, and the laughter that whispers round the assembly, are often due as much to the aptness as to the humour of the illustration: the mind receives an agreeable shock of surprise at finding a resemblance where only the widest dissimilarity had before been perceived.

Of late years, Mr. Beecher never sends an audience away half satisfied; for he has constantly grown with the growth of his splendid opportunity. How attentive the great assembly, and how quickly responsive to the points he makes! That occasional ripple of laughter,—it is not from any want of seriousness in the speaker, in the subject, or in the congregation; nor is it a Rowland Hill eccentricity. It is simply that it has pleased heaven to endow this genial soul with a quick perception of the likeness there is between things unlike; and, in the heat and torrent of his speech, the suddenly-discovered similarity amuses while it instructs. Philosophers and purists may cavil at parts of these sermons, and, of course, they are not perfect; but who can deny that their general effect is civilizing, humanizing, elevating, and regenerating, and that this master of preaching is the true brother of all those high and bright spirits, on both sides of the ocean, who are striving to make the soul of this age fit to inhabit and nobly impel its new body?

The sermon over, a livelier song brings the service to a happy conclusion; and slowly, to the thunder of the new organ, the great assembly dissolves and oozes away.

The Sunday services are not the whole of this remarkable

church. It has not yet adopted Mrs. Stowe's suggestion of providing billiard-rooms, bowling-alleys, and gymnastic apparatus for the development of Christian muscle, though these may come in time. The building at present contains eleven apartments among which are two large parlours, wherein, twice a month there is a social gathering of the church and congregation, for conversation with the pastor and with one another. Perhaps by-and-by, these will be always open, so as to furnish club conveniences to young men who have no home. Doubtless this fine social organization is destined to development in many directions not yet contemplated.

Among the ancient customs of New England and its colonies (of which Brooklyn is one) is the Friday-evening prayer-meeting. Some of our readers, perhaps, have dismal recollections of their early-compelled attendance on those occasions, when, with their hands firmly held in the maternal grasp, lest at the last moment they should bolt under cover of the darkness, they glided round into the back parts of the church, lighted by one smoky lantern hung over the door of the lecture-room, itself dimly lighted, and as silent as the adjacent chambers of the dead. Female figures demure in dress and eyes cast down, flitted noiselessly in, and the awful stillness was only broken by the heavy boots of the few elders and deacons who constituted the male portion of the exceedingly slender audience. With difficulty, and sometimes only after two or three failures, a hymn was raised, which, when in fullest tide, was only a dreary wail,—how unmelodious to the ears of unreverential youth, gifted with a sense of the ludicrous. How long, how sad, how pointless the prayers! How easy to believe, down in that dreary cellar, that this world was but a wilderness, and man “a feeble piece!” Deacon Jones could speak up briskly enough when he was selling two yards of shilling calico to a farmer's wife sharp at a bargain; but in that apartment, contiguous to the tombs, it seemed natural that he should utter dismal views of life in bad grammar through his nose. Mrs. Jones was cheerful when she gave her little tea-party the evening before; but now she appeared to assent, without surprise, to the statement that she was a pilgrim travelling through a vale of tears. Veritable pilgrims, who do actually meet in an oasis of the desert, have a merry time of it, travellers tell us. It was not so with these good souls, inhabitants of a pleasant place, and anticipating an eternal abode in an inconceivably delightful paradise. But then there was the awful chance of missing it! And the reluctant youth, dragged to this melancholy scene, who avenged themselves by giving select imitations of deaconian eloquence for the amusement of young friends,—*what was to become of them?* It was such thoughts,

doubtless, that gave to those excellent people their gloomy habit of mind; and if their creed expressed the literal truth respecting man's destiny, character and duty, terror alone was rational, and laughter was hideous and defiant mockery. What room in a benevolent heart for joy, when a point of time, a moment's space, removed us to that heavenly place, or shut us up in hell?

From the time when we were accustomed to attend such meetings, long ago, we never saw a Friday-evening meeting till the other night, when we found ourselves in the lecture-room of Plymouth Church.

The room is large, very lofty, brilliantly lighted by reflectors affixed to the ceiling, and, except the scarlet cushions on the settees, void of upholstery. It was filled full with a cheerful company, not one of whom seemed to have on more or richer clothes than she had the moral strength to wear. Content and pleasant expectation sat on every countenance, as when people have come to a festival, and await the summons to the banquet. No pulpit, or anything like a pulpit, cast a shadow over the scene; but in its stead there was a rather large platform, raised two steps, covered with dark green canvas, and having upon it a very small table and one chair. The red-cushioned settees were so arranged as to enclose the green platform all about, except on one side; so that he who should sit upon it would appear to be in the midst of the people, raised above them that all might see him, yet still among them and one of them. At one side of the platform, but on the floor of the room, among the settees, there was a piano open. Mr. Beecher sat near by, reading what appeared to be a letter of three or four sheets. The whole scene was so little like what we commonly understand by the word "meeting," the people there were so little in a "meeting" state of mind, and the subsequent proceedings were so informal, unstudied, and social, that, in attempting to give this account of them, we almost feel as if we were reporting for print the conversation of a private evening party. Anything more unlike an old-fashioned prayer-meeting it is not possible to conceive.

Mr. Beecher took his seat upon the platform, and, after a short pause, began the exercises by saying, in a low tone, these words: "Six twenty-two."

A rustling of the leaves of hymn-books interpreted the meaning of this mystical utterance, which otherwise might have been taken as announcing a discourse upon the prophetic numbers. The piano confirmed the interpretation; and then the company burst into one of those joyous and unanimous singings which are so enchanting a feature of the services of this church. Loud

rose the beautiful harmony of voices, constraining every one to join in the song, even those most unused to sing. When it ended, the pastor, in the same low tone, pronounced a benediction upon which one of the brethren rose to his feet, and the rest of the assembly slightly inclined their heads. It would not, as he might have remarked, be becoming in us to say anything upon any portion of the proceedings, except to note that the prayers were all brief, perfectly quiet and simple, and free from the routine and regulation expressions. There were but two or three of these alternating with singing; and when that part of the exercise was concluded, Mr. Beecher had scarcely spoken. The meeting then ran alone, in the most spontaneous and pleasant manner; with all its heartiness and simplicity, there was a certain refinement and decorum pervading all that was done and said. There was a pause after the last hymn died away, and then Mr. Beecher, seated, began, in the tone of conversation, to speak, somewhat after this manner.

"When," said he, "I first began to walk as a Christian, in my youthful zeal I made many resolutions that were well meant but indiscreet. Among others, I remember I resolved to pray at least once, in some way, every hour that I was awake. I tried faithfully to keep this resolution, but never having succeeded a single day, I suffered the pangs of self-reproach, and in reflection satisfied me that the only wisdom possible, in regard to such a resolve was to break it. I remember, too, I made a resolution to speak upon religion to every person with whom I conversed,—on steamboats, in the streets, anywhere. In this, also, I failed, as I ought; and I soon learned that, in the sowing of such seed, as in other sowings, times and seasons and methods must be considered and selected, or a man may do his own object, and make religion loathsome."

In language like this he introduced the topic of the evening conversation, which was, How far, and on what occasions, in what manner, one person may invade, so to speak, the privacy or sonality of another, and speak to him upon his moral condition. The pastor expressed his own opinion, always in the conventional tone, in a talk of ten minutes' duration; in the course of which he applauded, not censured, the delicacy which causes most people to shrink from doing it. He said that a man's privacy or sonality was not a macadamized road for every vehicle to drive upon at will; but rather a sacred enclosure, to be entered, if at all, with the consent of the owner, and with deference to his feelings and tastes. He maintained, however, that there were times and modes in which this might properly be done, and every one had a duty to perform of this nature. When he finished his observations, he said the subject was open to

remarks of others; whereupon a brother instantly rose and made a very honest confession.

He said that he had never attempted to perform the duty in question without having a palpitation of the heart, and a complete "turning over" of his inner man. He had often reflected upon this curious fact, but was not able to account for it. He had not allowed this repugnance to prevent his doing the duty; but he always had to rush at it and perform it by a sort of *coup de main*; for if he allowed himself to think about the matter, he could not do it at all. He concluded by saying that he should be very much obliged to any one if he could explain this mystery.

The pastor said: "May it not be the natural delicacy we feel, and ought to feel, in approaching the interior consciousness of another person?"

Another brother rose. There was no hanging back at this meeting; there were no awkward pauses; every one seemed full of matter. The new speaker was not inclined to admit the explanation suggested by the pastor. "Suppose," said he, "we were to see a man in imminent danger of immediate destruction, and there was one way of escape, and but one, which we saw and he did not, should we feel any delicacy in running up to him and urging him to fly for his life? Is it not a want of faith on our part that causes the reluctance and hesitation we all feel in urging others to avoid a peril so much more momentous?"

Mr. Beecher said the cases were not parallel. Irreligious persons, he remarked, were not in imminent danger of immediate death; they might die to-morrow; but in all probability they would not, and an ill-timed or injudicious admonition might for ever repel them. We must accept the doctrine of probabilities, and act in accordance with it in this particular, as in all others.

Another brother had a puzzle to present for solution. He said that he too had experienced the repugnance to which allusion had been made; but what surprised him most was, that the more he loved a person, and the nearer he was related to him, the more difficult he found it to converse with him upon his spiritual state. Why is this? "I should like to have this question answered," said he, "if there is an answer to it."

Mr. Beecher observed that this was the universal experience, and he was conscious himself of a peculiar reluctance and embarrassment in approaching one of his own household on the subject in question. He thought it was due to the fact that we respect more the personal rights of those near to us than we do those of others, and it was more difficult to break in upon the routine of our ordinary familiarity with them. We are accus-

tomed to a certain tone, which it is highly embarrassing to jar upon.

Captain Duncan related two amusing anecdotes to illustrate the right way and the wrong way of introducing religious conversation. In his office there was sitting one day a sort of lay preacher, who was noted for lugging in his favourite topic in the most forbidding and abrupt manner. A sea-captain came in, who was introduced to this individual.

"Captain Porter," said he, with awful solemnity, "are you a captain in Israel?"

The honest sailor was so abashed and confounded at this novel salutation, that he could only stammer out an incoherent reply; and he was evidently much disposed to give the tactless zealot a piece of his mind expressed in the language of the quarter-deck. When the solemn man took his leave, the disgusted captain said, "If ever I should be coming to your office again, and that man should be here, I wish you would send me word, and I'll stay away."

A few days after, another clergyman chanced to be in the office, no other than Mr. Beecher himself, and another captain came in, a roystering, swearing, good-hearted fellow. The conversation fell upon sea-sickness, a malady to which Mr. Beecher is peculiarly liable. This captain also was one of the few sailors who are always sea-sick on going to sea, and gave a moving account of his sufferings from that cause. Mr. Beecher, after listening attentively to his tale, said, "Captain Duncan, if I was a preacher to such sailors as your friend here, I should represent hell as an eternal voyage, with every man on board in the agonies of sea-sickness, the crisis always imminent but never coming."

This ludicrous and most unprofessional picture amused the old salt exceedingly, and won his entire good-will toward the author of it; so that after Mr. Beecher left he said, "That's a good fellow, Captain Duncan. I like *him*, and I'd like to hear him talk more."

Captain Duncan contended that this free-and-easy way of address was just the thing for such characters. Mr. Beecher had shown him, to his great surprise, that a man could be a decent and comfortable human being, although he was a minister, and had so gained his confidence and good-will that he could say *anything* to him at their next interview. Captain Duncan finished his remarks by a decided expression of his disapproval of the canting regulation phrases so frequently employed by religious people which are perfectly nauseous to men of the world.

This interesting conversation lasted about three quarters of

and ended, not because the theme seemed exhausted, as the time was up. We have only given enough of it to give some little idea of its spirit. The company again sang one of their cheerful hymns, and the meeting was in the usual manner.—*From the ATLANTIC MONTHLY.*

The *New York Times* informs its readers that the annual sale of pews in Mr. Beecher's church "took place on the 8th of January, before a very large congregation, with Mr. Beecher officiating as auctioneer. The highest premium was \$550, but several choice pews fetched above \$300.

The total receipts last year for pew rents and premiums amounted to \$43,000—this year they will exceed \$50,000. A few back seats were disposed of at the auction."

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

Interest of the English public in American affairs has been increased by the news that the impeachment of the President is being debated in Congress. In some quarters, the vague and conjectural messages through the Atlantic Cable by which we were made acquainted with this fact have been treated as the forerunner of a new era, the break up of the United States' Constitution, and the end of the war. But Congress would not stretch its powers by a step which it did not dare to take, and try, and depose President Johnson. The United States' Constitution provides, in express terms, that the President, Vice-President, and all civil officers may be impeached for bribery, and other high crimes and misdemeanors." These words are in the Constitution, says an American writer, "were framed when they had learned to their sorrow the falsity of the English maxim that 'the King can do no wrong,' and established, from that time, the principle that the public servants, the highest and the best, are under the strictest accountability." A thoroughly republican government like that of the United States would not be content with such provisions. The House of Representatives impeaches, and the Senate tries it, the Chief Justice presiding at the trial. The concurrence of two-thirds of the members of the Senate present is necessary to convict, and the sentence is removal from office, with disqualification from ever again holding any place of honour or profit in the States. The object of the government meant to secure it effectually against all corruption and wrong by furnishing a safe and easy method of removing all unworthy and unfaithful servants. Several Senators and Presidents have been impeached and removed, and Presidents have been

threatened with impeachment, especially Mr. Buchanan; but no one has so richly deserved impeachment as the man who now, by sad mischance, sits in the presidential chair. An able article in the current number of the "British Quarterly Review" gives a clearer and completer account of the relations and motives of parties in the United States at the present moment than our readers will obtain by much reading of many newspapers. It shows how a profound distrust of Johnson has been created by the many proofs he has given—first, of his readiness to upset the Constitution altogether, and enact the tragedy or farce of modern Cæsarism, if only he was sure of his power to make himself Dictator; and, secondly, of his contempt for the rights and liberties of the blacks, who have been freed by the expenditure of so much Northern blood and treasure. He has persistently vetoed every Bill passed by Congress for the purpose of securing justice to the negro. The Southerners are resolved that Abolition shall be a pretence, and the blacks continue slaves in all but the name; and Mr. Johnson abets their detestable determination. The rowdies of New Orleans plan a deliberate massacre of negroes; the General in command of the province discovers their plot, and telegraphs to Washington for authority to interfere; but the President purposely withholds it, and nearly four hundred men—among whom were some of the most eminent patriots of Louisiana—were consequently massacred. In Georgia, three hundred negroes are said to have been murdered by white men, and only three of the murderers were punished. At Richmond, a Dr. Watson, boasting that he had shot a negro in open day for accidentally driving against his carriage, was acquitted by the local court, avowedly because negro-killing was not murder. General Sickles ordered Dr. Watson to be tried over again by a military commission, and he would undoubtedly have been hanged, had not the President interfered and ordered him to be set at liberty, on the strength of the decision in the Supreme Court where the majority of the Judges have a strong anti-negro bias. The Civil Rights Bill, passed by Congress over the President's veto, is reduced in some states to a nullity, because neither President nor Judges will do anything to enforce it. For trifling thefts and offences against the Vagrant laws, negroes are sold in Maryland for terms of years; and in Missouri, the burning down of freedmen's schools is a popular amusement. The American correspondent of the "English Independent" recites the story of a black preacher who was sent down South by a religious society in the North to teach his free black brethren, and was arrested as a vagrant, because he went from place to place. He was sentenced to the chain-gang for a year, and, on an appeal to the highest court, the sentence was sustained, on the ground that the North had no right to send an envoy to the South for such a purpose. For all this the President is really responsible: if he were not obstinately bent on thwarting the will of the nation, as expressed in Congress, the Southerners would not venture on these outrages—they would accept the logical results of the war, ratify the constitutional amendment in their several state legislatures, and deal fairly with the negroes, on whose free labour they

must henceforth depend. The "high crimes and misdemeanors" of which the President is accused include other offences than these against the freedmen: the degradation of his office by his drunkenness, his appointment to place of men who have refused to take the oath of allegiance required by Congress of all who were engaged in the rebellion, and his abuse of the power of pardoning, have probably had a prominent place in the speeches of the Radicals who have pressed for his impeachment; and it seems perfectly consistent with good government and good order that this man, who is hindering the advance of a great nation, should be set aside.

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Micah, the Priest-maker. A Handbook on Ritualism. By T. BINNEY.
London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

MR. BINNEY'S able, generous, discriminating, and honest discussion of the Ritualistic question may be read with advantage by all parties. He evidently determined thoroughly to master the subject, and his book proves that he has succeeded. His descriptions of Ritualistic practices are very graphic, but it is in his analysis of the system, and of the reasonings which its supporters employ in its defence, that his strength is chiefly shown. With a singular power of rising superior to all prejudice, and looking fairly at the facts of the case, he has with a judicial calmness, and an impartiality seldom attained, set forth the arguments on both sides, and so afforded his readers an opportunity of arriving at an intelligent opinion on the questions at issue. Many will think that excessive candour has sometimes carried him too far, and that he concedes both to Ritualists and Evangelicals a great deal more than they have any right to require, but he does not fail to indicate very clearly the many points of weakness in the position of both. The lengthened discussion between the Ritualist and the Low Churchman in which each is allowed to state his own arguments in his own way, is managed with considerable skill and serves to reveal the many inconsistencies and contradictions in which both are involved. Each is successful enough in damaging the position of his opponent, but it must be felt that he is far from being as happy in the defence of his own. Among many interesting points in the volume, we must notice in this very brief review, the quotation Mr. Binney gives from his speech as Chairman of the Congregational Union in 1850, when he very clearly foreshadowed the recent developments of High Churchism. His words are so prophetic, so full of suggestion, so thoroughly descriptive of the spirit of the Anglican system that we cannot resist the temptation of giving them here.

"I remember when the ecclesiastical controversy began, and when some

out of the Church, and many in it, seriously thought that the Establishment was in danger, that a question was started, in a company of friends, as the effect that would follow the actual separation of Church and State whether, in fact, it might be expected to lead to the purification and spirituality of the episcopal communion? 'No,' it was replied, by one present 'not soon—certainly not immediately. Our friends have been so long accustomed to the flattering consciousness of being superior to all other denominations, from the circumstance of being *the Establishment*, that they were to be disestablished to-morrow, they would not be content to take their stand on a level with the sects. Beaten on the ground of exclusive political pre-eminence,—left naked on the open plain by the surrender of their present distinctions,—they will flee to *what is promised for them in their Church system*, but which has been comparatively slight sight of during their day of Erastian security; they will be off to the rocks and fastnesses of the succession, apostolic descent, episcopal order, priestly powers, and sacramental virtue, and *another* controversy will have to be prepared for, far more momentous than the present, for which a very different equipment, and other and weightier weapons, will be required.'

So spoke Mr. Binney in 1850, and 1866 has fully verified the sagacious anticipation. We are glad to think that if the conflict has come, we are not altogether unprepared for it. Mr. Binney has done noble service, and others are girding on their armour and preparing to "quit themselves like men," in this great strife.

The Ante-Nicene Library. The Apostolic Fathers. Justin Martyr and Athenagoras. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

Mr. Clark has undertaken a great enterprise, one much needed in the special circumstances of the times, and which, if carried out with his usual wisdom and energy, will be attended with great good. It is not well that scholars should claim an exclusive monopoly of patristic literature, and be able to overwhelm any humble enquirer by an appeal to the early church, or a contemptuous sneer at the presumption of one who undertakes to discuss theological or ecclesiastical questions without any knowledge of what the Fathers have to say upon them. No doubt our appeal is to Scripture alone, but it is well to be able to meet an adversary on his own ground, and therefore we are glad that there should be good translations of the writings of the early Fathers. The volumes before us shew that the publisher has resolved to do full justice to this important undertaking. The editors and translators are thoroughly competent men, and if these open volumes are to be regarded as a fair sample of the work, will render valuable service to the Church, in the series they have here commenced. It ought to have a place in every ministerial, and in every congregation library, as well as in the collections of those laymen, happily an increasing number, interested in theological studies.

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MARCH, 1867.

THE MARTYR SPIRIT.

BY THE REV. J. BALDWIN BROWN, B.A.

"Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ"—Acts xv. 26.

OURS is no age of martyrs, and the life which we live little fits us to emulate their heroic deeds. Take the life of an ordinary man of business, or a popular preacher, if you will, and set it beside the life of Paul, Peter, James, and John ; you would say at first sight it belonged to a quite different sphere. But you would speak hastily. There are more quiet martyrs living and dying among us than any of us have thought of ; and, much as the atmosphere of our age unbraces us, there is no little of that sturdy spirit at the bottom of the resolute work of our generation, which would supply martyrs for truth, for Christ, if the times called for them, perhaps as freely as the age when every man professing the faith of Christ took literally his life in his hand, and knew that at any moment he might be called upon to lay it down for the Lord. This martyr spirit, this willingness to die for a thing so impalpable to the senses, so invisible in the world as truth, is one of the insoluble facts of human nature, to a materialistic, or atheistic philosophy. Nothing within the sphere of a materialist or an atheist will explain it. Nay, they are themselves the most inexplicable of all. There are men living now, willing to be martyrs for the truth of a system which proves martyrdom for anything to be the most crackbrained madness.

There are men whose fundamental principles deny the existence of a spirit in man, or a spiritual above man—to whom *"the whole shall we eat, and what shall we drink,"* is literally the one substantial question with which a man, if he is wise, will trouble himself—who will face a vast amount of obloquy, and even active persecution to spread their dogmas, and some of them, I verily believe, rather than renounce them, would die at the stake. These are the strangest phenomena of all. Men cannot live within the bounds of the visible, however desperately he may try. Like Peter, cursing and swearing *"I know not the man,"* while his speech betrayed him, so men may denounce the spiritual world as a cheat, or scoff at it as a delusion—they may prove to their complete satisfaction that the spirit within them is but the perfect action of the most complex and exquisitely adapted mechanism known to man—but they do it with a zeal and earnestness, and often with a willingness to suffer anything rather than abandon their conviction, or renounce the advocacy of it, which betrays their higher nature, and convicts them of being spirits still. Martyrs even of a false, shallow, sensual philosophy have not been rare. Among the heathen, too, the same spirit reigns. The dark page of pagan history is lighted by many splendid records of heroic struggle and suffering for truth, or what the sufferer held to be truth; and which he so grappled to his heart that to part with it would be more bitter than death. Nothing is more universal than this willingness of man to suffer, and even to be tortured and killed rather than deny a truth or affirm a lie; you see traces of it everywhere, save among the most brutalized savages. If life is man's chief treasure, the one precious thing which sure instincts teach him to guard at any cost, then this is wholly unaccountable—it is just an impenetrable mystery. It would look as if some demon were sporting with the belief and resolutions of men. But the history of martyrdom means that life is not man's chief treasure; that it is itself quite worthless, and worse than worthless, not comparable in value with a brute's, if the circle of a brute's existence is likewise the circle of a man's. All its worth comes into it from the world outside its visible sphere. If this be all which the materialist or atheist would leave us, there are few brutes who do not pass a better and happier life than man, under such conditions and in such a world as this. There are those of you living like your dogs would not change with you, if you could not catch some inspiration from a world whose precincts no brute can enter and cherish some hope that *"the present affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."* Renounce that, and what is left to us—*"Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die,"* and let to-morrow come soon.

Christianity did not invent martyrdom, nor has Christianity the monopoly of martyrdom, but

1. The Christian is the highest and noblest form of martyrdom, and no form of religious belief has been so sealed and consecrated by the blood of its noblest professors as the Gospel of the Lord Jesus.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the history of Christianity and of Christian life, is wholly different from the history of every other form of human belief, and of the common human life in every country and every age of the world. Man is a religious being; every when and every where this feature of his constitution asserts itself. This leads him to seek intercourse with heaven; his spirit needs intercourse with heaven; and the conditions of that intercourse are the supreme considerations with him through all the phases of his civilisation, and all the ages of his history. All true observation of him shows him as a religious being. In the absence of a clear revelation, the necessity is so strong upon him that he dreams, as it were, a revelation for himself. He invents a religion, or rather moulds it on the fragments of the eldest knowledge of our race, by which he tries to fill that chasm in his divine relations of which he is sorrowfully conscious, and which makes his life every where the life of a being who thinks he has to do with heaven—that he has duties, obligations, fears, hopes, joys, and sorrows, which belong to the life of a spirit in conscious relation with an invisible spiritual world. Christianity brings these relations out into clear view. It makes known to man what his relation is to God, and what his duties. It unveils the spiritual world, and makes him its conscious, intelligent citizen; in a word, it enables him to be all that the pagan aims at being, longs to be, but miserably fails. It is the man walking in the broad daylight, as compared with the man groping and stumbling in darkness, or the child feeling vaguely and dimly after the use of his powers. But what I want you to see is that in both cases there is the man walking, or trying to walk, and that a certain likeness, and even identity of movement will exist between them. So the heathen feeling for truth will present many phases of experience, and arrive at many results, which will have a strong moral likeness to those of the Christian, who has found the truth and who knows both what and Whom he has believed. Thus the Incarnation, which the Gospel brings out as a blessed fact into the clear daylight, is such an absolute need of the human spirit, that you find dim previsions of it in every pagan system, and thoughts about it which present an almost startling analogy—all the more striking through their many imperfections and impurities—to the truth about the Incarnate Word whom the Gospel reveals. Atonement, mediation, divine regene-

rating life, are so essential to man's existence as a spirit in nature and a world like this, that his own dreams and hopes about them, not unhelped, we may well believe, from on high present very important likenesses to the truth as revealed in the Word of God. Thus, too, with martyrdom. We may expect to find, fully developed, brought out into its full manly dignity and power, that spirit of willingness to suffer and die for truth, which unless it had been latent in humanity, Christianity could not have unfolded. And if we expect to find the full, grand image of this within the Christian sphere, we may be sure that blurred and imperfect forms of it are to be seen in every age and all about the world. And this is just what history presents to us. We meet the spirit of martyrdom everywhere. It was a pagan poet who sang, "It is beautiful and blessed to die for one's country." But you must open the pages of Christian history and unfold the bead-roll of Christian martyrs, to see the spirit of human self-devotion and self-sacrifice in all its essential nobleness and grandeur; and there they appear wielding power over man and moulding the life of nations and continents, with a triumphant mastery, such as no conqueror at the head of the mightiest armaments which the world can furnish, has ever been able to boast. The history of Christian martyrdom is the very noble page of the history of man. It was the conquering force in the early ages of the Church. Mighty as were the preachers, mightiest of all were the martyrs. The notion that there was anything worth dying for, except oblivion, had grown very dim in the age of the first Christian teachers. The world felt that a new power, a great power of God, had passed into it, when multitudes of men, and tender women, and little children, challenged yea, courted, the privilege of dying, in tortures and amid universal execrations, that they might seal their faith in their unseparated God and Saviour with their blood. It was the glow of an intense and exalting life, which emanated from the prison, the rack, and the stake, where they tried to torture the disciples of Christ to renounce their trust in His name; and it spread contagion through society, and made the way ready for the preachers of the Gospel. The spectacle of the martyrs began the conversion which the preachers and rulers of the Church had but to complete. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the harvest which they reaped abundantly—the harvest of the whole civilized world.

II. What was the special element of force in the martyrdom of Christian professors, "*men who hazarded and laid down their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus,*" which gave their witness such tremendous power, and made it the noblest manifestation

of the martyr's spirit which has ever been seen in our world. There are two principles on which I shall for a moment dwell:—

1. The Christian martyr had before his eyes the image of Christ, THE Martyr. The vision of Calvary, God the martyr of truth, made death beautiful and glorious. It became the divine duty of man—that wherein “he could show likest God”—to die for truth or for mankind. The example of the Divine martyr set a consecration to the instinct of man that it is good to die for truth—for duty. Men saw that this, too, was the mind of God. I need hardly point out what unbounded, what uncommon influence this actual Divine example exerted through the early Christian ages on the thoughts, the passions, and the deeds of man. It is this which made Christendom what Christendom is compared with pagandom—it is the fruit of the living of God in the world as a sufferer, and at length a martyr, for truth and for mankind. Christendom, in its broadest character, is the world which believes that God has done this, and that men, in doing it, are treading in the footsteps of God. Poverty, homelessness, danger, have had a divine beauty in the eyes of myriads of men, because God was poor, hungry, and homeless in our world. And men who felt the attraction of this divine beauty, and were led by it to a kindred life, are the men who have left the deepest impress on their times, and have moulded thereby the life of the world. The “imitation of the Lord Jesus” as the most manifest in the flesh, under conditions to which it was possible for poor man to come near to Him, has been the masterpiece of the most powerful minds who have left their traces in the mould of Christendom—the master workmen who have made the great temple of the Christian world. The consciousness of Christ, the God-man, has been the element which has infused a strength, a dignity, a grandeur, into the spirit of man in martyrdom, which we look for in vain, save in rare cases, in pagan lands; and has made its record, as I have said, the noblest chapter in the history of man.

The second element is the love of the Lord Jesus Christ as our King, self-sacrificing Saviour of mankind, who may be martyrs for a truth, a principle, a notion, a dream; but the Christian martyr was martyr for a Master, and was sustained and led by a personal and passionate love. There is a Personal Person, one who has been in close, familiar, and intimate contact with man, at the heart of Christianity. *This* is a contrast to the pagan creeds and schools. Christian faith is faith in a Person, Christian hope is hope in a Person, Christian devotion to a Person, and Christian martyrdom was martyrdom for a Person, for whom it was felt to be glorious and precious. God living with man to win man's love, is a

second of the great ideas, or rather facts, which have moulded Christendom, and, through Christendom, are moulding the world. God kindling in human converse with man such passionate loyalty and love as wreathed the bonds borne for His sake with roses, and made the rack or the wild beast's den the very vestibule of Paradise. For, had not the Lord said to a dying sinner on the Cross, "*This day shall thou be with me in Paradise.*" "Come, then, let us die, that we may be with Him there!" And love only can win such love. Such sacrifice, sacrifice only can claim. Because God has loved to the uttermost, man's love bears him through the uttermost triumphant, that he may at least confess debt which he can never repay. Because God has sacrificed Himself freely for man, man can sacrifice himself joyfully to God. There was a deep, intense, and passionate love filling the hearts of myriads of earth's noblest and most heroic children, in the ages that nursed the Christian martyrs, which made the most ghastly forms of suffering and agony beautiful in their sight. The Lord's love filled the world with men for whom man had no terrors; who could smile calmly on the world's worst; who feared no privations, perils, or weariness; who, on the ocean, in the deserts, in human throngs, in lonely wildernesses, had absolutely but one aim and hope, that they might suffer something for Him who had suffered all for them, might honour Him a little who had honoured them infinitely by taking on Him their likeness, and glorify Him who would glorify them, by showing how wholly His love had possessed and ruled their hearts. Paul's ardent outburst of devotion would have been the language of all of the "*What mean ye to weep and to break my heart? For I am ready not to be bound only but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of Lord Jesus.*" There must have been something tremendous in the force of this love of the Lord Jesus, drawing men through torments and torturing death to His embrace, when martyrs had to be rebuked and limited by the express injunction of the Church whose interest it so grandly served. It seized on the noblest natures like a divine frenzy, and revived in the world the dead belief that there was something worth living for, for there was something worth dying for, if it could not be found on this side the grave. Life was lifted out of the mire of the rotting paganism, and set on high, in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, when men had found something to live for, something to die for, which God, too, had lived for and died for, in our world.

III. How does our life look beside theirs? I mean our life as Christians, owing to Christ all that we have, all that we are all that we hope for—how does our life express that debt? They expressed it by "*hazarding their lives for the name of the*

Lord Jesus." What do we hazard? Sum up what your Christian profession costs. Your profession, which binds you to be what Christ was to the world, a teacher, a helper, a comforter, a brother to it in all its needs. In what respect, in the way of sacrifice of time, trouble, money, is your life other than it would have been if this great work had never been wrought for you, if this great claim had never been made upon you, if this great love had never been lavished upon you and purchased your eternal life at the cost of its own shameful and torturing death? You respond to appeals, you give when anything touches your sympathies, you can always be depended on for a trifle to help any good work. Well, but do not even the publicans so? What do ye *more* than others? Men of old took up the Christian life with the Cross stamped very plainly on it. Where is yours? Read Mark x. 35; Acts xv. 16; 2 Cor. xi. 23. What does the Cross mean now? Where is the baptism through which we must pass into the kingdom and ascend to its high places? Is there not something like a bitter mockery in it when we think of our easy, prosperous, comfortable lives—devoting some spare minutes, some spare minutes to the work of the kingdom, but taking good care to miss none of the prizes that the men of this world strive after. No sign of a halting limb, like pilgrim Jacob when he had wrestled with the angel, and won himself a name of renown in the records not of earth only, but of heaven! He went halting, but all men saw that there was a sacredness about his lagging step and crippled limb. They saw that he had run victoriously in a nobler race and won a diviner prize than earth could offer, but that on earth he must remain a sad, suffering man to the end of his days. But our Christians in these times run swifly in this world's race, and are as prompt as the men of this world to grasp its prize. And our lives look strangely beside theirs of old. There is a dreadful poverty of this self-neglectful, self-abandoning nobleness of nature, which shone out so grandly in the ages when men hazarded their lives freely for the name of the Lord Jesus, and sorrowed rather than rejoiced if death failed to find them in the perilous path. Our paths are safe enough, our efforts are safe enough, our sacrifices are safe enough. There is no fear of a crippled limb, or a rippled balance at the bankers. What do we hazard? What of present patience and denial do all our bright hopes and glorious visions of the future cost? Brethren, we must either in some way make the fellowship of the sufferings of Christ a reality, or give up talking so much about the Cross, and give up hoping so much about the crown.

NOTES ON THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN THE WORKING MEN AND THE CHURCHES.

BY THE REV. EDWARD WHITE.

THE condition of England at the present time resembles in one respect that of Palestine at the epoch of Christ's appearance. In Palestine there was a national recognition of a Divine Revelation, obedience to which was acknowledged to be the condition of happiness both in this world and the world to come. There were synagogues in every city devoted to the instruction of the population, and to the worship of God. But the issue of centuries of such national profession of religion was that at least one half of the people were "scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd," and lived in the neglect of even the outward decencies of worship. In England we have a similar national acknowledgment of the truth of the Christian Revelation. Part and parcel of the constitution of this country is the declaration that the Infinite and Almighty God, the Creator of heaven and earth, has "in these last days spoken to us by his Son;" and "commanded all men everywhere to repent." The land is filled with edifices consecrated to the instruction of the population in the truths of this Christian Revelation; yet the result of centuries of instruction and worship is that half the upper classes and the far larger portion of the humbler classes, are thoroughly alienated from our religious institutions and indifferent to the public adoration of Almighty God. It may indeed be said that church-going is practised by only a fraction of the working population. And notwithstanding the reclamations of less careless observers, it may be safely asserted that the generality of skilled artisans throughout England are pre-eminently indifferent to the public worship of the Deity. Ask any artisan in nearly any part of this country, whether engineer, carpenter (we do not speak of Scotland or of Wales), mason, or worker in the ornamental or useful arts, how many of his "mates" are in the habit of going to church on Sundays, and the answer will uniformly be, "Scarcely any of them." The unskilled labourers who serve these artisans are, for the most part, in the same condition. While acknowledging the success which attends the efforts of good men, wherever they are found, in attracting individuals of

all classes to consider the truths of religion, especially in the factory districts—and acknowledging with equal earnestness that the religion of the country cannot be measured by its church-going, the former being both more and less than the latter, it must nevertheless be admitted that the working classes in England are, in vast numbers, indifferent to Divine Revelation and the testimony of the Churches of Christ, to a degree which is appalling to those who consider either the causes or the results of the phenomenon.

It was with a view to bring into the utmost publicity the fact of this indifference, in the hope of thereby gradually removing some of its causes, that the conference held on the 21st of January was devised. It had been conceived in no sectarian spirit. The suppositions present to the mind of the promoters was that if representatives of both the Established Church and of the Nonconforming communities could be persuaded to meet, in a sort of open parliament, fairly chosen representatives of the working-men, and to interchange with perfect frankness their views of each others proceedings and opinions, nothing but good could come out of such a conference. The foundations would be laid of a better understanding. It might be ascertained with some degree of certainty to what extent there was anything special to their class in the non-church-going habits of the artisan orders, or whether they were the result of causes operating equally upon the superior ranks. It seemed probable that in such a conference the more common and worthless pretexts of the working-folk for neglecting public instruction and worship might, after receiving patient consideration, receive also a public and useful explosion. If the men alleged the mercenary character of the ministers of Christianity as an excuse for their indifference, they might there be taught to distinguish between the true and false ministers of the Gospel, and exhorted, as they valued their own souls, not to confound them together in one indiscriminate condemnation. They might be taught that the labourer with the mind is just as worthy of his hire as the labourer with the hand, and ought not to be denounced as a mercenary, because according to God's command he receives wages for his special and invaluable industry. If they alleged the variety of Churches and opinions as an excuse for their neglect of all Churches and all truths of religion, they might in such a conference be reminded that they drew no parallel conclusion from a similar diversity of opinions and parties in medicine and in politics. The working people do not abjure all medical aid because of the existence of rival schools, nor all interest in politics because of the opposition of rival cabinets. They

might be taught to consider that, notwithstanding the apparent diversity, there was a good deal of substantial unity in the teaching of the Churches, and that, in most of the cases, a working man might hear the very words of Jesus Christ the Son of God and the Saviour of the World. He was not compelled to receive the minor specialities of any Church; the grand message of the Gospel was that which chiefly concerned him. If again they alleged the need for rest, for fresh air, and for social enjoyment on Sundays, their demands in this direction might in such a conference be frankly acknowledged to be reasonable, yet shown to be quite compatible with a due attention to the requirements and authority of the Gospel. If they alleged the difficulty of obtaining comfortable seats at church, they might be assured that this was greatly exaggerated that obstacle to their church-going, and that if they would only behave as reasonably and as patiently in the churches as they did in the uncomfortable third-class railway trains on Sunday evenings, or in equally uncomfortable and windy public-house parlours, they would find that they had over-stated their objection. In this manner it was hoped that all that was unreasonable and simply querulous fault-finding in the notorious opposition of the artisans to the Churches might best receive public correction and friendly reproof.

But, on the other hand, it was very well understood by the promoters of the conference that the reply to these special objections would be far from exhausting the question, satisfying the working people. It was known to them that there were far deeper causes of alienation, and that the separation between the middle classes and the artisans in the matter of religion was but an exhibition of a more profound and comprehensive difference of opinion and feeling. And it was supposed that if there could be obtained a sufficiently authentic expression of these differences, a light would be thrown upon the path of the Churches which might prove infinitely serviceable to them in their future dealings with the nation on matters affecting Christianity. If it were true that the class-feeling and division of classes generated by our present institutions and our present policy, whether government, in trade, or in social customs, had resulted among other evil consequences, in the final and general apostasy of the artificers of this great nation from the Christian Church, to an extent endangering, as that Church itself professes to believe, their eternal happiness, then it was his time that those institutions were modified, that that policy were altered, and that those social customs were reformed in

an accordance with the Gospel. And it was believed that such a conference as was proposed would elicit, with some clearness and accuracy, a view of the actual condition of the relations between the middle and working classes, and of the feeling of the operatives toward existing institutions, which would serve as the ground-work for some desirable movements in the way of improvement.

It may be interesting to place on record in these pages some brief reference to the process by which, under such expectations, the conference was convened. The proposal of such a convention was no sooner made than it was warmly embraced by some persons whose sanction and support rendered its success almost certain. Mr. Miall, who from the first was pointed out as one of the very few public men whose liberal political career and spotless character would enable him, as President, to conciliate in sufficient measure the confidence at once of the working men and of the religious community, threw himself heartily into the movement, and to him, more than to any one else, is due the possibility of enlisting a committee of invitation whose combined authority and repute should suffice to overcome individual scruples, and to bring together High Churchmen, Broad Churchmen, Low Churchmen, and Protestant Dissenters of almost every name, together with working men representing every variety of operative party and opinion.*

Nearly two months were required to perfect the arrangements, and the course of proceeding was experimental and tentative. At first a miniature conference was held at Anderton's Hotel, in the Strand. A dozen gentlemen, some of them of great note in the literary and ecclesiastical world, invited an equal number of intelligent artisans of various trades, and selected from different

*The names of this Committee were as follows:—James Amos, Incumbent of St. Stephen, Kent Street; John Bates, Engineer; William Booker, House Painter; J. Baldwin Brown, Minister of Claylands Chapel, Kensington; W. W. Champneys, Canon of St. Paul's and Vicar of St. Pancras; J. H. Cross, Printer; Thomas Guthrie, Free Church Minister, Edinburgh; Newman Hall, Minister of Surrey Chapel; Thomas Hughes, M.P. for Lambeth; C. Johnson, Carpenter; J. M. Ludlow; Robert Maguire, Incumbent of St. James's, Clerkenwell; Edward Miall; Alexander McAulay, Wesleyan Minister; Samuel Martin, Minister of Westminster Chapel; F. D. Maurice, St. Peter's Chapel, Vere Street; John C. Miller, Vicar and Rural Dean of Greenwich; Samuel Morley; G. M. Murphy, of Southwark; Christopher Nevile, late Rector of Wickenby, and Vicar of Thorney; Thomas Paterson, Cabinet Maker; Charles Pocklington, Dyer; Goldwin Smith; Henry Solly, Working Men's Club and Institute Union; Charles Shaw, Engineer; Edward White, Minister of Hawley Road Chapel, *Honorary Secretary to the Committee of Invitation.*

parts of London, to meet them to tea, to discuss the desirableness and practicability of such a conference as had been proposed. An evening ensued which few who were present are likely to forget. The working men occupied nearly the whole of the time, and one after the other opened the whole question of the religious relations of their own order. Interesting as the larger conference proved, it can hardly be compared in accuracy, in thoroughness, or in breadth of discussion with this miniature anticipation of it. The free scope afforded to each speaker in point of time allowed of the full play of his mind, and the almost passionate earnestness with which the matter was debated and the required reforms pressed home upon the clergy, was such as to leave an indelible impression on their minds of the good sense and good faith of their artisan companions across the table. At that meeting, too, several topics were handled, particularly the unsatisfactory *quality* of the Sunday-school teaching, and of church preaching, which were scarcely alluded to at the London Coffee House, and they were handled in such a manner as to leave no doubt on those who heard the men's utterances, that it is utterly useless to attempt the conversion of the artisans by ill-informed city missionaries or milksop curates. Unless men of at least the class of Messrs. McCree and G. M. Murphy can be obtained for *this* work, the various Evangelical societies had better hold their hands, or employ only Bible-women.

From the first, working men were associated with the gentlemen who proposed the execution of the design—and with them the important question was discussed of the best method of obtaining a really representative conference. It was necessary to provide a body of persons really representative on either side. At first the design extended to the representation of the country; but in addition to the enormous correspondence and labour which such a project would impose, it was soon found that the single necessity of paying the expenses of the operative delegates would inflict irreparable damage upon the authority of the conference. It would at once have been said that the working men had been paid for [their appearance, and their opinion] would have lost its value. Leaving therefore the provinces to consult for themselves, it was resolved to restrict operations to the metropolis—under the belief that a large number of the artisans of London, having a good acquaintance with the country, would be able to afford information of general value, and to speak practically in the name of their order throughout England.

After the discussion of many plans for securing the attendance of a body of workmen who should not be simply clever and

lative individuals, with an idiosyncrasy for objection to every-
 ing established, and a taste for railing at the class whence come
 e employers of labour (an issue which it was foreseen would
 prive the meeting of all real weight), it was resolved not to
 row the election upon the trades-unions, or their leaders, or to
 pend upon any single method of choice, but to gather up small
 mpanies of men from many parts of London, of both opinions
 trades-unions, of both opinions on politics, of every variety of
 ctrine and practice in point of religion, and of every variety of
 ployment and connection. The only condition was that they
 ust be men of decent character, who could in good measure be
 pended on to describe, not merely their own notions, but the
 tions of the multitude around them. Application was there-
 re made, in all parts of the metropolis, to ministers, to persons
 gaged in manufactures, to secretaries of working men's clubs
 ad trades-unions, for introduction to persons of the class sought
 r. A certain small proportion were nominated by the political
 aders of the working men, but the large majority was composed
 f men taken from too many different quarters to be capable of
 llusion. When, therefore, the whole company so assembled
 rpressed, by the usual signs, their assent to the statements of
 y speaker, there was a moral certainty that he was speaking
 e language of the whole body of London artisans. And to the
 tent to which any speaker was contradicted by those who
 llowed, it was easy to perceive that his opinions were either
 culiar to himself or to a fraction of the operative community.
 is is worthy of note; for it is remarkable that a number of the
 surd pretexts commonly set forth by working men out of doors
 neglecting church worship were not so much as mentioned at
 e conference; and of those which were mentioned, not one
 eived the hearty and unanimous assent of the company of
 rkmen, while the replies from the other side were welcomed
 most as warmly by the workmen as by the ministers. The only
 tements set forth as reasons for alieniation from the Churches
 ich seemed to command the unanimoussympathy of theartisans
 d to elicit their hearty cheers, were precisely those of which it
 as the general opinion that there was something in them well
 orthy of consideration. This is deserving of remembrance, since
 inted reports seldom convey the spirit of a meeting; and it
 ay perhaps be imagined that equal assent was given to the
 firmation of a long-tongued licensed hawker, that the working
 en did not come to church "because of the Mosaic cosmo-
 ny," and to that of the ablest working men present, that
 he class-feeling generated by political exclusion and disputes
 n wages, had greatly operated in producing an alienation from
 he religion of the middle classes. The one statement was

received with the derision it deserved, the latter was repeatedly supported by the cheers of the whole body of artisans at the conference.

We enter in some detail into these matters because it is necessary to re-assure the public against the statement of the *Pall Mall Gazette* that the utterances of the London Coffee House conference were in no sense representative, but simply the calumnious and one-sided criticisms of a body of conceited workmen, who were not average specimens of their class. That some of them were conceited and calumnious we do not deny, but the composition of the artisan side of the company was such as to ensure on the whole a faithful representation and description of the habits and notions of their own order. Their speaking was not so effective as it would have been in a smaller assembly and with fuller time at command; but the deficiencies of one were compensated by the speeches of others, so that during the eight hours' sitting it is tolerably certain that the truth was ascertained. And none seemed more convinced than the men themselves, as the unfolding of their case proceeded, that *as reasons for neglecting a Divine Revelation* nothing could be imagined more weak and pitiful than that case as stated by themselves, whatever ground there might be for complaint of the stumbling-blocks placed in their way by the church-going classes.

Of the conference itself we have little to say in the way of special comment on the speeches delivered. The assembly was from its singular composition, one of no ordinary interest. A large room in the London Coffee House, Ludgate Hill, with two good fires on one side, was divided into a broad centre and two side aisles by two rows of columns running down its length for the support of the floor above. At one end a little in front of a circular recess lighted by a large window sat the president on a dais slightly raised above the ground. Before him a long table was set for the public press, which did not fail to avail itself of the accommodation. On his left hand were grouped the representatives of the Churches, both laics and clerics. On the other side facing the clergy sat the working men. This arrangement was deliberately adopted chiefly for the sake of the artificers, under the conviction that greater interest would be given to the proceedings if the two parties to the conference were visibly distinguished, and that the artisans would probably gather courage for a freer expression of their opinions if they were supported by the neighbourhood of those who agreed with them.

The lower part of the room was devoted to visitors who

had no right to take part in the conference, and these sat on cross benches at right angles to the parties in the upper portion of the room. The artisans were supported by the presence of their chosen leaders, among whom sat Mr. Ludlow and Mr. Potter; and on the other side were many distinguished persons whose names are familiar to all readers of English books and newspapers; Dean Stanley, Canon Miller, Mr. Maurice, Mr. Macgregor (author of "The Cruise of the Rob Roy"), Dr. Irons, Dr. Raleigh, Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., Mr. Neville, Mr. Solly, Mr. Harris Cowper, Mr. Newman Hall, and many other chieftains of Nonconformity. Mr. Charles Miall sat at the Chairman's left hand as assistant secretary, and, as in every detail that belonged to the previous arrangements, undertook the main burden of the practical business and judgment, which brought the purposes of the committee to a favourable issue.

And now that each party in England has delivered its opinion of that issue through their own organs, we also may be permitted to sum up the evidence taken, and to reckon our gains. The *Saturday Review* has delivered its pitiable toothless sarcasm on the criticisms of the working-men, and advised that we should consult them, in the fulness of their wisdom, not only on religious and political matters, but on the question of tooth-brushes and towels. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has scoffed in the most approved fashion of the high-polite school of literature. The *Times* has preserved a dignified contemptuous silence on the whole affair. The *Spectator*, in order to have a fling at sermons, has summoned a conference of its own ingenious writers to enquire why gentlefolks do, and not, go to church. The *Daily News* devoted a whole side of its sheet to a full report of the proceedings, and commended the conference to public attention as one of the most hopeful movements of the time. The *Daily Telegraph* extended a patronizing half-sanction to the concern, and wished well to the enterprise of conciliating the operatives and of reforming the Church. The *Globe* dismissed the business in a short and spiteful paragraph, no doubt believing, with other old women, that what is required in order to convert the workmen is an increase of Church mummerly and altar-histrionics. The *Guardian* entered into a careful and respectful summing up of the case, and allowed that not even the highest of High Church reformations would avail unless the Church of England could succeed in attaining to internal unity. The *Unitarian Inquirer* obligingly bestowed its approbation on the "Evangelical gentlemen" who had devised the meeting, but informed us that the main hope of England lay in the direction of the Socinian theology. The *Christian World*, with its 100,000

numbers was not, apparently, quite sure, at least in some of its utterances, that it was worth while holding such an incongruous assembly, but hoped for the best, with its usual candour, since the fates had decreed that it should become a reality. The *Nonconformist*, as it had been the first to welcome the project, maintained to the last that the conference might, if the Churches so pleased, inaugurate a new era of good understanding between them and the working people, and steadfastly persisted in asserting, with the *Daily News*, that if good did not come of it, it was the fault of the Christian communities, to whom it had been made clearer than ever that many of the causes of the apostasy of the workmen from the Church were remediable and removable, so that the blood of these myriads lies in a certain sense at the door of those who refuse reformation.

Dismissing, then, the trumpery and superficial pretexts with which the irreligion of the artisan seeks to cover itself from the reproaches of conscience and the judgment of God, and which were torn to tatters by the replies of Canon Miller, Mr. Newman Hall, and the City Missionary McCree, let us set down the matters of graver moment which invite the regard of the church-going classes.

It was made clear to all present that the causes of the alienation of the non-church-going community of working men are of four kinds, spiritual, theological, political, and social.

The SPIRITUAL causes at work to hinder the approach of the men to the sanctuaries of God are not peculiar to the lower ranks of society, although they operate there with fearful intensity. The large majority of mankind are paralysed in their moral nature. They take no interest in the spiritual realms with which that nature unites them. They are blind to the realities of Divine government and judgment to come, and equally blind to the evidence of Divine Revelation. The force of their being is spent upon their intellectual and physical powers, chiefly on the latter. They are "at home in the body." They are "in the flesh." They do not care to "serve God." In this condition what reck they of churches and chapels, of Bibles and ministries—the visible symbols of an unrealised, invisible region, or the hated signs of a moral government which they strive to ignore. They prefer animal indulgence to any form of religious instruction or worship—and this is the chief and most common cause of the absence from church of the working class, as of every other class. And since fashion, or the love of display does not lead them there, as it does lead multitudes above them, they yield themselves servants to obey "the lusts" which inspire them.

so far as this is the cause of their absence from church, no modification of worship will avail to attract them. It is they who must be changed. And this can be expected only as the result of an individual repentance. The ground of comfort in surveying the vast sum of temptation to the grossest vice and sin to which the working-men are exposed, is to be found in the misery that accompanies it. The prodigal bethinks himself of home when he has reached the lowest depth of his suffering. And it is the sufferings and hard labour of the working classes which partly operate in antagonism to their grosser habits, and tend to awaken the desire for a rest in the supernatural realms. So the poor the Gospel is still preached, and those who approach them with a *real* Gospel, and seek out the wandering sheep, will never lack for willing hearers. But the good Shepherd is he who *seeks after* the wandering sheep until he find it—not he who waits at the door of the fold until the wanderer returns.

Of the THEOLOGICAL objections entertained by the working classes to things as they are in the Churches something was said at the conference, but not nearly so much as was felt, or as is perpetually expressed in the workshops. It is true that this order of objection is restricted chiefly to the clever and thinking men in their ranks, but these are very numerous, and they influence the rest. To disregard objections simply because they are made only by the thinking part of the working class is no wiser than to disregard similar objections because they are made only by the thinking portion of the upper ranks of society. One or two of the artisans expressed pretty broadly that which is present to the minds of nearly all intelligent mechanics, and which forms a frequent theme of ferocious eloquence in their social gatherings—their objection to the character of the Deity, as represented in the creeds of most of the Churches, and in the actual preaching of not a few. The theology of this preaching is very far in advance of the theology of the written standards; but people outside are apt to confound the two. The notion prevails extensively among the artisans that it is held by the ministers, as the doctrine of the Bible, that the human race are born under the curse of damnation, and are naturally heirs from Adam of an endless existence in hell, from which they can be delivered only by a special decree in their favour, exempting them from the direful penalty of their birth. The artisans believe that the doctrine of Exeter Hall is, that all the innumerable multitudes of the heathen, in present and past times, have been born in a moral condition which ensures their descent into endless sufferings in hell, unless they are so happy as to believe the Gospel, which few of them have had the op-

portunity of hearing, and which, as now presented, few of believe when they do hear it. If these are not the belief of the supporters of the Missionary societies, the sooner the popular opinion on this head is corrected the better. But so long as this either is, or is thought to be, their belief, the intense part of the artisans will not cease to hate and revile non-Christianity. They abhor it with a bitterness which leads multitudes of them into infidelity. Infidelity was not represented at this conference. Had it been represented, a far more striking exhibition of hostility to the Churches would have been given. It behoves us surely to come to some definite theological position on these subjects. If the above doctrine, or any like it, is believed amongst us, it should be clearly stated above all, openly and resolutely defended; so that opposition may be quelled by evidence. If it be not believed, as is undoubtedly believed by our forefathers who framed the Assembly's Catechism, and is stated in our creeds, then the position of modern opinion as it should be openly avowed, as a stumbling block taken out of the way of the people. When you exaggerate you weaken. There is an awful element of error in genuine Christianity, and none need its influence more than the working classes; but the most effectual mode of diminishing its influence of that which is terrific in Christianity is to set it with indefensible propositions respecting the "non-heathen," for which Scripture itself affords no sufficient foundation. The times of pagan ignorance God "winketh at."

Another topic which creates much bitterness among the educated artisans is the Church doctrine on the Lord's Day. They hear the Sunday called the Sabbath. They receive tracts published by the Religious Tract Society, on the "Sin of Sabbath-breaking." They are sometimes told that they are profaning the Sabbath if they go a walk to Hampstead Heath on Sunday noon. Now they also have been caused to understand that large, a very learned, and a very pious body of theological writers including such men as Dean Alford, Professor Hussey, Archibald Whately, and others, wholly deny the Sabbatical character of the Christian Lord's-day. They know very well that the Testament never once commands us to keep the Sabbath, that all the Apostolic references to it are of the nature of prohibitions. The Sunday League has taught them these things perfectly. Hence they think that the ministers who perpetually ordering them to "keep the Sabbath," in any Jewish or patriarchal sense, are wilfully trying to impose on them for the sake of getting them to church, and bringing them into subjection to "disparagement." We simply state the facts, abstaining from comment; each reader must draw the inference for himself.

we shall affirm, that the truth is stronger and works better any "fraud," however "pious," and that those who connive at such a union, that "good may come" will always find their foolishness converted into the most effectual engine of attack on religion itself.

THE POLITICAL causes of the alienation of the working classes from the church were set forth with great effect at the London Convention. That which, perhaps, more than anything else, separates the working class from the upper sort of artisans, is the class feeling which is generated by the opposite interests of capital and labour, and which is intensified by the exclusion of the artisans from the political franchise. The last few years have seen the rapid development of the intelligence and power of combination, and the habit of uniting together against the employers, who belong to the middle class. This feeling has wrought up to the highest pitch the *esprit du corps*, and dominates over every other influence. They feel that they must fight inch by inch for their ground, like the Dutch against the English, against the encroachments of capital, which are to the working class the encroachments of the middle class; and they see that they are excluded from political power by the same interests which depress them economically. It is an illogical inference, however, which it is easy to understand and to pardon, that workmen should abstain from mingling with the "religious" professions of those who thus move their envy and dislike. They see that the "religious public" are nearly always on the side of capital, nearly always ready to denounce the trades-unions, which are also benefit societies of the most effectual kind; they see that the local and exceptional instances of violence on the part of trades-unionists are too often treated in the religious, as well as the conservative, newspapers, as examples of the reckless and thirsty character of the artisans; and the conclusion they draw from such manifestations of "sympathy with labour" is that they will have nothing to do with it. Their zeal for trades-unions, however, seems to exhaust their capacity for combination. Their sympathies are there, and since the churches concern themselves, as they suppose, only for "souls," they think it better at present to keep their hands off for their own bodies.

Now, this state of feeling is susceptible of alteration and improvement; but it is on this condition,—that the "religious public," as the most influential part of the middle class can be made to see two things; first, that without abandoning their own claims to a powerful political position, it is their duty to vote on a suffrage which shall at least place all intelligent workmen on the roll of the franchise, and thus unite them with the intelligence, the wealth, the power of the upper classes; and next,

that the influence of the Churches shall be earnestly brought to bear on the mitigation and just settlement of the frightful and dangerous conflicts between capital and labour. Let the Churches come forward as the friends of the honest and able workmen in political affairs; let them show some little concern, in an age of such enormous wealth, that the labourer shall participate in the fruit of his toil, that "the ox shall not be muzzled, who treadeth out the corn;" above all, let the teachers of Christianity be foremost in promoting courts of arbitration, and systems of co-operative labour, in which either the rivalries of capital and labour shall be composed by equitable decisions, or a common interest be established between the master and his men; and then the working classes will be won to believe that Christianity, genuine Christianity, influences the ministry. But so long as we care for nothing beyond theological phrases and metaphysical systems, and the formal peculiarities of our little sects and parties, there is no hope whatever that the millions will be persuaded to adhere to us. The true Catholic Church of Christ alone can command the sympathy of nations.

Among the political excuses for inattention to religion among the workmen must be reckoned all that is most offensive in the constitution of the Established Church. It was the earnest desire of the promoters of the conference that in this attempt to moderate between the non-churchgoing people and the Churches, no ecclesiastical party-capital on any side should be made out of the proceedings. It was well understood that many hard things would be said of both Church and Dissent, and some of them not unjustly said. Those which bore hardest upon Nonconformity, such as the charge of the hard commercial spirit of the financial administration, we hope will be well considered by those whom they may especially concern. We may perhaps be permitted to wish the same thing in relation to the charges made against the Established Church. The state of things in the Church of England, it must be feared, is producing indifference to religion, and a tendency to infidelity on the widest scale, throughout the nation. It is not Romanism of which we have so much cause to be afraid, as of the scepticism which is the aliment of Romanism, and which is caused by the spectacle of three wholly distinct and contradictory schools of clergy, solemnly signing and using the same standards and formularies. There are grave evils arising from the mere Establishment of the Church; legal authority warranting the employment of force in the last resort, powerfully tends to conceal the gracious and tender aspects of Christianity, wherein resides its chief effacacy in the salvation of mankind. Grave evils, too, exist in the excessively unequal distribution of the revenues, in the pomp of bishops, and in their exaltation to seats

the upper House of Parliament. But the most dangerous of the causes now in action to alienate the population from Christianity is found in the internal theological condition of the national Church; and this danger cannot be averted even by all learning, orthodoxy, and piety which that Church still commands. Mr. Nevile's published opinion that the Church of England, as at present constituted, creates through the nation, more unbelief than of faith, is deserving of the consideration of all who have at heart the conversion and salvation of their fellow-countrymen.

The SOCIAL hinderances placed in the way of the approach of the multitude to the Churches are especially amenable to immediate action on the part of all who desire to win these wandering sheep. As true of many church-goers, "*Them that were entering in ye dered.*" It was affecting to the last degree to hear at this conference the repeated complaints of those who described their fellows as "sheep scattered abroad having no shepherd." Again and again the men appealed for visitation to those very parsons, of whom they had nevertheless such hard things to say. "Let them come amongst us. Let them learn to know

Let them get acquainted with our daily life, with our homes, with our sorrows, with our labours." This was the cry. It is true that the political and economical conflicts between the idle and working classes have consigned the latter to a remarkable isolation. How few of the London ministers and church-members—with all reverence be it spoken—seem really know anything of the non-church-going artisan—of his notions, of his tastes, of his feelings. The Churches seem to be cared chiefly for cadgers and cabmen, for unskilled labourers and very small shopkeepers. That mighty body of skilled workmen, who, though somewhat too boastful of their superior wits, are too intelligent to be fed upon evangelical milk-and-water and namby-pamby tracts and fly-sheets, seem to have been allowed to go astray into a far country, and there to waste their substance in riotous living—the men of the building trades, the hosts of engineers, the printers, the musical and surgical instrument makers, the workers in ornament and in jewellery, how few these are known to the "denominations." They live in quite different worlds, and know not the ways of each other's life; they invite our approach. The young lions roar—but they feel hunger. They say, Come to us with a Gospel which embraces both worlds; come to us with primitive Christianity; come to us without the Creeds, and the Articles, or St. Athanasius' sees, or the Assembly's Catechism; come to us with an open and an honest tongue; and we will receive you. Come to

us and listen to our difficulties; come to us with any rational answer to the scepticism which is dinned into our ears on every side; come to us without requesting us to believe that the Eternal Father will spend eternity in inflicting suffering on Chinese and Hindoos and Mexican savages, who never knew the way of truth; come to us, like men to men, and not with the tone of old women trying to frighten or soothe babies into silence, and we will welcome you to our homes. We shall not come to your churches first, for we don't quite understand or relish your sermons, prayers, or hymns. Nevertheless, if you come to us, we shall neither stone you to death, nor beat you with rods, nor chastise you with scorpions; but you shall find that we are not enemies of Christianity, since we send our children to your Sunday-schools,—you shall also find that we ourselves have not quite lost the recollection of that fold whence have strayed so many of us since our early days of youth; and that we are not wholly insensible to the influence of that Saviour who “did nothing amiss,” and was everywhere the friend of the “weary and heavy laden.”

If the conference at the London Coffee House should result in imparting a fresh vigour to the “pastoral invitation” of the people in the best sense of these words, it will have achieved a result for which its promoters may well be thankful. Many a supercilious church-goer has asked, “What good can come of it?” It will be something if the supercilious church-goer can be made to understand that he and his congeners, men who will not break their caste, or stretch forth a finger to touch a brother's burden, or go forth to visit the scattered sheep, are the very men whom it is most desirable to convert through this new agency; and who must be converted into the active agents of Invisible Mercies ere we can hope for the conversion of the millions. Until that time comes we shall hear from the artificers that the professed “conversion” of the church-goers is no conversion worthy of the name, and that the working people themselves do not wish to be mistaken for hypocrites and impostors.

Much remains to be said on the details of amendment in the arrangements of our religious organizations. Towards this amendment few things would conduce more than a vigorous reform in the spirit of church door-keeping and pew-opening. The recent conference brought out clearly the importance of the whole system of welcoming and placing in the churches those of the working classes who can be persuaded to attend them. It is of the last importance that correct ideas on these matters *should prevail* and that none should imagine there is a neces-

sity for an immediate destruction of the prevailing customs. What is needed is rather the infusion of a new and more genial spirit into existing forms. But since in this matter we are unable to improve upon a recent deliverance in the *English Independent*, we shall here repeat its words, and so bring these observations to an end. In an article on the *Art of Pew-opening* this Journal thus discourses, and we commend its advice to all who seek to derive practical results from the recent investigations.

"The recent attempt to mediate between the church-going and non-church-going communities naturally directs attention not only to the qualification of the minister, but to the function of the pew opener. Those who, leaving 'the tents of wickedness,' begin to go up into the temple to pray, are altogether dependent for their first reception there on the conduct of the 'doorkeepers in the house of our God.' And this conduct, though generally good, is not always such as to recommend religion or church-worship to the outlying multitudes. We lately heard of a thoroughly well-authenticated case, in which an artizan went to a Nonconformist church as a stranger, and, being dressed in humble apparel, he was left by the ecclesiastical flunkey who kept the doors standing in the aisle. Being of an inquiring mind, and accustomed to reflect on events, he dressed himself the next Sunday in his most reserved black coat and vest, in front of which he hung the semblance of a gold chain. Thus attired, he attended the same church, and was immediately received with distinction and handed into a seat. Having as he thought, proved his case, and caused to be re-enacted the scene portrayed in the Epistle of James, he resolved henceforth to go no more to churches of that description. His judgment was hasty and illogical. But the case is suggestive of some practical reflections on the mode of welcoming the sons of toil who approach the sanctuary of rest. In the present state of English society, the work of keeping the doors of the churches of God in great cities is one which might well occupy the mind and hand of their very foremost and most judicious members, and which should seldom be remitted to the exclusive care of paid functionaries. It is nearly always the class of poorer *employees* who treat the working people with contumely. Gentlemen are nearly certain to behave in a satisfactory manner to their inferiors. Persons who manage the admission and seating of casual church-goers ought to understand many things besides the number of vacant seats. They ought to comprehend something of the irritable state of feeling out of doors, and the extreme difficulty of subduing it; they ought to understand the necessity of balancing the claims of those within against the demands of those without; and, above all, the best practical methods of conciliating the requirements of both; and this is work which, while it calls for some delicate qualifications of judgment and manner, is perhaps one of the most useful to which persons of good education and position could addict themselves by turns on the Sunday.

"If we were about to deliver an ordination charge to such a gentleman pew opener, we should address him in some such manner as this: 'You have to deal, sir, not with an imaginary best-of-all-possible churches and worlds, but with things as they are. You may think that it would be better if these pews were all swept away, and the floor of the church and its galleries covered with moveable chairs, which were equally available for all comers; you may think that it would be better if the support of all the ministries of the church were dependent on voluntary offerings at the doors. But the

best is often the enemy of the good. You have to do with pewed churches with people who love their private pews, and with a state of society in which the class feeling between high, middle, and low, between employers and labourers, is so strong that nothing short of a social revolution can abolish or abate it. You have seen in the recent working men's conference many proofs of the exceeding strength of this class feeling in the non-church-going multitudes, who for the most part regard the churches as the property of the middle ranks, with which they have no wish to intermeddle. You know from your own experience on the other hand how strong is the dislike felt by ladies and gentlemen to the close neighbourhood, whether at church or elsewhere, of a person neglectful of the sanitary laws. It will be your business, by a hearty and friendly manner, to diminish the rigour of this class feeling on both sides, while rendering due homage to the facts which cannot be gainsaid. In a state of society so artificial as ours, and especially in a state of society where the working classes wash so little, and smoke and drink so much, it will be at least as lawful to pay attention to the peculiar tastes of the middle ranks as to those of the operative orders. It is a violence to instinctive tastes, which cannot work well in the long run, to attempt to place persons of extremely different ranks or habits in the same pews. No law of Christianity compels a lady to be sickened and nearly killed by the close contiguity during prayers and sermon of an expectorating individual, who also spreads around him a deadly nicotian fume. Neither is it true that generally the working people desire this absolute equalization of places in the church. They are themselves conscious in some degree of their own peculiarities, and seldom feel comfortable when differences in attire are brought too nearly into contrast. Of all the excuses for not going to church, that which some have alleged, drawn from the denial of the 'best seats' to working folk, is the least founded on fact. They easily reconcile themselves to a certain degree of classification, both in churches, music-halls, and theatres, provided the line be not drawn too sharply, or in a manner to lower the self-respect of the less fortunate orders. It is the cold, unfeeling manner of the middle class, which so often refuses to recognize with a friendly salute or countenance the presence of the working man or woman as they walk into or out of the church, which offends them far more than the distribution of seats. They have a right to look for kind and brotherly treatment under the roof-tree of God the FATHER,—under 'the shadow of the ALMIGHTY.' It is the so frequent absence of this which first irritates and then repels them, until, at last, the house is left unto the richer classes 'desolate'; for when the 'poor' do not 'meet' with the 'rich,' the rich are desolate indeed, and the end draws nigh. It is not, then, all classification which the working people seek to disturb. It is not even payment for seats which they wish to abolish. The working men would prefer to pay one or two shillings a quarter (the existing rates are far too high for their class) rather than to sit in a 'free-seat for the poor.' But that which he looks for is a welcome—a welcome so heartily given as that he shall feel at home. In placing the many grades of English society, there is need of infinite tact and discernment, but you will avoid serious mistakes if you separate the extremes, and show a gracious countenance to all. You will remember that there are many ranks in the middle classes; yet that a common cleanliness and decency of behaviour unite them so much that you need not be too precise in mingling them together as casual worshippers. You will remember also that there is as wide a difference between the better sort of skilled artisans and common labourers, both in their education and their habits, as between any two ranks in the commonwealth; and, that the artisans once gained for the churches, the labourers would follow their example. Labour, therefore, to stir up the *gilt* which is in you. Incline to the side of promoting the lowly; but do not

Imagine that in order to win the order of skilled artisans you must strike down with a blow the whole system which has grown up with the culture and refinement of the middle-class church-goers. Represent the spirit of Christianity at the gates of the Church, and you shall then dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.'

"Thus would we 'lay hands' on a modern doorkeeper. But, having said thus much, we will frankly confess that we have no hope of achieving, either by the best ministration of truth in the pulpits of our sanctuaries, or by the wisest and most gracious doorkeeping, whether on the floor or in the galleries, more than a partial and fragmentary victory over the indifference and distaste for worship of the working classes. In all their orders, from almost the highest to the lowest, they require, with few exceptions, a primary education to prepare them to join comfortably in Divine service with the middle ranks. So complete, so prolonged, and so disastrous has been their alienation that they are not in a mental condition generally to profit by our order of preaching, or by our singing and prayers. The theatre-services are far more nearly adapted to their present tastes. Music-halls, lecture-halls in every neighbourhood, where all the seats are free, and where the whole proceeding is adapted to their taste, must prepare the way for the churches. We object totally to the *theory* of class preaching and class worship, but there is no help for a large compliance with the practice of it at present. It is an inferior form of good, which must be tolerated and encouraged in every neighbourhood for the sake of a future improvement. And just in proportion as the churches of every locality set themselves vigorously to provide such interesting services, are they likely to reach and attract the working classes. On that stage all the lay talent of the educated Christian community should be summoned to aid. Christian statesmen, Christian merchants, Christian literary men, Christian musicians and singers, should all render help, and the people would listen to them."

THE "CHRISTIAN YEAR" AND MODERN ANGLICANISM.

"I do not know," wrote Dr. Arnold to Sir J. T. Coleridge, March 3, 1823, "whether you have ever seen John Keble's Hymns. He has written a great number, for most of the holidays and several of the Sundays in the year, and, I believe, intends to complete the series. I live in hopes that he will be induced to publish them; and it is my firm opinion that nothing

equal to them exists in our language: the wonderful knowledge of Scripture, the purity of heart, and the richness of poetry which they exhibit, I never saw paralleled."*

"The 'Christian Year,'" says Dr. Newman, in his "Apologia," "made its appearance in 1827. It is not necessary, and scarcely becoming, to praise a book which has already become one of the classics of the language. When the general tone of religious literature was so nerveless and impotent, as it was at that time Keble struck an original note and woke up in the hearts of thousands a new music, the music of a school long unknown in England."†

"There was no book," writes the biographer of the Rev. F. V. Robertson, "which he studied more carefully or held in higher honour than the 'Christian Year.' It seemed to him that some of its poems were little short of inspiration." To this feeling it may be added, we owe some of the finest and most appreciative criticisms which Mr. Robertson's letters contain.‡

The Ninety-sixth Edition of Keble's work is now lying before us; a proof that the judgment of the few has been confirmed by the verdict of the many. The most evangelically devout are here at one with Newman and with Robertson; and Arnold's estimate is as heartily endorsed by many a sturdy Nonconformist as by the most strenuous and exclusive of Churchmen. Keble's strains reach deeper than the theology of either; and prove that beyond those realms of thought where ceaseless discord linger, there is a harmony of faith and love between all Christian hearts.

But with Keble, the devotional poet, we have not now to do. The theme is tempting, and, with all that has been written on it is as yet unexhausted. There is, however, another aspect which the "Christian Year" has exercised a wide-spread influence: and some recent discussions have made this especially prominent. Its publication, it is often said, was the herald of modern Anglicanism. The motto chosen for it, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength," was intended not to set forth the power of a meditative trustful Christian life, but the calm assurance with which a new school of theology might anticipate the acceptance of their dogmas. It is noteworthy that Dr. Newman himself, while declining to analyze the subtle charm of his friend's poetry, finds in it certain main lines teaching which lead direct to "Catholic" theories of life and doctrine.

* Stanley's "Life of Arnold," vol. i. p. 74.

† "Apologia pro vita sua." p. 77.

‡ Vol. i. p. 126. See also pp. 269, 275, 279, 286, 292, etc.

The Churchmanship, therefore, as distinguished from the Christianity of these poems, becomes an interesting topic of study. In considering it, we must above all remember that long discussions and important "developments" have taken place since 1827. An Anglican of 1867 is under strong, perhaps unconscious temptation to read the book according to his present views, and so to put an interpretation on many passages which its author never intended. Nay, Mr. Keble himself may have erred in the same way. It will appear a bold thing to say, that a reader may more accurately comprehend a book than its own author: and yet, in one instance, we shall be able to show to a moral demonstration that the author of the "Christian Year" has misconceived his own meaning. Why not then in others? We appeal from the full-blown ecclesiasticism of Keble, the Oxford Tractarian, to the calm utterances of Keble, the saintly youth, and plead that the former may not be fully allowed his own way in commenting upon the latter. *Littera scripta manet.*

Nothing perhaps more significantly betokens the difference between the spirit of the "Christian Year" and that of modern ultra-Churchmen than the intense *Anglicanism* of the former. Since the days of the Oxford Tracts, we have heard much in high ecclesiastical quarters of "the Church Catholic," little comparatively of "the Church of England." The latter has been regarded with a secondary and wavering loyalty: its only true claim has been made to consist in its being a faithful member of the sisterhood in which the elders are the Patriarchal and the Roman Churches. Very patiently too does this youngest sister, through her representatives, submit to be snubbed! In the "Association for promoting the Unity of Christendom," she appears a suppliant for recognition from those who, in their infallibility, must scorn her claims. Dr. Pusey's "Eirenicon" is a Cinderella's petition; as humble, and as unavailing.

How different from this is the spirit of the "Christian Year!" To be an English Churchman is Keble's glory.

"Stately thy walls, and holy are the prayers
Which day and night before thine altars rise;
Not statelier, towering o'er her marble stairs,
Flashed Sion's gilded dome to summer skies:
Not holier, while around him angels bowed,
From Aaron's censer steamed the spicy cloud."

In the poem on King Charles the Martyr, the same veneration is oddly expressed. We allow for the ecstasy of a poet or a devotee: the old Cavalier spirit is not extinct—but what rational being could comfort himself now in solitary walks by meditating on Charles the First; and where is the stretch of loyal

imagination which could bring him near in solemn hours of worship? For Keble sings—

"There are aching solitary breasts
Whose widowed walk with thought of thee is cheered,
 Our own, our royal Saint: thy memory rests
 On many a prayer, *the more for thee endeared.*

"True son of our dear Mother, early taught
 With her to worship and for her to die,
 Nursed in her aisles to more than kingly thought,
Oft in her solemn hours we dream thee nigh!"

We have often marvelled, too, at the fervour with which the Restoration is celebrated:

"When proudly streamed o'er ocean plains
 Our own returning Cross!"

But, no doubt, the reign that brought the Act of Uniformity to be hailed with all pious rapture, though a Charles the Second was the King!

The "Hymn for Evening" again, speaks of the government a way which the strongest Erastian might approve:—

"The Rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand,—
 Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,
 Let all do all as in Thy sight."

It is evident that secular rulers are here meant, as the next stanza refers to the spiritual authorities.

With this frank recognition of the truth and divinity of the Church of England there are interspersed ardent, passionate prayers for a *revival*. But these are prayers in which every devout spirit might unite. "Let your loins be girt and your lamps burning" is the constant burden of the strain, as in the Hymns for Advent Sunday, that for the Second Sunday in Advent, and in that, from which we have already quoted the first stanza, for the Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity. The complaint is of selfishness and worldliness; never of the undue depreciation of the Sacraments, or of disloyalty to the Priesthood: the aspiration is, to be brought nearer, not to the rest of Christendom, but to Christ Himself. It is a spiritual, not a Catholic revival, for which Keble prays; and his anticipations are rather of the speedy coming of the Son of Man, than of the approaching development of an ecclesiastical system. It may be that, in his later days, he would say his prayers were answered in ways that he did not foresee; but we claim the liberty of *believing* that they are to have a higher, better fulfilment. Nay,

we rejoice to think that this has now dawned in its full glory upon the poet. Beautiful was the coincidence that, for the very day on which he died, the Thursday before Easter, he had given utterance to thoughts like these—choosing his motto from Daniel, ix. 23., xii. 13.—

“Dark frowned the future e’en on him,
The loving and beloved Seer ;
What time he saw, through shadows dim,
The boundary of the eternal year ;
He only of the sons of men,
Named to be heir of glory then.
Else had it bruised too sore his tender heart
To see God’s ransomed world in wrath and flame depart.

“Then look no more : or closer watch,
Thy course in Earth’s bewildering ways,
For every glimpse thine eye can catch
Of what shall be in those dread days :
So when the Archangel’s word is spoken,
And Death’s deep trance for ever broken,
In mercy thou may’st feel the heavenly hand,
And in thy lot unharmed before thy Saviour stand.”

In consistency with the Anglicanism of which we have spoken, Mr. Keble gives decided prominence to the doctrines of Baptismal Regeneration, and the sanctity of Orders. These are believed by most intelligent Englishmen to be the unquestionable teachings of the Prayer-book ; and to bring the thoughts and feelings of his readers “into more entire unison with those recommended and exemplified in the Prayer-book” was the author’s avowed design. Hence, with the Ordination Service in his mind, he writes very naturally, “St. Matthias’ Day.”—

“Who then, uncalled by Thee,
Dare touch Thy spouse, Thy very self below ;
Or who dare count him summoned worthily,
Except Thine hand and seal he show ?

“Where can Thy seal be found,
But on the chosen seed, from age to age
By Thine anointed heralds duly crowned,
As kings and priests Thy war to wage ?”

Or again, “First Sunday after Easter.”—

“Why should we crave the worldling’s wreath,
On whom the Saviour deigned to breathe,
To whom His keys were given ;
Who lead the choir where angels meet,
With angels’ food our brethren greet,
And pour the drink of heaven ?”

With equal decision he adopts the obvious meaning of the Baptismal Service—

•
 "What sparkles in that lucid flood
 Is water, by gross mortals eyed;
 But seen by faith, 'tis blood
 Out of a dear Friend's side.

"A few calm words of faith and prayer,
 A few bright drops of holy dew,
 Shall work a wonder there,
 Earth's charmers never knew."

The doctrine carries him farther in his estimate of the comparative worth of souls; "Second Sunday after Trinity."

"E'en so, who loves the Lord aright,
 No soul of man can worthless find;
 All will be precious in his sight,
 Since Christ on all hath shined;
 But chiefly Christian souls; for they,
 Though worn and soiled with sinful clay,
 Are yet, to eyes that see them true,
 All glistening with baptismal dew."

In lines like these Mr. Keble gives distinct and emphatic expression to the accepted doctrines of the Prayer-book: and so, for better for worse, the "Christian Year" has always been understood.

It was startling, however, to many to find, after the death of the author, that many regarded the teaching of the book as much further advanced in Sacramentarianism. We all know how, by a significant alteration, the doctrine of the Real Presence has been introduced: and the attempt has been made to prove, not only that Mr. Keble himself in his later days concurred with Dr. Pusey and his followers in this dogma, but that he had always done so, the celebrated stanza in the "Christian Year," never having borne an opposite meaning. This latter allegation we propose to examine; but first we may refer to other expressions which have been supposed to set forth a modified transubstantiation. Thus in the poem on "Holy Communion"—

"O God of Mercy, God of Might,
 How should pale sinners bear the sight,
 If, as Thy power is surely here,
 Thine open glory should appear?"

"For now Thy people are allowed
 To scale the mount and pierce the cloud,
 And faith may feed her eager view
 With wonders Sinai never knew."

"Fresh from the atoning sacrifice
The world's Creator bleeding lies,
That man, His foe, by whom He bled,
May take Him for his daily bread."

Now with reference to these verses, it is obvious to remark that the appropriation of Christ is represented as made by *Faith*. Hence instead of teaching "the Real Presence," the language distinctly implies the opposite. It would be more reasonable to accuse Charles Wesley of holding the Roman Catholic doctrine on the ground of the hymn (551) beginning

"Victim Divine, thy grace we claim."*

than to press Keble's poem into the service of modern Ritualism. In fact, so free from any taint of the sacramental heresy has it been thought, that we find the above quoted verses both in the "New Congregational Hymn Book," and in the Leeds "Psalms and Hymns for Christian Worship." Keble's hymn on Baptism, already quoted, plainly shews, if further proof be needed, how his language is to be taken. By faith, he says, "the water" appears "blood out of a dear friend's side." Does this teach, then, a *baptismal* transubstantiation? His view of a sacrament is indeed decisively intimated by himself in the preface to his version of the Psalms. He says, in allusion to Psalm iv. 8, "Each Christian's daily lying down and rising up is a token, or, as the ancient Church would denominate it, 'a sacrament,' of our Saviour's death and resurrection, and also of our own." That is, again to quote the Prayer-book, a sacrament is "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual" reality. Not the bread and wine of the Eucharist only, but all nature is sacramental, *i.e.* symbolical. Undoubtedly, Keble held by this belief as one who not only believed but discerned its truth; and such, we are assured by Dr. Newman, was the first great lesson taught by the "Christian Year."

If, then, the doctrine of the Real Presence is not in the stanza of the "Gunpowder Treason" poem, there is no other part of the book in which to look for it. Now, that the case of the Ritualists may be put before our readers in perfect fairness, we venture to trouble them with two extracts. First, we cite *in extenso*, from the ninety-sixth edition of the "Christian Year," the note justifying the alteration:—

"The thirteenth stanza on 'Gunpowder Treason,' formerly ran thus:

'O come to our Communion Feast:
There, present in the heart,
Not in the hands, the eternal Priest,
Will His true self impart.'

* See "The Church and the World," where this hymn is actually cited to sustain an argument for the Real Presence!

"It was the anxious wish of the author, repeatedly expressed, that these words should be understood with the modification implied, as in other passages of Holy Scripture, so very emphatically in Jer. vii. 22: "I spake *not* unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt-offering or sacrifices; but this thing commanded I them, saying, Obey my voice, &c."

"Every one is familiar with the idiom of the Old Testament, in which God is said *not* to have commanded—*not* to will—that which is of no avail without some other thing in contact with which it stands; *e. g.*, 'I will have mercy, and not sacrifice.' The author understood the words himself, and wished to be understood to mean, that to have Christ "in the hands, not in the heart," is not to be a partaker of Christ.

"He referred also to some words of St. Bernard, as illustrating his meaning; and it is thought that the passage may have been this: 'Absque Spiritu, et Sacramentum ad judicium sumitur, et caro non prodest quidquam, et littera occidit, et fides mortua est. Sed spiritus est qui vivificat ut vivam in eis.' (*S. Bernard in Cantica*, Sermo 53, vol i. p. 2877, ed. Gaume, 1839.)

Without the Spirit the Sacrament is received to condemnation, and the flesh profiteth nothing, and the letter killeth, and faith is dead. But it is the Spirit that quickeneth, that I may live in them.'

"Fearing, however, that he was misleading others, a few weeks before his departure he determined that the verse should stand as it now appears."

In December last, Dr. Pusey wrote as follows to the *Times*:—

"Discussion has begun, and will probably be prolonged, about one of the latest acts of one whom very many of your readers love, John Keble. I hope, then, that I am not intruding on your kindness by explaining facts of which I am myself cognizant. The discussion relates to a line in the poem of the 'Christian Year,' entitled 'Gunpowder Treason.' The whole ran thus:—

'O come to our Communion Feast;
There present in the heart,
Not in the hands, the eternal Priest
Will His true self impart.'

The words, in their strict literal meaning, contradict what had been his belief so long as I have heard him speak on the subject. So taken, they affirm that our Lord gives Himself to the soul of the receiver only, and is not present objectively. This was not John Keble's belief. He himself (as is explained in the posthumous editions) understood his own words in the same way as when Holy Scripture says, 'I will have mercy and not sacrifice' (*i. e.*, not sacrifice without mercy), that the objective presence was of no avail unless our Lord was received within, in the cleansed abode of 'the heart.' This is plainly not the obvious meaning of the words, but it satisfied him. To myself, many years ago, when I spoke of the way in which his words were taken, he only answered by a disparaging remark on the "Christian Year." He looked upon it as the work of younger years, with

* "O come to our Communion Feast;
There present, in the heart
As in the hands, the eternal Priest,
Will His true self impart."

Ninety-sixth Edition, p. 301.

is sometimes quoted from the "Christian Year," "present in the heart, in the hands."

His letter John Keble saw and approved.

In the same publication he drew attention to a protest, which was then drawing up in 1856, in which we said:—

"We, being convinced that the doctrine of the Real Presence of "the true blood of Christ under the form of bread and wine," has been long held as a point of faith in the Church from the Apostolic times, and is accepted by General Councils, as it is also embodied in our own rites, &c."

It was, however, brought home to him that the line would still be drawn against the doctrine which he believed, so long as it remained in the "Christian Year." After considering for three days, he wrote, March 16—

"I have made up my mind that it will be best, when a reprint is called for, to adopt ———'s emendation and note, with a few words, pointing out that it does but express more directly the true meaning of the present

little note which says this, and which is now lying before me, written in the same beautiful firm hand in which he wrote before his illness. His mind was clear as ever. The second illness, by which he was taken from us, showed no signs of approach then. It began a few days afterwards (March 20th). During that short illness Mrs. Keble told me that it was a great comfort to him that he had decided to make the change. He himself expressed this."

Now, before we can admit the perfect fairness of these representations, we must read the poem itself. It is at least possible, as we have said, that in the lapse of years the author may have been led out of the mood of mind in which he conceived the poem, and as to have lost the apprehension of what was then his

under the name of faith. At Rome, especially, she bears the cross, sorrowing because her professed children worship saints and angels, because they have stained the pure robe of religion with the blood of martyrs: and then follows an earnest appeal to doubters, hesitating with regard to certain doctrines, yet longing for the safety and shelter of the Church. The *true* Church, says Keble, does not require the reception of these doctrines. For example, with regard to Purgatory,—

"If thou hast loved, in hours of gloom,
To dream the dead are near,
And people all the lonely room
With guardian spirits dear,

"Dream on the soothing dream at will;
The lurid mist is o'er
That shewed the righteous suffering still
Upon the eternal shore."

We have marked by italics the lines that contain the point of the argument. "Your scepticism is a mistake. Do not suppose that if you give up Purgatory, Christ's Church has no place for you. Abandon that doctrine, and come to us!" Then follow the two stanzas on Communion, in a precisely similar spirit.

"If with thy heart the strains accord,
That on His altar-throne
Highest exalt thy glorious Lord,
Yet leave Him most thine own;

"O come to *our* Communion Feast,
There present, *in the heart*
Not in the hands, the eternal Priest
Will His true self impart."

Here, plainly, the doubter is supposed again to shrink from the doctrine of Transubstantiation. For him, Christ is in the highest heavens, not upon an earthly altar; and again the appeal is, "Come to us. The true Church does not demand the doctrine from which you shrink. To us Christ is in the heart, not in the hands." The alteration, "*as in the hands*," makes the argument simply unintelligible; tells the sceptic that we also hold the Roman doctrine; destroys the reason for bidding him to our communion, and, further, implies what the Ritualist does not mean to assert, that at the Roman altar Christ is not in the heart. We say, it is easier to believe that Keble in later years misread his own intention, than that, when he wrote the poem, he perpetrated such absurdities. He was plainly speaking of the Roman as a fallen church, and two of the doctrines that had caused this fall were these dogmas of Purgatory and Transubstantiation. The poem, accordingly, continues with a warning *against being tempted* "back to the enchanted air," and ends

with an appeal in which the very tenderness and pity convey but the more distinctly Keble's conviction of the Roman apostacy—

“And O! by all the pangs and fears
Fraternal spirits know,
When for an elder's shame the tears
Of wakeful anguish flow,
“Speak gently of our sister's fall :
Who knows but gentle love
May win her at our patient call
The surer way to prove ?”

What dissonance could be greater than that between the tone of these verses and that of our modern Anglicans ?

This controversy respecting the substitution of a word is far more than a mere literary question. The argument of the note we have quoted is essentially of the kind which Pascal has held up to the detestation of all ages as Jesuitical. The alteration marks an advance—or, as the phrase is, a “developement”—of doctrine, in a direction fatal to intelligence and spiritual freedom ; and the reasonings which justify it show that the old fruit grows upon the old tree. We mourn that to any extent Mr. Keble should have been beguiled, and would far rather have had his account of the change than that of his literary executors, of Dr. Pusey, or even of Sir J. T. Coleridge.* The Christian Knowledge Society, we believe, has stopped the sale of the edition that contains the new reading.† True honour for the memory of the sweetest singer of our modern Israel has prompted the resolution. As to ourselves, we shall continue to prize the “Christian Year” for all that we have ever prized, and shall repudiate this last perversion none the less earnestly for our previous dissent from many of the admitted teachings of the book. These, after all, may be removed without the loss of anything that is most precious in the volume. This ninety-sixth edition will be remembered as deformed by an unexpected heresy : let it not be forgotten as having first contained Keble's own “Dedication” of the work, long since written, but reserved for publication until after his death. With its deep and touching music we gladly close.

“When in my silent solitary walk,
I sought a strain not all unworthy Thee,
My heart, still ringing with wild worldly talk,
Gave forth no note of holier minstrelsy.

* See the *Guardian*, January 23.

† Since writing, we have learned that editions are in future to be published without the poems on the (now disused) “State Services of the Church of England.” This gets rid not only of these “Gunpowder Treason” verses, but of those on the “Martyrdom” of Charles I., and on the “Restoration.” The knot is thus very ingeniously cut : and the “Catholic” may be comforted as against the “Anglican !”

- "Prayer is the secret, to myself I said;
 Strong supplication must call down the charm :
 And thus with untuned heart I feebly prayed,
 Knocking at Heaven's gate with earth-palsied arm :
- "Fountain of Harmony ! Thou Spirit blest,
 By whom the troubled waves of earthly sound
 Are gathered in to order, such as best
 Some high-souled bard in his enchanted round
- "May compass, Power divine ! O spread Thy wing,
 Thy dove-like wing that makes confusion fly,
 Over my dark void spirit, summoning
 New worlds of music, strains that may not die.
- "O happiest who before Thine altar wait,
 With pure hands ever holding up on high
 The guiding Star of all who seek Thy gate,
 The undying lamp of heavenly Poesy.
- "Too weak, too wavering, for such holy task
 Is my frail arm, O Lord ; but I would fain
 Track to its source the brightness, I would bask
 In the clear ray that makes Thy pathway plain.
- "I dare not hope with David's harp to chase
 The evil spirit from the troubled breast ;
 Enough for me, if I can find such grace
 To listen to the strain, and be at rest."
-

THE TORY GOVERNMENT AND REFORM.

THE Tory government have once more vindicated their right to be regarded as the representatives of the "stupid party." They had such an opportunity as does not often fall to the lot of any politicians of retrieving past errors, of showing that they were influenced by an enlightened patriotism, and of associating their names with important legislative measures which might have happily settled the most irritating controversy of the times. It is true that they are in the unfortunate, and what is to be hoped will long be the exceptional, position of ministers without an adequate following in the House of Commons. Mr. Disraeli, in his oration of the 11th February, talked of their accession to power. He should rather have said—accession to office, for power can hardly belong to those who, on any great question of national policy, would find themselves in a humiliating minority, and whose official position is due entirely to the existence of

misunderstandings among their opponents. Powerless as they are, however, to enforce their own general ideas of policy, they had special advantages for settling the one question, the differences on which among their rivals alone rendered their own continuance in office possible. A large majority of the middle classes are impatient, many of them foolishly impatient, for a settlement—ready to clutch at anything which gives any promise of terminating an agitation which they regard with mingled apprehension and dislike. They have been brought reluctantly to the conviction that there must be a Reform Bill, and their one desire is that it should be as trivial and harmless as possible. They have been irritated by the demands of the work-people, whom not a few of them regard as mere hewers of wood and drawers of water who ought to be kept in their own place. On the other hand, they have been alarmed by the power wielded by trades unions, and their fears have been confirmed by such orations as those of Mr. Lowe, until they have settled down into the belief that the industrial classes are a formidable and hostile host whom it may be wise to propitiate by some apparent concessions, but to whom it were madness to give any substantial share in the government of the country.

How widely this feeling is diffused, how largely it has affected those who have hitherto been faithful adherents of the Liberal cause, how it has encouraged a disposition to look favourably on the proceedings of the Derby ministry, is well known to all who mingle in middle-class circles, especially in the metropolis. A wise Conservative administration would have taken advantage of this, and have shown its desire to facilitate a settlement by abandoning some of its old notions, and proposing a Bill which, if not perfectly satisfactory, might at least have been accepted as securing real progress. The most formidable danger, indeed, which sincere Reformers had to fear was that they would, with a specious show of liberality, impose upon the country by the help of their Adullamite allies, and in reliance upon the secret Conservative sympathies of numbers in the Liberal ranks, a measure which should amount to little or nothing. The folly of the government has delivered us from this. Of all the courses open to them they have probably chosen the very worst. They might have refused to deal with the question altogether, and if they had, in consequence, provoked an adverse vote of the House of Commons, they would, at least, have fallen with dignity. They might have proposed such a scheme as we have indicated above, and had it been at all reasonable and fair, have succeeded in passing it, to the undoubted advantage of their party, and to the satisfaction of a large section of their opponents. Even if by such a procedure they had lost a certain amount of their Parlia-

mentary power, it would have been more than compensated by the fact that they had removed one of the greatest difficulties with which they have to grapple, and which, while it remains, must render their prolonged tenure of office impossible. That they have not taken a course, recommended by so many obvious considerations, but have, on the contrary, preferred the vague, hesitating, and unsatisfactory expedient proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is another proof added to the many they have given before, that the strong aristocratic prejudices of the party prevent them from understanding the real temper of the country, or inaugurating those sound constitutional changes rendered necessary by its altered circumstances.

To English gentlemen, and especially to gentlemen claiming to represent the aristocracy and chivalry of England the present position of the Conservative government must be eminently painful and humiliating. For ministers to abandon their own proper functions and evade the responsibility which, by all precedent, they are bound to accept, to confess their own impotence and appeal to the charity and pity of the House, asking it to express its will, and professing their readiness to become an obedient executive, is certainly a novelty, and one which we should think cannot be very gratifying to the feelings of some who are required to play this extraordinary rôle. The great value of office to an earnest, high-minded man, is the opportunity which it affords him for carrying out his own views of national policy. But here is a ministry which, if it has a policy, is afraid to avow it, and which, therefore, must either involve all its designs in mystery, or borrow the ideas of its opponents. At variance with the majority of the House of Commons, with the feeling of the country, with the spirit of the age, it can do literally nothing except draw salaries and distribute patronage, in return for which it attends to the details of administration. Of course it would be thought very uncharitable to insinuate that gentlemen of such standing could be accessible to such a vulgar consideration as a desire for place and the prestige it confers, but it is really hard to see what other reason can induce this eager clinging to office when the position brings with it no power, and is not the fruit of the triumph of the principles the government professes to hold. Nor can we be blamed for such an opinion, since Lord Derby himself, evidently irritated by the way in which personal claims had been pressed upon him, very plainly intimated that he accepted his high position in deference to the wishes of a party clamorous for the rewards of political struggle.

But while their position is very undignified, and unworthy of the ministers themselves, it is certainly unfortunate for the

untry. Some of our newspaper critics are so very quick in detecting the signs of incipient revolution in other countries that I wonder they have never discovered the thoroughly revolutionary tendency of a proceeding which so greatly enfeebles the proper position and influence of the executive among ourselves. It is a constitutional theory, not the less clear and certain because it is not expressed in any distinct formula, is that the minister is the representative of the majority of the House of Commons, and that it cannot be violated without altering the whole character of the government. It was set at defiance by William Pitt, but the circumstances were extremely exceptional, and were soon rectified by means of a dissolution. Yet it has always been felt by candid historians that the proceeding was a very doubtful one, and was attended with serious inconveniences. The position of the present government is different from his, but not as contrary to constitutional precedent and not less serious in its consequences. Pitt held office in virtue of the favour of the Crown, and the strong sympathies of the people disgusted with the conduct of the Parliamentary majority. Happily, in our own days, the sovereign does not take the position of a partisan, and if Lord Derby thinks he has the support of the people, we should strongly advise him to see what an appeal to the country will do in his favour. He has not on former occasions shrunk from dissolving Parliament when he expected to reap any party advantages by the step, and he cannot do better than make the experiment again. But no—he understands perfectly that weak as he is in the House, he is weaker still in the country, and that the only result of a dissolution would be to compel him to face a majority, more earnest in spirit, and more thoroughly united from having been purged of that element on which his sole reliance is placed.

Lord Derby, in truth, is the minister not of the Parliament, and still less of the country. He is not even a minister chosen by the Tory party, for the Tories have no more power to choose the Prime Minister for England than has Louis Napoleon. He is the minister of the Adullamites, who, having installed him in office, are, we may trust to rumour, but half satisfied with the work of their hands. Whether it is accordant with the first principles of honour for gentlemen elected on the ground of their Liberal profession, to become instruments in the establishment of a Tory government, we leave for them to judge. We quite admit that many of them gave no very distinct pledge on the subject of Reform, and that of course all of them were at perfect liberty to criticise the details of the Government Bill. But there are such things as party obligations, which a man is not at liberty reck-

lessly to cast aside. He appeals to a constituency as an adherent of the Liberal party. He enlists all the sympathy and employs the resources of local Liberal organizations in his support. He receives Liberal votes, and by these he enters the House of Commons. Is there, then, no obligation on his part? Is he at liberty to indulge some little whims of his own, to subordinate party to purely personal considerations, to take umbrage at some real or supposed slight, to nurse his wrath and to vent it in some act of disloyalty to the principles which he has been elected to maintain? Is he to allow his own petty feelings or trivial differences of opinion to lead him to intrigue with his opponents and become one of their auxiliaries, all the more effective because he has not openly joined their ranks? If we were to grant all that has been alleged by Liberal seceders in their own defence, if we were to attribute Mr. Gladstone's earnestness and intensity to petulance, and to admit that a little more tact might have disarmed some of the bitter opposition directed against him; if we were even to confess that the Reform Bill required improvement, not the less should we reprobate the Adullamite tactics. They acted as intriguing enemies, not as friends desirous to find terms of agreement. They laboured to defeat, not to amend, the measure to which they objected. They sought the counsel not of their own party, but of their natural opponents. And, as the result, they have brought about that condition of ministerial feebleness and utter confusion from which we are suffering at present.

If these Adullamite proceedings are to be justified and construed into a precedent, government by party becomes impossible in this country. To some this may seem a very desirable thing, for superiority to party seems a lofty attainment, and they do not see whither this effort to break down all Parliamentary organization really tends. Let the old notions of party relations be abandoned, and let it be understood that each member does what is right in his own eyes, fettered neither by faithfulness to his hustings pledges, nor loyalty to his leader, and it is not difficult to see that strong government will be impossible. Each little section or, in fact, each individual will assert his own independence on every occasion, and the government, instead of being the guides, must be content, as Lord Derby's ministry now are, with the much humbler position of followers. Whether this degradation of the executive be expedient and salutary, it is not necessary for us to argue here, since these dwellers in the Cave always speak of it as one of the most serious evils to be apprehended from the progress of Democracy. In accusing others they have condemned themselves. They deprecate all revolutionary measures, and yet they are lending

hemselves to one of the most perilous innovations, the government of a minority. They insist on the necessity of a strong administration, and they have set up and carried out theories of party obligation which would render such an administration impossible. It is they who are really enemies to our constitutional practices, and who are furnishing a precedent, of which others may avail themselves for purposes they little anticipate. It is always easy for a certain number of men, though forming only a small section of a party, by taking up what is called an "independent" position, either to dictate their own terms, or to betray their friends into the hands of their enemies. A more determined man than Mr. Gladstone might probably have adopted the first course, and kept his place at the cost, not of his own reputation only, but of a "heavy blow and great discouragement" to the principles he represents. He chose the more manly alternative, and the consequence is a state of political anarchy and uncertainty, at the very time when the circumstances of the country call for peculiar wisdom and decision at head-quarters.

We have dwelt so long on the Adullamites, partly because of the conviction that the full extent of the mischief they have done has not yet been fully appreciated, and partly because—now that some of the consequences begin to appear—those who were most earnest in cheering them on, seem very anxious to shift to others the responsibility that must in all fairness be made to rest upon themselves. But Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli are not to be absolved from blame for forming a ministry with the full consciousness that they could not govern on Tory, and were not prepared to govern on Liberal, principles. The Speech from the Throne was sufficient to indicate their perplexity and reveal their weakness. Of course it promised a great deal, very much in the fashion that weak parents do, when, in order to induce a child to give up some coveted pleasure, they offer all other kinds of indulgences. They will reform workhouses, amend bankruptcy laws, re-organize the army, extend the factory acts—in fact do anything but abandon a single aristocratic privilege or redress a real wrong. They want to maintain old class distinctions, both in Church and State; and if they are only allowed to do that, they are ready for any other sort of service. A great deal of praise has been awarded to them for the spirit and energy they have shown; but it is only the vigour of men who know that they are baulking the country in the things on which its heart is set, and who vainly dream that they can thus provide some compensation.

It is on the question of Reform, however, that they have most egregiously erred, and erred quite as much in their mode of

treating Parliament as in the character of the proposals themselves. The tangible propositions they have made, indeed, are very few ; for vague resolutions, affirming some points on which everybody, and others on which nobody is agreed, cannot be treated as real suggestions for the settlement of a great question. It is not so much what they have said, as what they have left unsaid, the mystery in which they have shrouded their intentions, the time they have wasted in needless talk, the want of any evidence of distinct purpose, except the purpose of mystifying the House of Commons, and retaining their own places, which has disappointed and irritated both sides of the House. Mr. Milner Gibson's prophecy as to the formation of a Tory "Cave" may not be literally fulfilled, but it is manifest that they have already caused great discontent among their own party without doing anything to break down the strength of the Opposition. The member for Ashton, indeed, did not give them credit for so much stupidity as they have shown. He supposed that the Tory secession would be the result of some action that might at least conciliate some now hostile. He could hardly have expected that they would so conduct themselves as to annoy all parties and place themselves in a position where they must have met with immediate and fatal disasters, but for the singular forbearance of rivals to whom they had shown so little, yet from whom they asked so much.

Mr. Disraeli has been severely blamed for the unfortunate position of the ministry, and no doubt with justice. It is but fair, however, to remember the difficulties of his position. It is impossible to believe that had he wielded the absolute power in the Cabinet, or even enjoyed that influence to which the leader of the House of Commons is fairly entitled, that he would have treated Parliament and the country as he has done. It is, of course, easy to see how he might have proposed a good measure, but it is forgotten that in order to do it he must overcome the opposition of his own political associates. Lord Cranborne and General Peel may be very stupid, but they are sincere Tories, who are indisposed to any popular concessions, and their influence it is not easy to overcome. They did not fight the battle of last year merely to have the opportunity of passing a Reform Bill of their own, and are not ready therefore to acquiesce in all the schemes of their leader. They believe, and we are disposed to think rightly, that the Tories had better have left the work of Reform to their opponents ; and though they must have acquiesced in the celebrated resolutions, we doubt whether they have yet made up their minds to consent to any substantial extension of the franchise. Such being the circumstances, it would have been *infinitely* better for the government to have taken up a position

inaction. It is evident they cannot agree as to the measure they ought to propose, and it would have been more dignified and less perilous for them to have done nothing than to have committed the fiasco into which they have been betrayed.

But Mr. Disraeli could not thus readily accept the mortification of defeat. After seven years of long and wearisome opposition, he was not prepared to resign the prize without a struggle. There was no hope of doing anything by bold and straightforward movement, but he has infinite faith—a faith which many cruel disappointments have been unable to shake—in his own powers of management. He believed it possible to cajole the House of Commons, and by using moderate Liberals against the extreme men of his own side, to repeat Lord Palmerston's tactics. He forgot that he had neither Lord Palmerston's temper, his marvellous power of dealing with men, his keen perception of what was suited to the English habit of mind, nor his great influence with all parties. He expected to secure success by stratagem, but he has succeeded only in exposing himself to ridicule, and his party to humiliation. His three hours' speech on the introduction of his resolutions, which appears so marvellously to have pleased himself, displeased everybody else, and proved, if proof were wanting, his utter unfitness to lead the House of Commons. To talk endless platitudes, to employ all his art to conceal what ought to have been made perfectly clear, to excite hopes only to mock them, to propound new theories of ministerial responsibility in order to hide his own weakness, may seem very clever, but is about the last thing which a man should attempt with an intelligent body of Englishmen. If he has not yet perceived his error, he is about the only person who has not, and if he cannot devise some way of retreat from an untenable position, his eyes will be opened by a fall as ignominious as ever overtook an English minister. We do not care to analyze his resolutions here, for it is simply impossible that they can ever stand the test of the discussion to which they will be submitted. He might by a wise and moderate and conciliatory policy, have secured for himself a solid reputation. But a policy of tricks is one on which no English statesman can safely venture, and if anything could aggravate the folly of such an attempt, it would be the manner in which Mr. Disraeli has made it. His foolish and reckless attack on Mr. Goldwin Smith, a man infinitely his superior in all high intellectual qualities, was only one of the many offences against good taste into which he has been betrayed, and which show how unable he is to rise to that high level on which our leading politicians ought always to be found. His novel idea of ministerial responsibility, or rather non-

responsibility, provoked pity and contempt. His foolish concealment from the House of resolutions sent to the *Times*, was felt to be an insult and is resented as such by many on the seats behind as well as on those opposite him. In short his case was bad and he made the worst of it.

It is somewhat amusing to see the strain in which some of the journals which have contributed most to bring about the present political deadlock indulge. They see, although they are unwilling to confess, the fatal error which they committed, when they secured the defeat of the moderate measure of last year. They dread the effect of further delay, leading to still fiercer agitation, and to the ultimate adoption of far more advanced reforms. They are irritated at the singular wisdom which has marked Mr. Gladstone's conduct of the opposition, presenting as it does so marked a contrast to that of his opponent. They are for ever insisting upon the claims of the ministry to forbearance, and yet are angry that the very exhibition of the virtue for which they plead, only serves to render the course of the government more indefensible. They talk loudly about the necessity for the manifestation of high patriotic virtue in this difficult crisis, but it is always to the Liberal party that their exhortations are addressed and they never think it necessary to show why patriotism demands the perpetuation of the present anomalous and unsatisfactory state of public affairs. They seek to sow dissension in the Liberal ranks and then point to that dissension as a reason why the party should not seek to take that position to which their numbers entitle them. Having mainly contributed to the rejection of Mr. Gladstone's scheme they would now have us believe that the Tories only can pass a satisfactory Reform Bill and urge us to hope all things and endure all things, to suffer long and be kind, rather than lose the chance of having the question settled by Lord Derby. At heart they want no Reform at all, and, compelled to accept it as an inevitable necessity, they desire only to patch up a scheme which, while seeming to do something, shall be little more than a mere mockery. They protest as does one of Mr. Disraeli's resolutions, against the predominance of a class, and all the time their great desire is to perpetuate the rule of that class which has so long and in many respects so unfortunately ruled the destinies of the nation. As Mr. Goldwin Smith says "The balance of political power means the supremacy of a single class—the landed aristocracy, and the wealthy commercial men, whose great object is to identify themselves with the landed aristocracy, and to decorate themselves with a leaf of its tinsel."

The people are sick of such shams, and are not in a mood to be trifled with much longer. Middle class jealousies and sus-

ceptibilities have hitherto been played upon with considerable effect, and the unfortunate controversies between the employers and employed have contributed to increase them. But thoughtful men are beginning to perceive that there must be extensive changes, that necessary reforms are hindered and gross abuses perpetuated by the power of class interests, and that if this selfishness is to be overcome, it must be by a greater infusion of the popular element into our legislature. Much has been done since 1832, but there is enough remaining to be done to all for strenuous and energetic efforts on the part of the people. Mr. Goldwin Smith has drawn a dark, but not exaggerated picture of the results of our class legislation :—

“The effects of class rule are such as they must always be, even when the ruling class is least desirous of ruling tyrannically, even when the feelings of its individual members are most benevolent towards the individual members of the classes over whom they rule. They are a pauperism unparalleled in the world, square miles of misery and barbarism in the immediate neighbourhood of streets of palaces; education paralyzed by sectarian interests which are bound up with those of the dominant class; religion in the same case, and its organizing and conservative influence on society to a great extent suspended in consequence; heavy taxation imposed for the maintenance of establishments which are kept up, not so much to protect the nation against foreign enemies as to protect the dominant class against the nation; a foreign policy with nothing in it of national spirit, or sometimes, as in the case of our relations with America, positively running counter to the national interest; Ireland in a state of hopeless disaffection; the nation divided against itself, and the loyalty of Englishmen to their country growing cold; America becoming almost more the country of large masses of Englishmen than England herself; social perils accumulating, while no serious effort is made to avert them.”

Is it because Toryism, whether in its more pronounced form, or in the milder character of Adullamite Whiggism is the champion of this class legislation that we offer it an uncompromising opposition. It may sometimes use very dulcet tones, it may show administrative vigour, and may introduce some practical reforms, but it seeks the interest of a class, not the good of the whole commonwealth. What true Liberals desire and should seek, is not the triumph of any class, but the rule of the nation for the good of the people as a whole, and not merely of any of its sections.

"THANK YOU:"

A WORD FROM THOSE WHO *READ* TO THOSE WHO *WRITE*.

THERE are but few people who have not often felt distinctly thankful to some particular writer, known or unknown, for some special benefit received from him. So strong and personal has been this feeling that not unfrequently, as we laid down the written words, the "Thank you" has "passed the breastwork of our teeth." The words as a form of thanksgiving are simple enough—so simple that they might serve as a model in a child's spelling-book for "A child's first grace after meat,"—but they are none the less truly an honest expression of much grateful feeling entertained by those of us who read towards those who write.

But for what are we thankful, for it is well to be definite in our thanksgiving, as in everything else.

Of course it is not for the invention of printing, nor for having been taught to read, nor exactly for books in general that we are just now saying "Thank you." We do not belong to the genus student or bookworm, to whom a lengthy lexicon is as a boon-companion, and a dusty folio sweet as honey from *Hymettus*. We belong to the ordinary men and women of this everyday world—men who at the end of the day find that heart and brain are the worse for the toil and dirt of the counting-house, manufactory, and ledger—and women who feel by evening-time that the minute and unceasing cares of a house and family have not failed to weary their nerves and strain and fret the temper. It is for small benefits that we often say this "Thank you," and wish to say it now.

It is for the quiet half-hour of light, pleasant reading that turns the thoughts away for the time from minor worries, and allows nerves and muscles of both mind and body to relax from their tension. It is for the hearty laugh provoked by the clever repartee, that of itself does much towards sweeping away mental and moral cobwebs and unclogging the fettered brain. It is for the refreshment and stimulus that genuine amusement, when sparingly indulged in, ever assuredly brings. It is for the pithy saying, the pleasant analogy that lays hold upon the memory—it is for the graphic picture, the vivid representation that delights the fancy and makes it realize the scene.

It is for the suggestive thought that awakens answering

thought, that stirs the sluggish soul within us, that rouses the numbing brain, that makes us feel that neither are we altogether dead—that possibilities of fresh life are yet left to us; and it is for the pleasure of such awakening—the joy of feeling the returning life when we thought it was extinct—that we so earnestly say "Thank you," to the unknown renovator. It is for the sharp spur, the quick start and throb of pain that are felt as we read the word that suits our case, rebuke though it may be; it is for the generous impulse, for the freshened courage, for "the rger hope" that springs up at the record of brave word and noble deed.

It is for the practical suggestion—the stray hints as to wise self-doing—that we gather up, and from which we learn how better to adjust the settings of the burden that we cannot entirely remove; and how best to apply healing to the part where pressure is the heaviest; it is for the recorded example—the life-picture that teaches us how kindly word and fitting deed brighten and relieve the gloomy mass of moral shadow round us—as broken bits of light in artist-hands chequer the otherwise too sombre background. Yes—it is "for these we raise the song of thanks and praise." Slight benefits though they be, let no one think slightly of them, nor deem them beneath an author's recognition.

The half-hour is but a small portion of time, it is true; the pleasurable sensation and the quickened impulse are but insignificant items considered by themselves; but multiply the half-hours by the number of readers, add up the total of given pleasures, calculate the number and the effects of the loosened impulses; and then, say if you can, that the result is naught—that the authors' labour is in vain.

And many of these benefits reach us through the macadamised road of our serial literature. It is most certainly the year of grace for periodicals. The wide-spread, the large demand for this sort of reading is "a sign of the times," and a source of great regret and foreboding to many people. Of course there are evils to be deprecated, especially if this is the only kind of reading pursued; but just now we prefer to remember some of the "good" things for which we are indebted to them, rather than to raise a protest against their dangers.

Now first and foremost stands this benefit: That they present to us in compact form the results of the much study of many minds.

It is of no use to say that we will not trouble ourselves with things belonging to science, or politics, or theological discussion, but they do not concern us in the least. They do; and that most intimately. The commonest lives, the most ordinary minds

are, perforce, in this age of the world, brought into contact with and crossed and re-crossed by subjects and things apparently the most alien and remote.

Science and art surround us at every step, and we would not, if we could, live without their helpful, cheering influences in our daily work. Politics may be our abhorrence; but if we wish to do any real good with our works of benevolence, we find that we must to some extent understand and act upon the principles of the political economist. We may refuse to listen to the disputes of the theologians; but we cannot hinder them from entering our homes, suspending the easy, sing-song chat of our firesides, and breaking up the unity of our family circles; and more than this. As of old, so now,—“The Sphinx leaves the mountains and besets the highways, propounds her riddles, and rends and tears the traveller who cannot solve them.” Difficulties and doubts assail the practical man of to-day quite as much as the retired speculative student. Science and philosophy not only enter into the life that now is, but lay hands (sacrilegious hands many tell us) upon our faith in the life that is to come, and thus compel us to look them boldly in the face if we would know why and what we believe.

Now, to read many books on many subjects would be, to the majority of us, simply impossible; we are therefore greatly indebted to men who, having assimilated a large mass of knowledge upon a subject, can combine, and compress, and fashion it into form and dimensions pleasant and portable—who can also gather up passing events, and condense floating opinions, and present us with the results in that most agreeable of all compendiums, “A Good Article.”

The article takes but a short time to read; but it is well to remember how very much of time, talent, knowledge, and honesty are required for its production.

Of course no one, whose sense is not wholly lost in his vanity, would for a moment confound this mere information as to what other men think and know, with the knowledge that results from personal study of a subject. There are but few, comparatively speaking, who can get this latter kind of knowledge. The knowledge of ordinary people on almost every topic that lies out of their daily experience will, on scrutiny, be found to be simply this, viz.—that they have heard or read that such and such things are considered to be facts; and that this and that opinion are held by different people in reference to the said facts.

This sounds humiliating, but it will be found to be true; and we may be thankful for even this amount. It is far better than having none at all; for it is not the “little learning that is the

dangerous thing," but the much vanity that knows not how to learn even the little. A little learning well learnt helps to more, as many of us daily find; therefore, thanks to those who bring it to our very doors. There is plenty of room for us to exercise our own reasoning powers, even in receiving the information provided for us by others, if we only but care to do so.

In addition to acting as a condenser of information, the serial confers other boons upon us, one of which results from the simple fact that it is a serial, *i. e.*, that it professes to furnish something new, and therefore unknown, at certain known periods. Thus, by the mixture of certainty and uncertainty, it produces a little pleasant excitement of wonder and expectancy which runs no danger from long continuance.

To mention this as a boon may provoke a smile from those whose lives may be full of sources of interest, amusement, and excitement; but to those among us whose lives, whether from illness, or want of means, or unfavourable circumstances have not these many inlets of pleasure, the little bit of agreeable wonder as to what the next periodical will contain is by no means a thing to be despised. The invalid and the working man—especially in the country—are the better for having the monotony of work *versus* weariness, and pain *versus* exhaustion broken in upon by the eagerly-expected advent of the new magazine or the review!

Another useful thing that the serial does for us, is to supply topics for casual conversation after the weather topic is dried up. Who has not been thankful, when paying a call, to see some well-known friend, such as "All the Year Round," for instance, lying on the table. It is surely a good thing to substitute the discussion of a tale in the magazine for the scandal story. It is better to discuss "Our Mutual Friend" who lives in print than the one who lives next door; better for our tempers—better for our morals altogether.

The periodical leads us to its editor—that invisible but ubiquitous person,—ever felt, seldom seen, that like the root to the tree, sustains and feeds the whole. Surely, if "Thanks" for service rendered were ever due, they are to him. Think of the variety of mental qualifications required by the occupant of such a post. Not only must he possess great stores of varied knowledge ever at hand, but he must be always acquiring fresh: his mind needs to be constantly furnished with well-prepared plates on which passing events and fleeting opinions can photograph themselves, and from which he can at will reproduce the positive picture for his readers to study at their leisure. Think of the drudgery he must go through—of the MSS. hard to decipher—of the mass of notes and letters—tire-

some to read, laborious to answer—through which he must be ever toiling! His work is never done, for the rolling months do but roll the stone down to him again. There he must sit, day after day, in his den, according to the manner of giants, "grinding men's bones to make him bread!" The little point of difference between him and the worthies of old is this, that he grinds his *own* bones in making the said bread far more than he does those of encaged victims: but this is simply a "speciality" of the present race of giants, and is doubtless owing to the indiscriminating philanthropic tendencies of the nineteenth century. The "Sorrows of Editors" would certainly be a representative book of the age, if only the age had a Goethe to write it!

To all writers of good fiction, we beg to present our heartiest thanks—not so much for the well-laid plot, or the clever description of manners and ways—great as may be our enjoyment of these—but for the many friends and acquaintances which we make through their instrumentality. As a general rule, the people that we meet with in the circles of orthodox history seldom amuse us, and never become intimate friends. We see them in their out-of-doors dress, and rarely know what they look like by the fireside; for history does not deal with small particulars, and the historian proper is not allowed to invent or even to dramatize. In biography the same want of intimacy is felt, only more keenly still; for the men and women there and then introduced to us are so often dressed out in their "Sunday best," that we feel constrained and on our good behaviour with them, which is embarrassing, more especially if our *own* Sunday coat happens not to be in good repair. But in good fiction, it is so different: there we meet with people in their every-day working clothes, and we recognize them as of our *own* kin—feel at home with them at once—talk, laugh, weep with them—call them to our side in our lonely and in our social hours, and often feel towards them as towards intimate personal friends.

Who does not feel pleased to rank among his personal friends—that grand old Peggotty, with his loving heart to pity, and his strong will to save—or shrewd, faithful Tiff, with his two aprons, one before, one behind—or Mistress Sarah Mortimer, whom to know is to love and honour? Who does not enjoy half-an-hour's chat with Mrs. Poyser, in her immaculately clean kitchen, about the stupidity of men, Poyser himself not excepted; or who is not the better for an hour spent with that prince of book-stall keepers, Sandy McKaye, in that little room of his behind the shop, full of smoke and dreariness, and whiskey and dust—*talking about the "rights" of things, Scotch Calvinism included?*

And as to our more general acquaintances, what could we do without them?—such as sweet, foolish Dolly Varden—loving little Ruth Pinch—jolly Mark Tapley, and Dandy Dimont with Pepper and Mustard ever at his heels, and Rab and all his friends—living and dead—and Jeannie Deans, and a host of others who seem a part of our own life-story, never to be separated from it. It is by this realization of individual characters—this presentation of concrete bits of humanity that stand out of the pages in which they are found, and away from the company to which they belong—that the writer of good fiction proves his true Promethean descent, and by means of which he and the works of his creative hand live in our grateful memories long after plot and story and description are alike uncared for and forgotten.

And what of thanks can we say to the poet?—to him who, among innumerable other benefits, does oft-times for us this one great service: that he saves us from the dreariness and the danger of self-isolation?

There is a time in each of our lives when our individuality begins imperiously to assert itself, and our self-consciousness threatens to overbalance us: a time when we are a wonder and a mystery to ourselves, and feel quite certain that we can never be understood by others. Then the poet comes to us; comprehends, soothes, sympathizes with us; interprets us more clearly to ourselves, introduces us more fully to our own inner world, and reveals to our wondering gaze the dim, shapeless ghosts of thoughts that were haunting us—formed, coloured, clothed, life-born, speaking—saying to us: "This is what you poor gropers were feeling after but could not touch, were looking after but could not see, were stammering at but could not utter." The clay might have been in your hands, but the potter's skill was not yours; a master-hand has touched it, and lo! this is the result: here we stand, summoned by other powers than yours, but recognized by you as friends, and greeted with a friend's greeting, while you feel thankful, as well you may, to the human artist.

And then when the poet has thus strengthened our own individuality and deepened our self-consciousness, he shows to us that we are not, after all, so singular or so lonely as we thought we were; that our experience is but as that of the rest of our race; that thus and thus others have felt, and thought, and suffered, only more strongly, more deeply, more worthily than perhaps we may ever do; and thus for the loneliness and vanities of self-contemplation, self-pity, and self-isolation, he substitutes the nobler, higher consciousness that we are but a part of a

great whole—a member of a large family, a sharer in a glorious communion of feeling and thought, of suffering and of action.

For benefits such as these, who would not feel grateful and gladly own the gratitude they feel?

To those who deal with gravest themes, and seek to supply our deepest wants—whose written words are as guide-posts and mile-stones on the way to heaven—we offer not in these pages our “Thanks.” We trust we all have for such a page in the illuminated missal which God keeps—a book in which sighs and tears, and groans and broken words of prayer and praise shine with a brilliancy not their own.

Our pleasant task must now be over: we can only end as we began, by saying—O! writers, helpers, friends, take from grateful hearts the only guerdon they can offer—take our simple “THANK YOU.”

HOW MR. FRYE WOULD HAVE PREACHED IT

MR. FRYE and his little wife live at our house. They took room for themselves and their little girls, with full board, last December. This is how it happened that one Sunday, after dinner, in quite an assembly of the full boarders and of the breakfast boarders, also—all of whom dine with us on Sunday—Mr. Frye told how he would have preached it.

What made this more remarkable was, that the Fries are not apt to talk about themselves, or of their past life. I think they have always been favourites at the table; and Mrs. Frye has been rather a favourite among the “lady boarders.” But none of us knew much where they had been, excepting that, like other men, he had been in the army. He brought out his uniform coat for some of the charades the night of the birthday party. But till Sunday I did not know, for one, anything about the things he told us, and I don’t think anyone else did.

Everyone had been to church that Sunday in the morning. Mrs. Whitemore gives us breakfast on Sunday only half an hour late, and almost all of us go to church. So at dinner, naturally enough, we talked over the sermons and service. More of us than usual had been to the new church below Clint

Street. We had not found Dr. Warren there, however, but a strange minister. Some said it was Mr. Broadgood, one of the English delegates. But I knew it was not he. For he said, "If you give an inch, they take an ell," and this is a sentence the English delegates cannot speak. The sexton thought it was Mr. Hapgood, from South Norridgewock. I asked Mr. Eels, one of the standing committee, and he did not know. No matter who it was. He had preached what I thought was rather above the average sermon, on "The way of transgressors is hard."

Well, we got talking about the sermon. My wife liked it better than I did. George Fifield liked it particularly, and quoted, or tried to quote, the close to the Webbers; only, as he said, he could not remember the precise language, and it depended a good deal on the manner of the delivery. Mrs. Watson confessed to being sleepy. Harry said he had sat under the gallery, and had not heard much, which is a less gallant way of making Mrs. Watson's confession. The Fries were both at church. They were the only ones who said nothing about the sermon. Mrs. Frye never does say much at table. But at last the matter became quite the topic of after-dinner discussion, and I said to Frye that we had not had his opinion.

"Oh," said he, "it was well enough. But if I had had that text, I should not have preached it so."

"How would you have preached it?" said Harry, laughing.

Frye's face evidently flushed a little, but he only said—"Well, not so: I should not have preached it that way."

I did not know why the talk should make him uncomfortable, but I saw it did, and I tried to change the subject. But Harry has no tact; and after a little more banter, in which the rest of them at that end of the table joined, he said—

"Now, Mr. Frye, tell us how you would have preached it."

Mr. Frye turned pale this time. He just glanced at his wife and then I saw she was pale too. But whatever else Frye is, he is a brave man, and he has very little back-down about him. So he took up the glove, and said, if we had a mind to sit there half an hour, he would tell how he would have preached it. Harry was delighted and screamed, "A sermon from Mr. Frye!—a sermon from Mr. Frye!—reported expressly for this journal. No other paper has the news." Poor Mrs. Frye said she must go up and see to her baby, and she slipped away. A gentleman whom I have not named said, in rebuke of us all, that we might be better employed, and he left also. He is preparing for a Sunday paper a series of sketches of popular preachers, and it is my opinion that he spent that afternoon in writing his account of the Rev. Dr. Smith. I do not know, but I used to think he was a correspondent of the "New York Observer," for

I noticed once that he spoke of Jacqueline Pascal as if Jacqueline were a man's name, and as if she wrote the *Pensées*. When they were gone, Mr. Frye told us

HOW HE SHOULD HAVE PREACHED IT.

"I should have said," said Mr. Frye, "that when Jenny and I were married, fourteen years ago, at Milfold, there was not so good a blacksmith as I in that part of Worcester County. To be a good blacksmith in a country town requires not only strength of arm, and a reasonably correct eye, but a good deal of nerve. And when I first worked at the trade, and afterwards here, once when I worked at Hawley Road for good Deacon Carter, I got the reputation of being afraid of nothing. And I think I deserved it, as far as any man does. Certainly I was not easily frightened. So it happened that I was at work at the highest journeyman's wages, and with lots of perquisites for shoeing the ugly horses. For a circle of fifteen miles round, there was not a kicking horse of the Cruiser family who in the end, was not brought to our shop for Herbert Frye to shoe. I have shod horses from Worcester, who came down with all four of their shoes off because nobody dared touch them. Now in the trade all such work is well paid for. As I say, I had the highest journeyman's wages. And in any such hard case, I was paid extra: and as likely as not, if they had had trouble, I got a present beside. And if I had chosen to lay up money, I could have made myself—what I never did make myself—a forehanded man.

"Well, I fell in with Jenny there. And while we were engaged she took care of me, and made me stick to work, and kept me near her. I did not want any other excitement, and I did not want any other companion. She would not go where I could drink, and I would not go where she did not go. And for the six months of our engagement, I was amazed to find how rich I was growing. When we were married, I was able to furnish the house prettily—as nicely as any man in Milfold—though it was only on a baby-house scale, of course. But as Tom Hood's story says, we had six hair-cloth chairs, a dozen silver spoons, carpet on every room in the house, and everything to make us comfortable.

"We were married, and we lived as happily as could be: a great deal more happily than I deserved, and almost as happily as my wife deserves, even. But, I tell you, there is nothing truer than the saying, 'Easy earned, easy spent;' and I believe that perquisites and fees, unexpected and uncertain remunerations, are apt to be rather bad for a man. At least they make a

ort of excuse for a man. I spent pretty freely, and then I would get short; and then I would find myself hoping some half-broken, kicking beast would be brought in, which nobody could manage but me. And if one came, and I managed him and shod him, instead of feeling proud of the victory, as I fairly might, I would feel cross if the owner did not hand me a dollar-ill extra as he went away. Then I knew this was mean, and then I would be mad with myself; and then as I went home I would stop at the public-house and get something to drink; and then when I got home I would scold Jenny, and after the baby came I would swear at the baby if she cried: and then Jenny would cry, and then I would swear again; and I would go out again, and would not know when I came home at night, and would be down at the shop late the next morning, and what was worse, had not the nerve and grit which had given me the reputation I had there. Dutch courage for practical purposes ranks with Dutch gold leaf or German silver.

"Well," said Frye, rather pale again, but trying to laugh a little; "perhaps, my beloved hearers, you don't know what this sort of thing is. If you don't, lucky for you. All this time my employers were getting cross. At last they trusted for my wages, and said they would discharge me if it ever happened again. Then one day, Tourtellot's black mare trotted away from me, knocked me down, and played the old Harry generally in the shop; and the other hands said it was because they did not know what I was doing, which, by the way, was a lie. It was because my hand was not steady, nor my eye. What is the use we used to speak at school, about failing brand and feeble mind? It was not that night, but it was some other night, when I was blue as Peter and cross as a hand-saw, that I stopped to take something on my way home. I remember now that Harry Patrick, who was always my true friend, tried to get me by the public's. He did get me by the hotel, for a strong man can do almost anything with a broken one; but after I had promised him I would go home, he was fool enough to leave me, and then I stopped somewhere else,—no matter where,—and when I got home, it might as well have been anybody else. I don't remember a thing. If the Prince Camaralzaman had gone there, I should now know as little what he did from my own memory. But what I did,—or rather what this hand, and arm, and leg, and the rest of the machine did,—was, to kick the baby's cradle over into the corner; to knock poor Jane down with a chair, on top of it; to put the chair through one window, and throw it out of the other; then to scream, 'Murder! fire! murder! fire!' and then to tumble on the 'hair-cloth sofa,' which was to make us so comfortable, and go into a drunken sleep.

"This was what I learned I did, the next morning, when found myself in a justice's court; and for this the judge set me up to the House of Correction for three months. It was 'first offence,' or it would have been longer. As for poor Jen and the baby, neither of them could come and see me."

By this time, Frye was done with pretending to smile. I stooped a minute, drank a little water from his tumbler, and said: "Now you would think that would cure a man. Or you would think, as the law does, that three months in the House of Correction would 'correct' him. That is because you do not know. At the last day of the three months I thought so. There is not a man here who dreads liquor as I did that day. Harry Patrick, who, as I said, was my best friend, came to meet me when I went out. Richardson, the sheriff, as kind a man as lives, took pains to come down and see me, and said something encouraging to me. Harry had a buggy, that I need not be seen in the cars. And as we went home, I talked as well to him as any man ever talked. Jenny kissed me, and soothed me, and comforted me. The baby was afraid of me, but came to me before night;—and so, before a month was over, we had just such another scene again, and went through much the same after scene, but that this time I went to Worcester for six months. For now it was not a first offence, you see.

"Well, not to disgust you—more than I can help,"—and the poor fellow choked for the only time in the sermon—"not to disgust you more than I can help,—this happened three times. I believe things always do in stories. This did in fact. The 'third time' you go for twelve months. And one Sunday Harry had been over to see me, and had brought me a dear kind letter from poor Jenny, who was starving, with two children now, in an attic, on what washing she could get, and vest-making, and such humbugs,—one Sunday, I say, we were marched out to chapel,—they have a very good chapel in Worcester,—and a man preached; and he preached from this very text you talk about 'The way of transgressors is hard.'

"What the man said, I know no more than you do. I do not think I did then. Indeed, I do not think I cared much what he began. But it is a great luxury to hear the human voice when you have been at work on shoes for a week in a prison of our Massachusetts system, which they call the 'silent system' where you have heard no word except the overseer's directions. So I sat there, well pleased enough—even glad to hear a sort of 'yang, yang,' they had for music—and very glad to have some good souls who had come to sing. I remember they sang "Dives," which my father used to sing. So I got into a mood of reverie as this preacher went on, and was thinking of Harry and

Deacon Carter, and father and Jenny, and what we would call the baby, when to my surprise the minister was finished. And he ended with the text, as some men do, you know. And he said, 'The way of transgressors is hard.' And I caught Wesson's eye—he was my turnkey—and Wesson half laughed; and in violation of all order, I said across the passage to Wesson, 'Very hard, Wesson!'

"Wesson nodded and looked sad. If he had informed on me; I do not know where, I should be now. But he looked sorry, and I have not touched liquor again.

"I was discharged the next Wednesday. Harry came for me again, as he always did. I told him I did not want to go to Milfold. He brought me and Jenny and the babies down here to Boston. We took two rooms on the third story in Genessee Street, and we began life again.

"People always have an excuse. Perhaps if we had not used the cars more or less, I should not have had this head in my discourse; I know it all began with these Metropolitan tickets. I would not work at shoeing any more. I got a place as a machinist. I had no difficulty ever with tools and iron. Pay was good enough. Work was steady, though rules were much stricter than at Milfold. But I had not got away—I have not till this hour—from that passion for extras. I was tearing a strip of Neck car-tickets in two, one day, to give Jenny half, when it occurred to me that there was a great moth of money. I think the fun of the thing at first, and then curiosity about it, set me on the business. And before I had got my little hand-press started, and had succeeded in my electrotypes to my mind, and had spoiled a dozen blocks of wood in cutting my pattern, I had spent as much money five times over as all the car-tickets I ever printed would have cost me."

"You printed car-tickets?" said Mrs. Webber. "I don't understand."

"O," said poor Mr. Frye, blushing. "I forgot that all people do not look on things as a machinist does, to see how they were made. Yes, Mrs. Webber, for two or three years, I printed all the Metropolitan tickets my wife and I used in riding. And eventually we rode a good deal. I satisfied such conscience as I had, by never selling any. And, as I said, I never told my wife. I tried to persuade myself it would be an economy after the plant was paid for. But it never was an economy. What was the worst part of it was, that I had the plant. I had this little handy printing-press. That is rather a tempting thing to have in the house. And that little Grove's battery, that I gilded your silver thimble with, Mrs. Stearns, is more of a temptation. Both together, I can tell you all, they start a man on more enterprizes than are good for him.

"I never sold any car-tickets or stage-tickets. I just made enough for my own use and Jenny's. I did give away a lot of concert-tickets one week at the shop; and I told the men that I had them for printing them. It was the off part of the season, and the Music-hall was not half full, as it stood.

"At last I did something else. From one thing to another, by even steps.

"The first break-down was all along of the war. Look at that quarter-dollar."

And Mr. Frye handed us a well-worn American quarter.

"I carry that for a warning to transgressors. But I never told its story before. Now see here."

And he lighted the gas at his side, balanced the quarter on his knife-blade, held it over the jet a minute, and the two silver sides fell on the table, while a little puddle of melted solder burned the "Living Age," which he held in his hand beneath.

"There," said he, "did you ever see a worse quarter than that? Yet five minutes ago you would all have said it was worth thirty-seven cents in currency. Now, do you think, I had deposited with that battery, night after night, at last, eleven hundred and fifty-two silver eagles like that, and eleven hundred and fifty-two reverses like that,—twenty-four to a frame; and I set the frames forty-eight times. I had just adjusted my lathe for polishing the backs,—if this thing was not so hot, I could show you,—when the banks suspended in 1861. And before I could get the backing in, and the soldering done, and the milling, and the tarnish well on,—you have to tarnish them, Mrs. Whittemore, in a mixture of lapis-lazuli and aqua-regia,—why, silver coin was at a premium of ten per cent. Not a quarter was offered by anybody in the shops; and if anybody got one, it was sent somewhere where it was weighed within twenty-four hours. So all that speculation of mine flatted out. I kept two or three as a warning, like this one. But for the rest,—I had to melt down my silver to pay my little bills for turning-lathes and acids and lapis-lazuli."

And this time he laughed rather more good-naturedly.

"I laugh," said he, "because this is the beginning of the end. We were living in Tyler Street when this happened; and I had just enough persistency in me to say that if I could not have one quarter, I would another. But currency is a great deal harder. No! Mrs. Webber, you can't print bank-bills on a hand-press like that I have up stairs. It is not very easy to print them at all. But I was just so mad at my failure about the silver, that I went into my largest enterprize of all. I moved *away my lathe* to the shop; I fitted up the closet in the attic for

hemicals; I bought that pretty Voigtlander camera I showed you the other day, Mr. Barnes; I sent out to Paris for the first edition of Barreswil's book on photography; and that was the beginning of my skill in portraits began. I had to give up my work in the machine-shop. You can mill silver quarters at night; but you need sunshine to photograph currency. And I had to open a photographic establishment, to satisfy the printer and baker, and Jenny's friends, and the mild police of the neighbourhood generally, that I had something to do, and was entitled to have black fingers. I bought a show-case full of portraits of a man in Manchester, New Hampshire—and horrid as they were. I hung that out at the door. Sometimes, to give courage and dismay, a sitter would come. I took care to be as good as a bear, to charge high, and to send them off with faded pictures. They never came a second time. But I had to have some come, because of the mild police as I said; and I took Jenny's friends for nothing. A photograph man has a many dead-heads, as well as one or two lay-figures. All this was a back. Then the government kept changing the pattern of the quarters. Worst of all, I had to let Jenny know this time, that it changed my life so entirely. I promised her that, as long as I was well out of debt, and the things all paid for, I would make it all up. But we were pretty badly in debt, and I should have to get more than two thousand dollars to make things all right. And I had my pride up, and went on, till I did have, when it is a poor thing to boast of, as handsome a set of sheets as the first second issue, and of their reverses (they were printed for forty years on thin paper, to be pasted together), as Mr. Chase himself ever looked upon. But that was the end.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth." I had these sheets, three thousand sheets, twelve bills on a sheet, and verses too. I had just got up the gold sizing for the blotch on the face when the door bell rang. It was eight in the evening. Now we often had evening visitors; but it was a quarrel between Jenny and me, that, when they were all safe, I should just touch a private bell that came up into the room to my work-room. I heard the door-bell, but after the first thing on my own.

Who in thunder was it? I slipped down one flight, and I saw and hear nothing. I bolted the double doors. I put my precious negatives into my coal-stove, and opened the draft. I took those precious sheets and laid them in the full bath-tubs that stood ready. That saint, Jenny, still the officers down stairs. They must be searching the cellar. I could only get three minutes more! The glass of the negative ran out in a puddle in the ash-heap. So far so good.

The different piles of paper softened ; and, pile by pile, I rolled them, and rammed them into the open waste-pipe which for months had been prepared to take them in such an exigency to the sewer. I have not,—no, Mrs. Webber,—not one of those bills to show you. In seven minutes from that happy door-bell ring, the last shred of them was floating, in the condition of double refined *papier maché*, under ground, in Tyler Street, to the sea ; and I walked downstairs to see where Jenny was, and the officers.

“Officers ! there were no officers. Only her nice old uncle and his wife had missed the train to Melrose, and had come to take tent with us.

“Jenny saw that I was nervous. But what could I say ? O dear ! we talked about early squashes, and Old Colony corn, and the best flavor for farina blanc-mange ; and then he and I talked politics, Governor Andrew, and the fall of Fort Henry, and what would happen to General Floyd. Till at last, after ten eternities, bed occurred to them as among the possibilities, and the dear old souls bade good night. His wife made him go. He had just got round to Jeff Davis ; and his last words to me were, “The way of transgressors is hard.”

“‘Hard, indeed,’ said I, as I turned round to Jenny. I was too wild with rage to scold. She did not know what was the matter. I spoke as gently as if I were asking her to marry me. And she—all amazement—declared she had struck my bell !

“She had tried to. But as we tried it again, it was clear something had happened. It had been a piece of my own bell-hanging, and a kink in the wire had given way. Jenny had sent her signal, but the signal had not come. And I had sent my currency down to the sea for the sculpins to buy bait from the flounders with !

“‘Jenny,’ said I, as I took down the candle from the ceiling, ‘you and I will go to bed.’ “The way of the transgressor is hard,’ beyond a peradventure.’

“And as I looked at Jenny, I saw she was still too much frightened to begin to be glad. For me, I was not mad any longer. Do none of you fellows know what it is to feel that a game is played through, wholly through, and that you are glad it is done with ? Well, I can tell you what you do not know,—that if that game has required one constant lie,—or, what is the same thing, a steady concealment of real purpose,—and if it has forced you to lead in some little saint like my poor wife into the lie,—the relief of feeling that it is through is infinite.

“‘Jenny, darling,’ said I, ‘don’t be afraid to be glad,—don’t be afraid of me. I was never so much pleased with anything in my life.’

"And she looked up—so happily! 'Herbert,' said she, 'the way of the transgressor is hard;' and we went to bed.

"That is the end, brethren and sisters, of the second head of this discourse."

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

While the Londoners have been "demonstrating," and Parliament discussing Reform, picturesque old Chester, with its unique "rows," mediæval walls, and ruddy, weather-worn cathedral has been scared by the appearance of a Fenian host in its streets, and the pleasant hills of Killarney have also resounded with the alarm of a Fenian war. Citizens have been hurried from their beds to be made special constables, the volunteers have assembled, the yeomanry have galloped, the Guards themselves have been despatched by express train at dead of night. The dockyards have been moved, the gun-boats have steamed out, troops marched hither and thither, and the Secretary for Ireland has put on his boots. Meanwhile the Fenian host melts away, it goes as it comes, it is melted on the mountains, it cannot be found. Of course the people among whom the Fenians actually made their appearance were terribly frightened, but the nation at large have read the telegrams "from the seat of war" with incredulous amazement. At first they refused to believe in such folly, and insisted that the Liverpool police and the men of Chester must have been made the subjects of some big hoax by a large party of excursionists, but there can be no doubt that an attack on the arsenal was seriously intended. So, too, at Killarney, a genuine "rising" had been arranged, but there was the inevitable traitor, who dispatched an ill-written missive by a little barefooted girl, who received it from "an old man she didn't know," disclosing all the plot to the police, and enabling them to capture the Irish-American "general," with all his instructions in his pocket, just as he was starting to head the "rebellion." This is the unvarying story of all these Irish outbreaks. These conspirators never have a chance of success, and they always end in the dreariest of failures, but the peasantry are always ready to embark in them, and they never count consequences. They have one uniform result; they drive capitalists from the country, prevent improvements, and render the condition of the people themselves more hopeless and deplorable. The *Habeas Corpus* Act has now once more been suspended, and Orangemen are calling out for the condign punishment of all Fenians who may be caught. But if there are any statesmen left among

us they must surely be stung by this latest Irish rebellion, into an earnest attempt to eradicate the causes of Irish discontent, nor rest satisfied with the repression of its periodical outbursts. The Roman Catholic Bishops, knowing well that Fenianism never had a chance, denounce it with oaths and curses, which betoken them worthy successors of Ernulphus. If it results in a diminution of their influence with the people even Fenianism will not have been an unmixed evil.

Italy is preparing for the complete separation of the Church and State. Baron Ricasoli's plan has been rejected; probably before so great a change is effected many plans will be proposed and be rejected, but it is certain to be accomplished at last, for the nation urgently needs the money which the Church has accreted and misused. The example of Italy will have great influence here, and we shall learn many useful lessons about the disposal of Church property from the debates and behaviour of the Italians. But is it not a shame to us that on such a subject we should need to take lessons from the head-quarters of the Papacy? Tory statesmen now announce that the Colonial Church is and must for ever be free. Not merely dis-established as far as the receipt of money payments from the public treasury is concerned, but free from all legislative patronage and control—free even from "the royal supremacy" which in the eyes of Church of England men is of so great value. The Episcopalians in the Colonies must henceforth appoint their own bishops, for no government at home will again counsel Her Majesty to issue mandates and grant patents which the Courts of Law have declared to be "shams," not worth the paper they are written on. These things make it increasingly difficult to uphold the State-Church idea in the mother country, where the confusion inside the Establishment increases. The Evangelical party, vainly trying to make head against the Ritualists, has discovered its own weakness by splitting up into factions. They cannot agree as to methods of defence nor upon a leader. The more worldly-wise amongst them are sensible that Lord Shaftesbury is utterly disqualified for the captaincy, but a large number will march at no word of command but his. The Bishops, compelled to do somewhat to seem to satisfy public opinion, have resolved that no Clergyman must put on fine clothes, or smoke his church, or light candles, without their leave. So they said a year ago, but the Ritualists take no heed, and the Bishops are afraid to go to law. What their resolution is worth may be judged from the account of it given by the Bishop of St. David's. "It was sketched," he says, "while a conversation was going on on other subjects, and at once formally voted."

Mr. Disraeli has at last condescended to explain what the Government meant by their Reform resolutions. It is impossible that the Liberal party can accept either the fancy franchises, or the £20 rating county franchise, or the £6 rating borough franchise, which make up the Tory scheme, and if the Government does not split to pieces of its own accord it must be removed to make way for men who will pass a real Reform Bill.

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Passion Week. By the Rev. WILLIAM HANNA, D.D., LL.D.
Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

WE cannot pay Dr. Hanna's new volume a higher tribute than to say that it is fully worthy to take its place by the side of its predecessors from the same pen. The author has shown a remarkable power in dealing with the incidents of our Lord's story, and we heartily welcome another addition to his series of volumes on a subject which, to the Christian heart, must ever be full of freshness and interest. Dr. Hanna's thorough scholarship, and his personal acquaintance with the Holy Land, have undoubtedly given him special advantages, but his success in the treatment of his theme is due even more to spiritual than to intellectual qualifications. The quickness of perception, the penetrating insight by which he reads a character, or brings out the hidden meaning of an utterance of our Lord's; his extreme delicacy of touch—the soft subdued beauty which plays around his pictures, and makes them so attractive to the thoughtful student, are the result of the intense sympathy of his heart with his subject. There are glories and beauties in our Lord's works and words which can only be spiritually discerned; and it is the enjoyment of this gift in an eminent degree which makes Mr. Hanna's books not only as so rich in suggestive thought, but so purifying in their influence.

Living unto God: or Chapters in aid of the Christian Life. London: Elliot Stock.

THIS is a series of chapters in aid of the Christian life. It is a gathering from the works of several modern preachers, designed to exhibit the nature and blessedness of "living unto the Lord." The editor, repudiating the idea that the religion of the day is either false or feeble, and maintaining that it is in some respects "superior to that of any age since the Lord came," adds "but there are so many temptations to 'live unto ourselves' that we ought to give the more earnest heed to the 'living unto God.'" To promote this is the design of this unpretending but useful little volume, which embraces some choice illustrations of the highest style of our modern religious teaching. The sermons are mostly taken from leading preachers among both sections of the Congregationalists and are well selected.

Old Trinity. By T. MASON JONES. London: Richard Bentley.

MR. JONES is an Irishman, with fervid, patriotic sentiments, strong sympathies with liberty everywhere, and decided—many would say extreme—opinions on most of the leading questions of the day. He writes with great force and vigour, sometimes rising to a very eloquent

strain, and always expressing himself with an earnestness that shows the intensity of his convictions. If he has not given us a good deal it is not from lack of power, but because with him the plot is a subordinate matter, being little more than a thread on which to hang some of his vivid pictures and able dissertations on men and things. He has a fertile imagination; and if he gave himself solely to the elaboration of a story, might undoubtedly achieve success. But that has not been his principal aim. He has sought rather to give some sketches of Irish society, and especially of society in that noble college from which his book takes its name, to exhibit some of the workings of the Irish Church, and to awaken indignation against what is wrong; to give an illustration of the flagrant wrongs continually perpetrated under the existing system of relation between landlord and tenant, to pay a tribute of affectionate respect to some of Ireland's worthies. Mr. Jones is terribly unconventional, both in style and expression. He dares to call things by their right names, while reprobating the bad, to commend characters and institutions seldom ever whispered in ears polite. Thus he actually makes the finest character in his book a Dissenter—a fine old minister of simple learning and noble spirit, whose portrait Mr. Jones has drawn with a hand as gentle and affectionate as it is skilful. There are many things in the book we would wish to see altered. We cannot at once do away the author's strong eulogy on Dean Swift, or admit the true representations as to the relation between him and the two unfortunate women who lavished on him their love. We admit there is much truth in the sketches of Trinity College men, but there is another very different side which ought in fairness to have been represented. We like least of all the pictures, that of "Jack Higgins, the Rite," which may be drawn from life, but which does not give a true idea of a party which numbers many men who, however mistaken, are conscientious and sincere. Whatever be our differences of opinion, however, most gladly do we testify that this is a powerful, vehement and impassioned in its advocacy of the rights of the oppressed—full of striking thought and vigorous writing, and whether though it may not please those who seek only amusement in fiction—will be welcomed by many as containing the honest utterance of a man of generous heart and considerable intellectual power, on questions of great interest and practical importance.

Daily Bible Illustrations. By JOHN KITTO, D.D., F.S.A.
Edition, revised and enlarged by J. L. PORTER, D.D.,
Edinburgh: W. Oliphant & Co.

To the value of Dr. Kitto's well-known and useful work there is no occasion that we should give a new testimony, but we have pleasure in chronicling the appearance of this new and handsome edition. J. L. Porter, the new editor, is thoroughly competent to his task. His notes, embracing "the leading results of modern research," are the most important addition. The work has thus been brought up to the present state of biblical literature, and cannot fail to prove a welcome guest in every Christian family.

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THE IDOLATRY OF MAN.

BY THE REV. N. HAYCROFT, M.A., LEICESTER.

from man whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?"—Isaiah ii. 20.

gress of Christ's kingdom is to be followed, according to the teachings of prophecy, by the overthrow of every vestige of idolatry. None will dispute this as to its grosser forms. Ancient Polytheism has passed away. The gods of Egypt, Greece, and Rome have perished before the advance of Christianity. Few will doubt that the same fate will befall the venerable idolatry of India and China, as well as that of Africa. Though a long period may elapse before the full triumph is sung, Polytheism is everywhere declining. Missionaries are laden with facts which point towards the fulfilment of the prophecy,—“The idols he shall utterly abolish.”

Idolatry is not peculiar to Paganism. It presents in Christianity many refined and subtle forms, which are not less dangerous than the grosser ones, as they are not felt to be degrading. These have received the assent of the cultured, and seem to commend themselves to our common instincts. But, according to the teaching of the Bible, these are equally to cease. All objects of human idolatry are to yield to the supremacy which Christ is to exercise. His disciples.

There is an idolatry of men, as well as of things. Many of our modern gods were deified heroes,—men who achieved illustrious exploits while they lived, and were deemed worthy of

admiration after death. Modern heathenism still exhibits this feature ; every nation has its heroes and demi-gods. Romanism has exalted the saints to the position of subordinate mediators, and has made them, with the vulgar, objects of idolatrous homage. Instinctive veneration for the great and good has been perverted into a miserable superstition. If we have not idols of silver and gold, and repudiate the worship of dead men, phases of idolatry exist among us, against which we need to be cautioned. These are exaggerations of natural sentiment, and are mischievous in their results though their real character is unsuspected.

There is, *first*, the worship of the priest. It is the tendency of superstition to magnify the office of the priesthood, until much of the veneration due to the divinities at whose altar they minister is transferred to them. The priest is revered as the expounder of the Divine will, as the presenter of human offerings to the deity, as possessing a mysterious power over the resources of his God to withhold or communicate them at his pleasure, and as holding the keys of the future world. Supernatural powers are frequently ascribed to him. There is thought to be a special virtue in his blessing or curse. Sanctity is attached to his person and office. Implicit trust is placed in his teaching, and unquestioning obedience is rendered to his commands. Under false religions priests exercise a nearly absolute authority. Their persons are sacred from violence. They are beyond the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals. They wield the most potent influence for good or evil. If they are not adored as gods, the sentiments cherished for them approach so nearly to worship as to be scarcely distinguishable from it.

The powers and prerogatives of the priesthood are nearly as great where Popery prevails. Nor can much less be said of some Protestant communities. When a man is believed to possess a mysterious sacredness of character by virtue of his office ; to receive an extraordinary qualification for the ministry through apostolical descent, and episcopal ordination ; to have the power of giving or withholding absolution, and thus opening or closing to man the "kingdom of heaven ;" to effect by some spiritual magic in baptism, the regeneration of the soul ; to have the power of offering to God in the sacrament the body and blood of Christ, and by prayer to bring these into union, if not identity, with the consecrated elements, he is regarded with an awe which approaches nearly to worship, and he is exalted into a position in which he can, without extravagance claim unusual homage. Priests claim to be "Reverend" from their functions, and their superiors are "Fathers in God." They occupy a position to which no man should be exalted, a position which can be filled only by the Lord.

also, even among Evangelical churches, an exaggerated of the ministers of religion, an undue importance to their office, and an excessive admiration of their instance, when a man's teaching is made the standard by and his name becomes the watchword of a sect, voices of Paul and Peter, and even Christ, are exchanged for oracles of Wesley and Calvin, and only that portion of the oracles is valued which has flowed through one of the narrow human channels. In their admiration of men, they attach themselves to one preacher, to the depreciation of another, "one saith, I am of Paul, another, I am of Apollos;" the unity of the brotherhood, the diversity of gifts which Christ has enriched his servants, and that they are many conduits through which the same divine truth flows, the "earthen vessels" in which divine truth is the instruction of all. God forbid that his ministers cease to deserve the respect and confidence of their flocks. It is an error to regard them with reverence on account of their office, without regard to their character and their labours; nor to allow them to hide from us the person and work of Christ's Master and Lord." They are as signal posts pointing to the city of refuge; let them be valued as such. Under-shepherds caring for the flock, and must not be identified with Christ, the "Great Shepherd of the Sheep." A minister is honoured to the sacrifice of independence, and of priestly functions—where he occupies a position not of a "brother beloved," one "esteemed very highly for his work's sake," those who thus regard him expose themselves to the rebuke, "Cease ye from man, for wherein is he accounted of."

Another form of idolatry is the worship of genius. Intellectual and culture have given it an impulse in our time of preceding age. We need not say how the products of art and genius are valued and how carefully stored in museums, how assiduously the crumbling architecture and sculptures of classic times are collected, how the paintings of the first masters are ever augmented in value, how the money to purchase them is great, or how the most distinguished men in every nation and age are being assigned their relative positions. Even the productions of living men receive honour. Few have to wait till they and their works have passed from the stage, in order to obtain an acknowledgement of their merit. The canonization of men of genius often occurs in their lifetime, with the result that the victorious sometimes bear away the palm. The judgment of posterity will be a corrective of the evil. Time makes marvellous

changes in the Pantheon of genius. Many of the demi-gods of to-day will be forgotten in the next generation, and more in that which will follow. But there will ever be men who overtop their own age, and some who rise above the men of every age. As when travelling amid the Alps we fail to discern the relative elevation of surrounding peaks, but as we recede from them the lower elevations disappear, and the higher become visible, and as we remove farther the loftier summits stand out in their majestic solitude, the monarchs of the mountains, so, as time advances, only the men of extraordinary genius receive attention and command universal interest. They stand out as the great men, not of their own age only, but of all ages. Like the huge fossils which enrich our museums of natural history, they seem specimens of extinct races, whose intellectual proportions were colossal, and in whose production nature seemed to exhaust herself. A few such names as Raphael, Michael Angelo, and others tower over the race, and others pay obeisance to their genius, as the sheaves of his brethren bowed down before the sheaf of Joseph. This worship of the gifted dead is extending. How their works are prized, the slightest fragment of their remains treasured, their cities and homes sought out, and every trace and relic of their former presence valued.

The highest form of genius finds expression in literature. The painter and the sculptor produce immortal works which minister pleasure to the imagination and taste, suggest trains of noble thought, and kindle lofty sentiments; but as their range is limited, so also is their suggestiveness and power of influencing the mind. In the walks of literature the range is indefinite, the themes are numberless, all the avenues to the mind may be seized, and a fresh train of thought and feeling awakened by each sentence, each image, each expression. No comparison exists between the works of a Raphael, or an Angelo, and the productions of a Milton. If the former are poems on canvas or in marble, they are only sonnets or lyrics, or, at best, grand fragments of unwritten epics; the true epic contains a hundred such works. In the highest literature every sentence is quick with life. The poet is a magician who has all the powers of nature at command, and can at his pleasure sway all the faculties and stir all the passions of our nature. The universe is the field of his thought. The infinite and the everlasting may become his themes. Truth from every quarter appears at his bidding. The whole range of the human intellect is open to him. The character and ways of the Almighty Creator—themes the most stupenduous and sublime that engage the seraphim—may elevate and inspire his song. The loftiest and most influential teaching *has taken* the form of poetry. Poets are the mightiest teachers of

an age, wielding a potent influence for weal or woe, elevating or debasing, refining or corrupting their readers, and if men of pre-eminent genius, their works will be reproducing these effects for many generations. The gravest responsibility entailed on man is to be endowed with the genius of a Shakespeare or a Milton; for the writings of such men "live after them," to influence the more gifted minds wherever the English language is known. The commemorations of men of genius are of recent origination. It is not long since the gifted Handel was thus honoured and more recently the yet more gifted Shakespeare, who from the towering height of three centuries commands a larger audience, and more numerous readers than ever. Whatever opinions we hold respecting the tone and tendency of his writings, and the use to which he put his lofty powers, his dramas, by the vigour terseness and strange energy of style, by the ever varying moods of human passion which they portray, by their condensed wisdom, their intense human sympathy and their endless freshness and variety, have exerted and will continue to exert a great influence on the more active and earnest minds. It was natural that men should recal with interest the period when a man of such peerless gifts was born, and honour the memory of one who had enriched our country's literature with some of its choicest treasures.

It is, however, to be feared that this reverence for genius is in this age substituted for the higher worship which alone is worthy of us, reverence for the Great Being who gave to genius its inspiration. We deprecate a regard for genius as genius, irrespective of the moral habits of its possessor, the good or evil of his writings, and the base or lofty aim which guided his powers. It is singular that the only men who have been Shakespeare's equals in genius, Milton and Bunyan, do not awaken the enthusiasm produced by his name. Yet when we consider their lofty principles, their communings with the unseen and eternal, their steadfast pursuit of the "good and fair," the firmness with which they trampled on all that was impure and defiling, their patriotic devotion to truth and religion, their readiness to suffer the last extremity rather than violate a "good conscience," the mighty influence of their writings and lives on the formation of saintly character and the inspiration of heroic deeds, and the everlasting results achieved by them for truth and righteousness, which shall re-appear in heaven, and light up eternity with glory, while the men themselves shine "as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever,"—when we consider all these things, it is evident that either of those men, if judged by the Divine standard, has attained a moral elevation before which the names of a myriad Shakespeares are of no account. If the

worship of genius as genius be susceptible of defence, it follows that, since Satan is the greatest genius out of heaven, his votaries should be numberless, and his worship a religion with us all.

A *third* form of this idolatry is hero-worship. This is a universal instinct. The worship of genius is the error of the intelligent, this of all mankind. Every nation has fallen into it; warriors, kings, and benefactors, if not worshipped during their lives have received divine honours after death. Civilized nations have fallen into this error, as well as savage tribes. Some of the Roman Emperors received divine homage in their life-time and more were after death raised to the rank of Gods. The Papacy has reproduced the Pagan usage. The Pantheon of old Rome is crowded with the statues of Papal demi-gods. Every nation has its heroes whom it "delights to honour," its successful warriors, its martyr-patriots, its distinguished benefactors. Sometimes this reverence is inspired by their character and deeds; sometimes tradition passes their names on from generation to generation, long after the nature of their claims has been forgotten. Sometimes names are illustrious only in the eyes of a party. A smaller circle of Englishmen honours Cromwell as one of the proudest names in our history, but a far wider circle honours the name of Alfred. Heroic names are for the most part a property exclusive national. But on rare occasions men arise whose purity of character, patriotic devotion to the good of others, and the exploits which a generous enthusiasm has achieved command for them an interest far beyond conventional limits. The names of Tell and Washington are no longer national; they are the property of the race. The names of a nation's benefactors are reverently remembered. The successful discoverers in science, the unwearied plodders for the good of others: Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; Jenner, of vaccination; Watts, the inventor of the steam engine; Davey, of the miner's safety lamp; Howard, the philanthropist; and Florence Nightingale,—these and a thousand others dwell in a nation's grateful memory. Nor ought it to surprise us that the name of Garibaldi awakes our enthusiasm. A man so much out of the category of heroes, with little of our common selfishness, who conquered kingdoms to give them to another, who refused all honour and reward, save the affection of a grateful country, and the approval of his own conscience,—such a man is indeed so rare, as amply to account for the extraordinary interest which he has excited, and the reverence cherished for his name in every land where freedom is valued.

This hero-worship is one of the features of our times. We have *not* fallen into an idolatry of gods, but an idolatry of men.

The evil has permeated society. It is seen alike in politics, literature, art, and religion. Man is everything, and God is forgotten.

Having indicated the phases of modern idolatry, we proceed to point out the considerations which ought to modify and limit it.

The men who excite our admiration received their gifts from God. To pay homage to a man for his works, without a recognition of God in them, is idolatry. Do we speak of religious teachers? They are only the vehicles of Divine truth; their gifts and their acceptance, the clear thinking mind, the imagination, power of utterance, whether "sons of thunder," or "sons of consolation," their piety, their knowledge of the Scriptures, their facility of illustrating and enforcing truth are God's gifts, furnished to them in different measure, as He hath pleased, and for whose use they are responsible to Him. They are servants only—messengers, ambassadors, deriving dignity only from the message they bear and the monarch they serve. The bearer is one of ourselves, His breath is in his nostrils; wherein is he to be accounted of? But the message is of infinite moment.

Speak we of the sons of genius? Their high gifts are an inspiration from God. He made them what they were. The forms in which their genius displayed itself in poetry, painting, sculpture, or otherwise, was a direction which He gave to their powers; and theirs is the responsibility of using them for the glory of God and the welfare of their species, or of prostituting them to ignoble ends. All the productions of art and genius—all the achievements of the human mind—should be for the general good—for us to use or abuse. The man is nothing; his work everything. When he departs, his work remains a blessing or a curse for ages. If devout, he ascribed the glory of his genius to his Maker; if undevout, a curse rests on himself, and everlasting dishonour on his name. His works at the same time are a link in the chain of Divine arrangements for human welfare, and promoted, by methods which we see not, the Divine glory.

Do we allude to heroes? Their high qualities are from God; their character, achievements, sufferings, are agencies for accomplishing His purpose. The men were often puppets in the Divine hand, accomplishing other objects than those they contemplated; and, as they fade in the distance, the work of God which was aided by their lives rises in stupendous grandeur. Luther and Calvin are fast receding from view, but the Divine cause which they promoted has attained a breadth of power far beyond their hopes. All such men are God's agents, doing, wittingly or unwittingly, His work, and they should be forgotten in the glory of Him who guided them.

Again, the works of men are insignificant compared with those of God. It is one of the strangest anomalies in human nature, that those who have the greatest admiration for human works, and honour the genius which produced them, fail to honour God in His works, and, surrounded by a universe of beauty, speaking everywhere of its Author, are "practically atheists in the world." Why do multitudes who believe in human priests not believe in Christ, "the High priest of our profession?" Why do they honour the ambassador, yet condemn the monarch, and neglect the message? Alas! many compliment religion in the persons of its ministers, who yield no obedience to its claims; they are interested in the preacher, but reject the Gospel he proclaims. When the human teacher thus stands between the soul and God, the ministry becomes a snare and a curse. Yet many confide in a priest, who will not trust in Christ, and ask absolution from a fellow-man who will not seek forgiveness from the Lord.

The productions of the most gifted genius will not bear comparison with the works of nature. If you worship genius, you ought a thousand times more reverently to honour the infinite wisdom of God. Is the painting you so much admire equal to the landscape it professes to represent? is the painted flower equal to the flower in living beauty? is that pictured tempest to be accepted as equal to the thunder and lightning of the Almighty? that sky on canvas to the constellations of heaven? that marble statue to the organism and majesty of the living man? that magnificent temple to the planet with its infinite variety of beauty and life? If you admire the productions of the architect and the sculptor, have you no reverence for Him who piled the heavens, the earth, and has, through ceaseless generations, preserved and governed them? If a picture commands your breathless admiration, or a statue that so simulates Nature that it seems to lack only life, have you no admiration for the living organisms which Nature exhibits in such measureless variety?—no reverence for the God who breathes into all men "the breath of life,"—who is the fountain of universal being, whose energy has been ceaselessly at work ever since the Creation, and whose presence makes itself felt with resistless force in the most distant regions of the universe? If you so honour the poet, painter, architect, and sculptor, that you would, were it possible, collect their works in a Pantheon, is there no honour due to the God who made them—who was the author of all their powers, and of whose intelligence their genius was but a spark? In such a state of mind you need not pity the deluded Pagan. The greatest of all idolators is he who honours genius, yet worships not the *Being* who conferred it. And if you so admire the works of

Shakespeare that you linger over his pages with unwearying delight, that to your eye "age cannot wither nor custom stale" his "infinite variety," how is it that you turn away from the direct inspirations of Almighty wisdom,—wisdom which reaches us through no polluted or perverted channels, but pure and perfect from its infinite fountain? How is it, in short, that you do not study the Bible? Shakespeare's poems were the production of a genius which God created, but which in its earthly use was imperfect, wayward, earthly, and often defiling—thinking little of its lofty origin or the high purpose for which its Author lent it; but the sacred writings are the productions of God Himself. Will you degrade prophets and apostles to the level of a Shakespeare? nay, place them lower in interest and attraction? When you consider the themes of the Bible, the divinity that breathes in its pages, the purity of its ethics, the world-wide reach of its sympathies, its solution of all the great questions of the soul, its disclosure of our inner life and of the world to come, its histories, biographies, prophecies, promises, its revelation of the Father, its adaptation to human needs, its power over the conscience, its unequalled simplicity yet its profound mysteries, the sublime heights to which it points us, the peace and divine character it imparts to its believers, and the blessed immortality which it proffers—when you consider all this, can you read the works of man and neglect the Book of God? admire the works of the servant, and neglect the productions of the Master? That idolatry is the worst which pays homage at the shrine of transcendent human genius, and yet is blind to the direct inspirations of the Author of all genius.

We care not to censure your admiration of heroes. A reverence for the great and good is an instinct which, rightly directed, promotes human progress. We imitate what we honour. Happily, the Church has its heroes as well as the world, men of "whom the world was not worthy;" and the Bible has the record of many heroes, that we may follow their goodly example. But, we ask, how is it that you can admire inferior heroes, yet turn from the truest hero the world has known—one who blends in His character all human and divine perfections in symmetry and completeness, who was the purest spirit that ever breathed on earth, whose name has hallowed with immortal interest every spot He visited, who gave Himself, in infinite compassion, for the sins of men? Is not the character of Jesus incomparably superior to that of every man? Were not His self-sacrifices and sufferings for us beyond those of all others? Are not the benevolence, the unselfishness, the purity, the unworldly simplicity and heavenly beauty of His character without a parallel? How, then, can you admire a human hero,

and turn away from the hero of God's redeeming mercy? Is not your hero-worship a delusion and a snare while you are aliens from Christ and His salvation? Those who appreciate His infinite beauty may constantly love to trace out and admire His character in others; for all human goodness and greatness will appear to them emanations from Him, reflections of His beauty and greatness. But those who honour the beautiful and the gifted in man, yet turn away from Him who enshrines in Himself all perfection, who is the fountain of all goodness, truth, and beauty, are as infatuated and guilty as the idolater who pays homage to the sun, and forgets the God who kindled its fires—who worships everything which God has made, yet neglects their infinite Maker. Human genius is of little worth, except as it leads us nearer to its Author. Man becomes something to us as he tends to make God everything to us. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?"

We add one more consideration: that while man and his works must perish, the names of heroes be forgotten, and their monuments crumble to dust, paintings rot, statues decay, temples fall in ruin, the noblest of human writings cease to be read, the earth and all the works that are therein be burnt up,—since to perish is the law of their being—man's soul will not perish, but is destined to immortality. It is, then, folly to be feeding it with "husks," instead of "the bread of life;" pleasing it with the phantoms of earthly beauty, and hiding from it things immortal and divine. We have to do with the unchangeable and the everlasting, as well as with the present and passing life. The "word of God abideth ever." When all other names and writings are forgotten, the Scriptures shall "shine as the brightness of the firmament." "Christ abideth ever," the Saviour of man by His "precious blood." Heaven "abideth ever," and its open gates invite us to its joy. Holiness and blessedness are now within our grasp, if we will accept them as the gift of God's infinite grace. These are things of imperishable interest and unfading glory. They will remain the same when all mundane things are forgotten. Turn, then, from the things that "perish with the using," and seek unfading and eternal good. While you are playing with the toys of earth, and plucking its fading flowers, the precious time is wasting in which alone salvation can be attained; and if you persist, you will hereafter bewail your folly. Away, then, with everything that hinders the salvation of the soul. Seek the forgiveness of sins and the renewal of your nature. Clasp *the Bible* to your bosom as a priceless jewel. Make Jesus the *hero of your admiration*, and the example you copy. Tread in

His steps, "who went about doing good." Then you shall become holy and blessed : and though you may not attain to eminence on earth, you will become a true hero in the esteem of heaven and the universe—an associate of heroes, one of those who "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth," who are "like Him," and "see Him as He is." Man is nothing. Christ everything. "Cease ye from man." Let Christ be "all in all."

STOUGHTON'S ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.*

CONSIDERING how much interest attaches, and must necessarily attach, to that portion of ecclesiastical history which Mr. Stoughton's new work embraces ; how in it are to be found the germs of some of the most important controversies of our own times ; and how great the influence which the illustrious men of those days have exerted upon the religious life of our own and of all subsequent times, it is surprising how little attention comparatively has been bestowed upon the subject. Students, of course, have made themselves acquainted with the lives and works of the great divines of the period, and earnest Christian men have fed their love and devotion on writings singularly rich in elements both of Christian instruction and spiritual impulse ; but, after all, these form but a very limited circle, and to a large body even of intelligent readers the ground traversed by Mr. Stoughton is to a large extent a *terra incognita*. Nothing could more clearly have revealed this than the extraordinary position taken and the wild assertions made by many of the Evangelical clergy during the Bicentenary controversy. Influenced by a blind zeal for Church principles, they became assailants of those whose memory they ought to have been most careful to guard, from the fact that in their day they had sought to maintain the very position in the Establishment to which they have themselves succeeded, and identified themselves with the party who profess admiration of Laud, and his successors in Charles the Second's time, whose one aim was to expel from the Church all of Evangelical and really Protestant tendencies. Undoubtedly there were also, on the opposite side, those who fancied that the Non-conformists of the seventeenth and the Dissenters of the nine-

* Ecclesiastical History of England, from the Opening of the Long Parliament to the Death of Oliver Cromwell. By John Stoughton. In Two Volumes. London : Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

teenth century were in close agreement; but this error was not committed by any who were entitled to be regarded as representative men. In a lecture delivered in Manchester during the agitation, this was very distinctly pointed out. "What" (the lecturer asked) "were the principles of the Puritans who then had power? and who are their modern representatives in this country? With one portion of them I humbly hope that we can claim alliance; but with the more numerous and powerful section of the party there are others who can boast a closer affinity. If you were told that there was then a large class of religious men attached to Episcopacy; liking a Liturgy, but hating everything that savoured of Romanism; zealous for the maintenance of Calvinistic doctrine and clinging to the National Church, but desirous for its reformation and purity; where would you find their modern antitypes? Where but in the Evangelical party in the Church of England? Like them, they have learned their theology in the school of Geneva—like them they are determined foes of Popery in every form—like them they feel the great value of the preaching of God's Word, and reject the figment of sacramental efficacy—and, as if to make the parallel more complete, as the modern party has its Simeon trustees, so those old Puritans had what were called Feoffeees (broken up by Laud at the suggestion of Heylin) to do a similar work in that day, and by the purchase of advowsons, &c., to supply many neglected parishes with faithful ministers of Christ's Holy Gospel. I cannot pay Canons Miller and Stowell a higher compliment than to say that they are the legitimate descendants of that portion of the Puritans of 1640."

In the heat of discussion, of course, such statements receive but little attention; and even such a man as Rev. J. B. Marsden, who had himself done so much to secure the honour due to the Puritans, was carried away by the spirit of his party. Of course the great body of excited partizans treated them with utter contempt. They were bound to defend the Establishment, and they were, for the most part, so ignorant of the real facts of the case that they supposed this could only be done by assailing the Puritans and Nonconformists.

We hail, therefore, most cordially such a book as that of Mr Stoughton's, giving us in a more accessible form than that in which we have hitherto possessed a full, continuous, and impartial narrative of the religious movements of that most important era. In some respects his book stands alone. We have, of course, Neal's "History of the Puritans," and other works of similar class, but they are not up to the advanced state of our knowledge of the times. They are certainly not written in the *dispassionate* and impartial temper which, happily, has now be-

come more prevalent than it once was, and they do not cover the whole of the ground embraced by Mr. Stoughton. Mr. Marsden's volumes are singularly candid and generous in their mode of treatment, and are creditable alike to his Christian spirit and to his learning; but they are more limited in their range than those before us. Mr. Stoughton has been desirous not only to trace public movements, to describe the struggles between the contending parties, to show the mutual relations and influences of the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of the times, but also to make us familiar with the characters and lives of the more conspicuous men, to trace the growth of different religious communities, and to give as far as is possible a faithful representation of the different manifestations of religious life in the period of which he treats. There are not many who would have attempted such a work, and still fewer who could do it well; for it requires not only many of the higher qualities of the historian, but also the deep spiritual sympathies of the earnest Christian. Unfortunately, these are often found in association with strong sectarian predilections and prejudices, of which it is not easy for any man altogether to divest himself, and so it happens that the man who, in other respects, would be eminently fitted for such a task, is too strong a partizan to do it with that impartiality essential to success.

It is easy enough, in short, to find those who have a feeling of profound indifference to all the great questions involved, and treat all the religious differences of the contending parties as nothing more than quarrels as to the distinction between "tweedledum and tweedledee," as it would be equally easy, on the other side, to find those who, in their strong attachment to one class of opinions, would seek to represent the excellencies of the party by whom they were defended, and the errors of their opponents. To find a man of true spiritual insight, who has fought out for himself the self-same battles as those which he has to describe, whose impartiality is the result, not of insensibility, but of that large-heartedness which finds some point of contact and sympathy with various sects, who is firm without being bigotted, and liberal without tending to latitudinarianism, is a much more difficult thing. Mr. Stoughton answers to all these conditions. He sometimes seems to us lacking in the moral nerve which would enable him to form a clear, sharp, incisive judgment, and to express it in strong and decided language, but he is never deficient in the far rarer qualities of Christian candour and generosity. And if any are sometimes tempted to wish that he had been more forcible in his denunciations, they must not forget that there always have been, and probably always will be, men to do this work, while there are

very few to undertake the kind of service Mr. Stoughton has done so efficiently. Strafford, Laud, and Charles will always have their censors, who will condemn—as they need, in the interests of humanity and freedom, to be condemned—their deeds of falsehood, treachery, and despotism. But we have not had before, nor are we likely soon to have again, any one who will depict with such exquisite beauty the character and lives of men occupying humble positions, but doing in the spirit of simple Christian faith and love, their noble work for God and man. The strong partizan Herrick and the gentle, loving Herbert—the eccentric but excellent Newcome, the more grave and severe divines of his party, and Abraham Colfe, “the quiet parish presbyter (not priest), who was more given to works of mercy than controversial arguments,” Bates with his “Nestor-like eloquence, which fell in gentle flakes,” the calm and dignified Calamy, standing aloof from the conflicts of the day, and Love and Jenkyn, the stern opponents of the course taken by the triumphant Parliamentarians—the quaint Thomas Fuller and the devout and earnest Baxter—the learned Owen, Lightfoot, Usher, and others, and the humble mechanic Ewins, one of those born orators in whom genius makes up for the defects of culture—the advocates of priestly prerogative such as Cosin and Bramhall, and the somewhat wild and mystical opponent of all ministerial authority, George Fox—the Puritan Sibbes, and the devout Anglican Andrewes, all receive full justice at his hands.

Many men write under a secret tendency to discover that which is evil and defective in men. Mr. Stoughton cherishes a more large-hearted faith in goodness, and is ever on the watch for indications of its presence. He does not expect spiritual life to be moulded after one pattern, to reveal itself in the same forms, and to adopt the same language. His book, therefore, we may hope, will find an entrance into different religious communities, and have a happy influence in correcting some of those false and bigoted notions in which we are all of us too apt to indulge in relation to those from whom we differ. Far more important than any mere literary work, any contribution to a fuller knowledge of the ecclesiastical history of the period is this Catholic teaching. We are conducted to a great variety of scenes, to the stirring conflicts of Parliament and the sober deliberations of the Presbytery meeting in Sion College, to the exciting debates of the Westminster Assembly, and the pleasant fellowship of Boothby, where Sanderson and Hammond carried on that “loving intercourse, which reminds us of the friendship of Basil and Gregory in far earlier times,” to the halls of Oxford, where the *Independent Vice-Chancellor* well sustains the dignity of his office as *well as its old reputation* for learning, and to the quiet retire-

ment of Bemerton, where Herbert leads his saintly life and sings his sweet songs of devotion and peace. Always we find ourselves in the hands of a wise, thoughtful, and genial guide, who has an eye for all that is beautiful, and a heart to love all who are good, and who contrives to while away the time by pleasant and characteristic stories, that give us a more thorough knowledge of the men and the times.

Quiet sketches of scenes that lie apart from the beaten track of the historian, suggestive pictures of a kind of life undreamed of by those who do not care to visit those hidden nooks and corners where in times of trouble men of simple aim and retiring temper find a resting-place, brief notices of little incidents and features which throw a flood of light upon points hitherto comparatively obscure, diversify the course of the narrative, and greatly increase its charm. The "hand of the diligent maketh rich," and Mr. Stoughton's careful search into the old archives has enabled him to exhume many buried and forgotten treasures. In many of his sketches of the political and parliamentary life he had been anticipated by Mr. Forster, whose services in this department can hardly be appraised at too high a value, but in the strictly ecclesiastical field he has broken up a great deal of new ground. The MS. collections to which he has had access have enabled him often, by means of two or three apparently slight references, to give his readers a conception of the general state of things which could not possibly be gathered from more formal documents reciting public proceedings. The relations of the different parties to each other, the extent to which coercion and persecution were carried, the influence exerted by Puritanism upon the life of the country, the differences between the religious life of the seventeenth and the nineteenth centuries, are so vividly presented, that we gain a clearer conception of them than we have previously been able to realize. Among the most valuable and attractive chapters in the work are that depicting the moral and religious character of the people under Puritan rule, and that describing varieties of spiritual life as exhibited in the men, who are not strongly identified either with the Anglo-Catholic or Puritan parties, and "in whom there is the absence of either peculiarity or a blending of the two." In this class Mr. Stoughton reckons George Herbert, whom he contrasts with Thomas Fuller, pointing out how the different natures of two men, who, though sympathizing so strongly in ecclesiastical principles and general moderation and catholicity of view, were most diverse in temperament. "And if any one will take the trouble to compare the portraits of Herbert and Fuller, he must confess that Herbert's gravity would look as foolish in the face of Fuller, as Fuller's archness would be most unseemly if it

could be forced on Herbert's sedate countenance." In the same category Mr. Stoughton reckons Sir George Dalston, the poet Quarles, Lord Montague, and Sir Bevill Grenville, who, though stout cavaliers, had an amount of earnest piety too rarely found amongst men of their party. While portraying those of high and noble spirit, and doing equal justice to conscientious loyalty and to principle wherever found, Mr. Stoughton very quietly and incidentally indicates the existence of a class of men who loved ease and preferment better than the truth. The following paragraph shows how, in some parts of the country, at all events, the celebrated Vicar of Bray found numerous imitators:—

"Some of the clergy in those times were very flexible. The district of Craven, in Yorkshire, is very remarkable for the examples of this description which it afforded. As in the sixteenth century, when the incumbents of that beautiful part of England gently bowed to all ecclesiastical changes, from the enactment of the Six Articles to the Act of Uniformity of Queen Elizabeth—so was it with their successors in the seventeenth century. Not a time is contributed from that quarter to the list of either Walker or Calamy. Surplice or Geneva cloak, Liturgy or Directory, Episcopacy or Presbyterianism, a King or a Commonwealth—all came alike to the accommodating Rectors and Vicars of that charming locality. Others of a similar temper were found amidst less beautiful scenery."

The story of Puritanism, which Mr. Stoughton here tells is in fact the story of the English Reformation. What the Huguenots were in France, what the Calvinists were in the Low Countries, the Puritans were in England—fighting the same battle, though under different conditions—upholding the same principles, and animated by the same desire for Christian liberty and simplicity of worship. The Evangelicals of to-day boast of the Protestant character of their Church, and complain of Ritualism because of its anti-Protestant tendencies, but history hardly bears out the idea that the Anglican Establishment was intended to be a Protestant community. Anti-papal in its constitution—thoroughly Anglican both, in polity and ritual—it was undoubtedly meant to be; but its sympathies were as little with strong Protestantism as with Romanism itself. We remember, indeed, an Evangelical orator—hardly seeing how his own argument would cut two ways—insisting upon the identity of the British Church, notwithstanding all the changes wrought in it by the Reformation, illustrating his point by a very obvious and homely statement, that a man whose face was washed still remained the same man. It would have been more to his point if he could have shown that a man could get a new head, and a new set of limbs, alter his whole language and style of expression,

adopt a new name, and still retain his personal identity. A singular question might then be raised as to the changes which would destroy identity; but the attempt to insist upon its preservation by the English Church, notwithstanding the great alterations which were made in it, sounded strangely enough when coming from one who insists specially on the Protestant character of the Church. It is absurd to maintain that Anglicanism—while renouncing the headship of Rome, separating itself from the fellowship of Catholic Christendom, and altering many of its dogmas and observances—remained still the same system as before. But it is equally clear that it did not identify itself with the great Protestant movement of Europe. In the latter part of the reign of Edward VI., there were distinct and decided movements in that direction, the influence of the Continental Reformers was powerful in the counsels of the English Church; and had the young king lived, it is very possible that the whole character of the Establishment would have been modified. But neither the noble nor the people at large were prepared for such extensive changes; there had been comparatively little of that preliminary work necessary for the emancipation of a nation who had been so long bound by Popish superstition; and therefore when Elizabeth ascended the throne, a good deal of the work which had been done by Edward VI. was reversed. The Anglicanism of the Stuarts was even more decidedly retrograde in its character than that of Elizabeth's time. Mr. Stoughton very well describes the differences under Elizabeth. Anglo-Catholics were Calvinists; before the Civil Wars they became Arminians. Preaching upon the controversy was forbidden; and Bishop Morley, on being asked what Arminians held, wittily replied, "The best bishoprics and deaneries in England." Ecclesiastical pretensions became more advanced; there was a continued series of encroachments by the High Commission upon the jurisdiction of the civil courts, awakened the jealousy of all true friends of liberty, and the full-blown Anglo-Catholicism of Laud had far more sympathy with Rome than with Geneva.

"Looking at changes in the doctrine and at progress in the policy of Anglo-Catholics, perhaps, on the whole, the persons intended by that denomination may be best described as distinguished by certain principles or sentiments, rather than by any organic scheme of dogma or polity. They formed a school of thought which bowed to the decisions of the past, revered Catholic unity, elevated the episcopal office, exalted Church authority, suspected individual opinion, gave prominence to social Christianity, delighted in ceremonial worship and symbolism, attached great importance to order and uni-

formity, and sought the mysterious operations of Divine grace through material channels. The Anglo-Catholic spirit in many respects, as might be expected, appears more shadowy and less power amongst the Bishops connected with the Reformation than amongst those who succeeded. Parker, Whitgift, and Laud represent stages of advancement in this point of view. But from the very foundation of the Reformed Church of England this spirit, in a measure, manifested itself, and in no respect, perhaps, so much as in reverence for early patristic teaching. . . . The divines of this school, drawn towards the Fathers by their venerable antiquity, their sacramental tone, and their reverence for the episcopate, did not miss in them doctrinal tendencies accordant with their own. Even the Calvinistic Anglican of an earlier period could turn to the pages of Augustine and of other Latin fathers, and find there nourishment for belief in Predestination and Salvation by faith. But the Arminian still more easily found his own ideas of Christianity in Chrysostom, Clement of Alexandria, and other Eastern oracles. The Greek Fathers were favourites with the Anglican party of the seventeenth century. Whether the study of that branch of literature was the cause or the effect of the Arminian tendencies of the day—whether a taste for the learning and rhetoric of the great writers of Byzantium and Alexandria paved the way for the adoption of their creed, or sympathies with that creed led to the opening of their long-neglected folios, may admit of question."

It would be unfair to identify the whole Royalist and Episcopalian party with this school, but it is certain that these views were predominant among Charles's adherents. At the outset, with rare exceptions, all who were attached to the Protestant cause were opposed to the Court, and it was only when the Parliament had outstripped the notions of the more moderate and seemed to be tending to Presbyterianism that the Royalist side gained accession from those who were not prepared, in their zeal against Popery, to sacrifice the Episcopalian polity and even the crown itself. At the opening of the long Parliament, the great question underlying every other was whether England was to be brought again under the yoke, not of the Papacy itself, but of the Papal doctrines and superstitions. Oliver Cromwell indicated the true significance of the conflict from the beginning, when, twelve years before, he told the House, which then for the first time listened to that harsh unmusical voice of his, before which all England was afterward to bow, that "He had heard by relation from one Dr. Beard" (his old schoolmaster at Huntingdon) "that Dr. Alabaster had preached flat Popery at Paul's Cross, and that the Bishop of Winchester" (Dr. Neile) "had commanded him, as his Diocesan, he should preach

preach nothing to the contrary. Mainwaring, so justly censured in this house for his sermons, was by the same Bishop's means preferred to a rich living. If these are the steps to Church preferment what are we to expect?" The twelve years that intervened between this speech and the long Parliament, proved the justice of these fears and revealed more fully the evil against which the Christian patriot of that time had to contend. They have often been blamed for their uncharitableness towards Popery, but before they are severely condemned on this score, it is fair to remember that to them Popery was synonymous with despotism and persecution, that it was the name not only of a grand religious error, which in their views was little better than essentially idolatrous, but also of a mighty force which was seeking to destroy all the manhood and independence of the age, to repress free thought by visiting its exercise with the most cruel penalties, to bring the minds of men everywhere into subjection to an arrogant and relentless priesthood. The memory of Alva's cruelties in the Low countries, of the horrible *autos-da-fe* of the Inquisition in Spain, of the St. Bartholemew's massacre in France, and even of the Smithfield fires in their own country was still fresh. They believed and rightly too, that they were resisting the same enemy, though he took a different name; that Anglo-Catholicism was but a slight improvement upon Popery in dogma and ritual, and that in its intolerant and persecuting spirit it was the same. We live in times when it is fashionable to speak in more measured language of Popery, to believe in its professions of liberality and tolerance, to close our eyes to the evidence even of the facts of our own time, and to regard these Puritans as very unreasonable and bigotted people. The time may come when we, or if not we our children, will learn by bitter experience, that the men of the seventeenth century took a more true and philosophical view, when looking at the fundamental principle, both of Popery and Anglo-Catholicism, they held that it was incompatible with the exercise of true liberty and was therefore to be determinately opposed by all who valued either Protestant truth or English freedom.

Remembering this we shall be less severe on some of the points that have provoked animadversions. It is quite true that the Long Parliament committed some grave blunders, but the marvel is, looking at the previous history, at the provocation of years of a petty, paltry tyranny, of all things the most abhorrent to the English spirit, of the constant falsehood and treachery they experienced at the hands of the King, that their mistakes were so few. We must judge them by comparing their proceedings, not with those of Parliament in peaceful times, but rather with those of revolutionary periods. Fearlessly we assert that

there never was so complete a revolution, accomplished with little of wanton and needless violence, sullied with so little mere personal and selfish intrigue, disgraced so little with dictive measures, to so large an extent free from the memor blood shed on the scaffold for political crimes. We disagree whether the Parliament ought to have sacrificed Strafford Laud, or Charles, the great majority now agreeing that execution of the first was not only profitable but necessary point, however, on which Mr. Stoughton disagrees with us with most impartial judges of the proceeding,) and that that the second was a gross blunder, not because his guilt was really as palpable as that of Strafford, and his participation in the atrocious system of "Thorough" as fully proved, but because his power was gone, and therefore mercy might and have been exercised, while, on that of Charles, opinions are divided. These, however, are really the only serious counts in the indictment. There were no cruel massacres or wholesale confiscations, no harryings of hostile districts, no long lists of proscriptions, but, even in victory, singular moderation. They were severe against unworthy priests, they were unwisely intent on bringing England into conformity with their own religious notions, they were carried away by their own intense feelings, and would have set up a kind of theocracy; they would have done what some in our modern times have sought to do though not exactly after their pattern, have made the Church and the State one. Hence their extreme narrowness; their inability to rise to the loftiest ideal of Christian freedom, through many difficulties and their ultimate failure. But the age was not prepared for the noble conception of a "Free Church in a Free State." The power of Christian willinghood was not understood, the rights of conscience were very imperfectly appreciated, the spirit fostered by Romanism exerted an influence even on those most opposed to its teachings, and the mistake of the noble-minded men who guided the great Puritan movement, only provoked a reaction which undid their work, and covered their names with unjust obloquy and reproach.

The "Broad Church" of Cromwell was a noble one for its times, a marvellous conception, but its failure, even under its guidance, shows how impossible it would be to realize it. Wide, too, as were its boundaries, they would require to be extended, if perfect justice is to be done to all sections of the community. The Church which embraces 90 per cent. of the community, seems to be less oppressive than that which comprehends only 50 per cent., but it is still inequitable, and its burden is, perhaps, felt to be all the heavier by the few who are still placed beyond its pale. Lord Amberley is there

cally right when he says that the State-Church can only rest upon a proper basis when it includes in its clergy all the varieties of belief or unbelief, that are to be found among those who are taxed for its support, but if he could establish this point he would find he had only plunged into fresh difficulties. Mr. Stoughton gives a graphic picture of Cromwell's polity, but we think we have found a more excellent way even than his "Broad Church," and that is the perfect independence of the Christian Church of all relations to the governments of earth. This is the moral forced upon us by this, as by other records of Church history, where we find that the troubles of the Church have arisen mainly from the mistake as to the position she ought to occupy.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

THE introduction of the Gospel and its rapid spread in the world were aided, to a very great extent, by the marvellous and supernatural phenomena by which it was accompanied. These are described as "signs and wonders," that is to say, as significant and symbolical in their character, startling, and sometimes alarming in their immediate effects. Among the most prominent of these was what is commonly called, "the gift of tongues." The importance of this strange phenomenon, or new power, was pointed out immediately by Peter, who explained to the crowd on the day of Pentecost, that it was the direct fulfilment of one of the most striking of all the prophecies that were confessedly Messianic. "This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel." On a subsequent occasion, it was accepted by him as an indisputable proof, that Cornelius and his household had received the Holy Ghost. It was apparently the only immediate sign, in fact, either granted or looked for, that the Holy Ghost had been received, not only in Jerusalem* and Cæsarea,† but also in Ephesus‡ and Corinth,§ and in all probability, in Samaria;|| it was the first outward and visible sign of the presence and power of the Spirit of God. And, whilst Peter seized upon it as the proof that the prophecies of the past had received their fulfilment in Jesus of Nazareth, whom God had raised up, and who was "by the right hand of God" exalted; Paul devotes so large a space, and assigns so

* Acts ii. 4. † Acts x. 46. ‡ Acts xix. 6. § 1 Cor. xiv. || Acts 8. 17 18.

prominent a position to his discourse upon the *charisma* or gift as to warrant the conclusion that he not only aimed at fencing it round, because it had been abused, but that he looked upon the phenomenon itself as one of very great importance, in relation to the welfare and prosperity of the Church.

Yet, by almost universal consent, this singular and important "wonder and sign" has been suffered to fall into the shade, and the question is rarely asked, or answered with thoughtfulness and care, What was this gift of tongues? One reason for this is no doubt to be found in the fact, that it is accepted as a settled and unquestionable conclusion, that the gift simply consisted in the supernatural ability to preach the Gospel in foreign languages; whilst many are altogether unaware of the serious, if not insuperable, difficulties which such a theory has to encounter. And another, and perhaps no less cogent reason, is that one of the only two admissible answers, is so bound up with the name of Irving, that a vague dread of Irvingism creates an invincible prejudice against an interpretation which has gained so unenviable a notoriety, and leads many by a natural reaction, to cling the more tenaciously to a theory, which presents the best safeguard against any such outbursts of fanaticism.

From very early times many different opinions have been held by theological writers, as to the precise character of the phenomenon in question. The great majority have assumed without reserve, that it was supernatural and miraculous; but there have been, at all events, a few who have attempted to explain it by the operation of certain well-known natural laws. The former, again, have differed widely from one another. The theory generally received has been the one already mentioned *viz.*, that the gift was bestowed to enable the early Christians to preach the Gospel in the different languages and dialects of the earth. But some have supposed that the miracle was wrought upon the hearer, and not upon the speaker; so that whilst the latter was not conscious of speaking in any language but his own, the words fell upon the listener's ear in the language ordinarily spoken by himself. And others again have regarded the phenomenon as consisting in something entirely distinct from the ability to preach in the dialects of other men, and, in fact as having no connection with the languages of the earth at all.

Of those who reject the miraculous theory, a few endeavour to explain the whole affair, as nothing more than an extraordinary example of somnambulism, mesmerism, or electro-biology. The speaker was *en rapport* with his hearers, who shared his thoughts, and seemed to hear him speaking in his own tongue. Others suppose that the "speaking with tongues" consisted only

in the use of unusual poetic language; that the speakers were "in a high-wrought excitement," which showed itself in figurative and mystic terms. There are others, again, who have suggested, as sufficient explanation of all that occurred, that the amazement expressed on the day of Pentecost was simply that the fact that Galilean fishermen should discourse on religious topics in the ordinary dialect of their every-day conversation.

Different theories of a speculative character have also been suggested by supporters of the common view. Augustine, for example, maintained that every one who had the gift of tongues, either did speak, or at any time, could speak in all the languages of the earth. Chrysostom supposed that a special language was assigned to each individual, and that this indicated at once the particular country in which he was called to preach the Gospel. Some imagine that the gift came with the occasion; others, that it was restricted to a certain number of languages, either seventy or seventy-five, according to the number of the sons of Noah, or Jacob, or a hundred and twenty, according to the number of the disciples. And, lastly, the theory supported by Professor Plumtre in Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," is that the disciples, on the day of Pentecost, only gave utterance to words which they had heard before. "At every feast," he says, "which they had ever attended from their youth up, they must have been brought into contact with a crowd as varied as that which was present on the day of Pentecost, the pilgrims of each nation uttering their praises and doxologies. The difference was that before, the Galilean peasants had stood in that crowd, neither heeding, nor understanding, nor remembering what they heard, still less able to reproduce it; now they had the power of speaking it clearly and freely. The divine work would, in this case, take the form of a supernatural exaltation of the memory, not of imparting a miraculous knowledge of words never heard before."

We shall not attempt to discuss these theories separately, but proceed at once to our own examination of this "sign and wonder." In doing so, we would lay down at the outset, the following three propositions, as warranted by the facts of the case, and indispensable to a just conclusion.

In the *first* place, no theory can be correct which denies the supernatural and miraculous, and reduces the phenomena to the operation of the ordinary laws of nature.

Secondly, no theory is admissible which severs the occurrence at Pentecost from the signs in the Corinthian church.

Thirdly, no theory can be complete which is not in perfect harmony with the historical narrative in the Acts, and also with the apostolic exposition in the Epistle to the Corinthians.

It is easy enough to find arguments in support of any theory,

if we may assume, in opposition to the plainest words, that there was nothing supernatural or miraculous about the phenomenon; all; or if we may proceed upon the assumption that there is no connection whatever between the tongues at Jerusalem and those at Corinth, so that the statements of Paul furnish no clue to the nature of the occurrence at Pentecost, and the facts which took place at Jerusalem have no bearing upon the signs in the Corinthian church. But if we are not prepared to throw discredit upon the veracity and credibility of the writers of the Acts of the Apostles, it is impossible to read the carefully-written and elaborate account in the second chapter, and come to any other conclusion than that we have here the record of a *miracle* of an unusually stupendous character. And, notwithstanding the fact that on the day of Pentecost, the disciples are said to have spoken "with *other* tongues," whereas the others are only said to have spoken "with tongues," there is no ground whatever for imagining that the variation in the expression implies a diversity in the phenomena referred to. The accompanying circumstances are exactly the same, the believer is filled with the Spirit, and begins at once to speak with tongues; the change in the expression is so small, that no unbiassed reader of the tenth or nineteenth chapter of the Acts would ever suppose that Luke is referring to a totally different occurrence from that which he has described in the second. And, although Paul usually adopts the shorter expression, yet, in his quotation from Isaiah, he gives his own free rendering, as if for the same purpose of introducing a similar term to that employed in the Acts, "other tongues." But if the phenomena were the same throughout, no interpretation of the Epistle to the Corinthians can be correct which does not tally with the Acts, and no interpretation of the occurrence at Jerusalem can be correct which is not in perfect harmony with all the attendant circumstances on the one hand, and with the exposition given by Paul on the other.

What, then, were these "other tongues?"

There are many difficulties connected with the prevailing opinion, that the gift in question consisted simply in the ability to speak in foreign languages, and that the object for which new power was conferred, was to enable the first Christians to preach the Gospel at once to all the nations of the earth. In the first place, there was apparently no necessity for any such power in the days of the Apostles. So far as we have any reliable trustworthy account of the labours of the first preachers of the Gospel, they visited no countries, where they could not be understood when preaching in one of the two languages with which they were already familiar. The state of the world at that time

was very peculiar, and perhaps unparalleled. Through the Greek conquests, the diffusion of Greek literature, the demands of commerce, and the intercourse it promoted, the world was diglottic to an extent unequalled either before or since. In Judea and Galilee, for example, the ordinary conversation would be carried on in some dialect of Aramæan, but the Septuagint or Greek translation of the Scriptures would be understood from one end of Palestine to the other; and when Paul addressed the crowd at Jerusalem, who had gathered together with the expectation of hearing an oration in Greek, it is simply stated that they kept the more silence when they heard that he spoke in the Hebrew (Aramæan) tongue to them. Throughout the whole of the life of the Apostle Paul there is no recorded instance of his having ever addressed the people in their own national dialect or language, unless it were either Greek or Aramæan; whereas it is thought worthy of special notice in Acts xiv. 11, that when Paul was in Lycaonia, the people themselves "lifted up their voices in the speech of Lycaonia," the inference being certainly a natural one that Paul addressed them in his own tongue. But without dealing in conjecture, if we have not the actual discourses of the Apostles to refer to, we possess their writings in their own words. Now, these are all in Greek, and if we are warranted in assuming that the Apostles possessed the supernatural ability to preach or speak in the languages of other men, there is something inexplicable in the fact, that Paul should ever have thought of writing an Epistle in Greek to a Church at Rome. The only possible explanation of so strange a fact is, that the Apostle was not supernaturally endowed with the ability to write in Latin, and simply selected from the two languages, with which he was already familiar, the only one that would be understood in Rome.

Secondly, if we turn, on the other hand, to the different occasions on which the power to speak with tongues was actually exercised, we do not find a single instance mentioned in which there were foreigners present to profit by the gift (apart, that is to say, from the day of Pentecost, which we shall examine afterwards). In Cornelius' house "the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the Word," so that there were none present to hear but the companions of Peter. At Ephesus there is a simple meeting in private with twelve disciples, who "were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus, and when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them and they spoke with tongues and prophecied." And at Corinth, again, whilst the Apostle speaks in his Epistle of the possibility of men that are "unbelievers or unlearned" coming in, he never hints at the probability of their being visited by

foreigners as a reason for the exercise of the gift of tongues. therefore, we assume that the new gift bestowed upon the Church was the ability to speak the languages of other men. we are brought to the following marvellous result, that a gift of the greatest practical worth was in the possession of the Christian Church, but that this gift was generally used where it was not needed, and when needed, was not used.

But, thirdly, the greatest difficulty connected with the common opinion arises from the full and distinct exposition given by the Apostle Paul of the gift as it appeared in the Corinthian church. And if we had only the fourteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians to deal with, it would certainly never have occurred to any one, that the gift referred to was such as is commonly supposed. Let us carefully analyse the chapter in connection with the popular theory.

1. If the gift were conferred to facilitate the preaching of the Gospel to foreigners, the object must have been *to speak to men*. But Paul says, (v. 2): "he that speaketh in a tongue speaketh *not unto men, but unto God*."

2. The intention must also have been that he might *be the better understood*. Yet according to Paul (v. 2) "*no man understandeth him*."

3. With such a gift he would certainly study *to make things clear*; whereas, the fact really was (v. 2) that he spoke "*mysteries, mysteria*, things hidden or obscure.

4. The purpose of all language being that we may communicate our thoughts to others, such a gift could only have been conferred to enable them the better *to edify others*. But this was not the case: "he that speaketh in a tongue *edifieth himself*" (v. 4).

5. One of the principal objects of such a miraculous power would certainly be, that when they preached to foreigners *there might be no need for an interpreter*. Yet the peculiarity of "the tongue" was, that it always needed interpreting: "if any man speak in a tongue, let it be by two, or at the most by three, and *let one interpret*" (v. 27).

6. At any rate the possessor of such a gift would be always able to *interpret his own words*, and would be the person most qualified to do so. Just as an Englishman who might find it impossible to translate into French, would never be unable to translate his own French back into English; so whatever the difficulties connected with speaking in tongues might be, it could never be difficult for the possessor of such a gift to render his own Persian, Coptic, &c., back into his native tongue. Yet the ability to interpret a power as supernatural and miraculous as the "tongue" itself: "Let him that speaketh in a tongue *pray that he may in-*

pret" (v. 13). "If there be *no interpreter*, let him keep silence the church" (v. 28).

7. The ordinary theory assumes that the gift of tongues was intended as a special qualification for *preaching*. Yet this is the one thing with which it is never associated. The men in Corinthus' house spoke with tongues and *magnified God* (Acts 16, 46). And in 1 Cor. xiv. 14—17, the only things which Paul associates with this spiritual gift, are *praying, singing, and giving answers*.

8. It is impossible to see what opposition there could be, or even where the point of distinction is, between speaking in any number of languages and *speaking with the understanding*. If there be any one thing which requires a special activity of the understanding, it is just this. Yet Paul affirms: "If I pray in tongue, my *understanding is unfruitful*," (v. 14); and says, "I would rather speak five words *with my understanding*, than I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in a tongue" (v. 19).

9. Lastly, the ultimate intention of such a gift would assuredly be to *facilitate conviction and conversion*. But Paul says, that this was just the thing which would not be effected by speaking with tongues. Prophecy would produce conviction; but tongues at the most could only serve as "*a sign*," and would sometimes lead men to say *they were mad* (v. 22, 23).

Apart then from the account which is given in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, every word in the New Testament points to but one conclusion, *viz.* that the gift of tongues was altogether supernatural or celestial in its character as well as in its origin; that it did not consist in any ability to speak the languages of other men, and had no connection whatever with the preaching of the gospel. Whether the possessor of this spiritual *charisma* spoke with tongues in perfect solitude or at a public meeting of the Church, it was to God that he spoke and not to man. Under the influence of feelings wrought up to the highest pitch of ecstatic excitement by the Spirit of God, he lifted up his voice to God, not in unintelligible jargon and wild earthly shrieks and groans, but in sounds of lofty praise, such as never were uttered by human lips before, and from their very obscurity proved that their origin was heavenly and divine. These "groanings which cannot be uttered" found here and there a fitting language, perhaps not far removed from the words which Paul heard, but could not utter. The speaker was no doubt conscious of the full purport of his new tongue, for he glorified himself; but he could not interpret himself at the time, though occasionally he could do so afterwards, however much may have been lost in the rendering. The tongues originated

with the Spirit of God ; yet for all that it was possible to organize, to control, and even to suppress them. But when the emotion was indulged and the strong feeling let loose, it was apparently impossible to stop it, and the speaker was driven on like Saul when he prophesied, till wild confusion was the result. In any case it was a "sign," a mightier proof than any ability to speak in foreign languages would possibly have been, that the power of God had come down into men.

Let us now turn to the Acts of the Apostles. Does not the account which is given there upset our hypothesis, and prove that on one occasion, at least, the gift of tongues did actually consist, and is plainly said to have consisted in the ability to speak in, at least, fifteen different dialects and tongues? By no means. In this account of the event which occurred on the day of Pentecost, we find no refutation, but rather a strong confirmation, of our opinion ; and maintain, unhesitatingly, that even then the disciples did not speak in the languages named ; that the writer of the Acts neither affirms, nor intended to imply, that they did so, and that it is only by forcing his description that such a conclusion can be drawn from the passage.

We have only to picture the scene to our own minds. There are a hundred and twenty persons assembled together in one place, waiting and looking for the promise of the Father. Suddenly a rushing wind is heard, which seems to come directly from the sky, and it not only shakes but fills the house where they are sitting. Immediately afterwards a brilliant light is seen ; tongues of fire rest upon every head, and, as the spirit of God, with new and mighty force, fills every heart, the hundred and twenty at once and together give expression to their excited and exalted feelings in a language suited to their emotions, and praise God "with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." While they are thus engaged, the report of some strange phenomenon spreads through the city, and a crowd gathers, which swells at length to at least three thousand men. As this crowd is collecting, the amazement becomes most intense ; for, whereas the disciples still continue their praise, the "devout men out of every nation under heaven," as soon as there is order enough for them to listen at all, hear every man in his own tongue wherein he was born. Now, upon the ordinary theory that the disciples spoke in all these different languages, the question at once suggests itself, by what process could the three thousand be enabled to understand what they were saying? Just imagine an Englishman, a Frenchman, and a German all speaking together to a mixed congregation, composed of men from these three nations, not a syllable would be understood. Even if twenty Englishmen were to speak all at once to

othesis, it could only have been by a miracle that
ld hear them speak in their own tongues the wonder-
s of God. Nothing but a careful distribution of the
y which all the men of a nation should be grouped
whilst one of the disciples addressed them ; or a well-
programme, according to which only one disciple
peak at a time, and the different languages should be
turn, could possibly accomplish the end desired.

ifferent is anything of this kind from the simple words
rrative? The hundred and twenty are pouring out their
efore God in unwonted sounds, apparently in perfect
ousness of the gathering crowd. The multitude swells
they continue their songs of praise. But as "the
nen" listen, a new miracle appears. "What meaneth
ys an Egyptian to his neighbour, "Are not all these
, and yet I hear them declaring in my own tongue the
il works of God." "Surely that cannot be," replies his
d Mesopotamian brother, "their words fall upon my
the familiar sounds of my own distant home." Thus
ement swells, as the same question and answer run the
cle round, and it is found that "they hear every man
own tongue wherein they were born." And when the
nent has reached its height, the wonderful sign ceases,
r rises to explain that "this is that which was spoken
rophet Joel."

ly objection that we can imagine it possible for any
ffer to this explanation is that it requires a double

And why should we be so afraid of the conclusion, that the grandeur of the New Dispensation was displayed in the fact that a double miracle ushered it in? We are quite ready to admit that if the second miracle had been wrought upon a mixed mob, composed of men of all characters and creeds, it would not have been in harmony with the ordinary law of the New Testament, according to which some subjective fitness seems to have been a general, if not an invariable prerequisite for such as were of a strictly spiritual order (Matt. xii. 58 or Mark vi. 5, 6). But the second miracle was not wrought upon the whole mob promiscuously. The Spirit of God conferred the power of hearing and understanding upon those who came together, for the very same reason for which, on a subsequent occasion, the power of "speaking with tongues" was conferred upon Cornelius and his associates, namely, because they were "devout." If any man were disposed to mock, he understood nothing, and the disciples only appeared to him to be full of new wine. And what could be more fitting, under the circumstances referred to, than that whilst the disciples, who were filled with the Spirit, gave proof that the Spirit with which they were filled had been shed forth by one who was "at the right hand of God," by giving utterance in a new tongue to words and songs unmistakeably heavenly and divine, the same Spirit should inspire devout men of every nation to hear and understand the song, so that whilst waiting for the consolation of Israel, they received, in themselves, the proof that the Spirit which Christ had poured out upon His disciples was truly the "presence of the Father," and, therefore, that Jesus Himself was the promised Messiah?

The world had just received the greatest of all gifts from God. Earth and heaven were now united by a new and indissoluble bond. The Church of Christ was adopted by the Lord God of Sabaoth as his last and truest temple. The Tabernacle and Temple made with hands gave place to the living temple of the Holy Ghost, and God attested in a new way His glorious entrance into the new temple. When Moses had completed his work, and the Tabernacle was set up, "a cloud covered the tent, and Moses was unable to enter because the cloud abode thereon, and the glory of the Lord filled the Tabernacle." When the temple of Solomon was finished, the house was again filled with a cloud, because "the Lord had said that He would dwell in the thick darkness." But when the last and living temple was inaugurated, the glory of God was manifested not in darkness, but in light, and "there appeared cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." The new life and power were also revealed in new forms of adoration. When the Tabernacle was consecrated, Moses "set the bread in order," and "lighted the

and "burnt sweet incense." The opening of the first mass also accompanied with the highest praise that men give—"the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and they lifted up their voices with the trumpets and cymbals and organs of music, and praised the Lord, saying, for He is His mercy endureth for ever." But in the opening of the Temple, God prepares His own instruments and inspires praise. "They spake with other tongues as the Spirit dictated utterance." And, whilst with one heart and soul the Church, small as it then was, poured out in new and more music the lofty praises of the Lord; just as the one pure light separated into all the prismatic colours of the rainbow, here as red, there as orange, and there again as purple, so the one pure tongue, which is but the unity of tongues," so far as they proceed from God, was red and distributed by the Spirit of God, and fell in such abundance on the attentive ears of every devout listener that, arrested by the marvellous *sign*, as they have already been by the majestic and appalling *wonder*, "They were amazed and marvelled, saying one to another, Behold, are these which speak Galileans? And how hear we every man in his own tongue, wherein we were born? Parthians, and Medes and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judæa and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God."

ham.

J. M.

CONFESSIONS OF A CROSS DEACON.

tion," they say, "is good for the soul," and I am going to do what some would call, "a clean breast of it." Perhaps I should not envy me my task; all I say is—every one to his own. At any rate, it will do me good to relieve my mind, and I don't think it will do my readers any harm to listen to my

story. Besides, "every medal has its reverse," as the Italians say, and if I have to confess that I've stirred up some breezes in my time, why, "it's an ill wind than blows nobody any good."

The fact is—I'm a cross deacon. Perhaps you will say, there's nothing uncommon in that, but I shouldn't agree with you, for I never agree with anybody. Besides, I think, as a rule, our deacons are a good-natured lot of men, in fact, much too good-natured. Easy souls, they put up, every day, with what I never did and never will; and that, you see, is just the difference between them and me. They pride themselves on their weakness; I pride myself on my strength. Our good, dear Mr. Smith, came to me the other day and asked me to agree to a new-fangled proposal, for lighting the chapel with oil instead of candles, and his words were as soft as oil when he spoke.

"You see, brother Smith," said I, "you've mistaken your man, when I was young I read John Foster's book—a wonderful book that—the greatest book that ever was written on "Decision of Character," and I've learned to say, No."

"But don't you think," replied brother Smith, "that people may make a mistake? It seems to me that it is mostly those who already are quite decided enough who read John Foster on 'Decision,' and so they seem to make their obstinacy into a Christian grace." And I've thought since that there was something in what brother Smith said, but of course I wasn't going to admit it to him, and I told him I didn't agree with him.

It's wonderful the advantage one gets from decision of character—having a will of your own. Of course it is unpleasant to be called ill-natured, and cantankerous and cross, but I've laid my account with that, and got used to it. You see I always have a straightforward course to take, and if, sometimes, people get their toes a little trodden on, why, they should keep their toes out of the way. There's good-natured old Mr. Benson; why you could persuade him to anything, and he would cheerfully allow, if he could, that black is white for the sake of peace. Catch me doing that! Why, I wouldn't admit that white is white to please any one of them. Young Adams, "a rising man," they say, tried it on with me at the last election. They had got a good sort of candidate on the other side—rather a great gun they thought, a Liberal and a Nonconformist, bred and born in the neighbourhood and what not; and they reckoned on me to support him. Not I, I let them know that I was a "free and independent elector," that I had a mind of my own, and so I voted for the opposition to surprise them, and to show that I wasn't going to be cajoled or bullied by anybody. Just before the election

me on, young Adams had the impudence to write me what dare say he would call a very respectful letter, asking me to abandon my intention and to vote with his lot. But I took care, I can tell you, to let him know that I wasn't to be impered with by a young upstart like him—that my word as my bond—that I was a man of consistency, and so I voted for one of the rankest Tories alive, and should have been delighted my vote had turned the scale. Anybody, of course, can go with the stream—a dead fish or a drowned cat can float on its back down the current—but I am a man of will and power, and mean to leave my mark on my age.

But the chief work of my life, that is ever since I became deacon, has been to keep the ministers straight. Some people say that the office of a deacon is to "serve tables," by which they mean I am to see that the table of the ministry is to be kept well provided. I know better than that. The fact is, they would like me to be a butler, to take care that the minister has a proper allowance of roast beef and plum pudding. But I don't agree with them. What we deacons ought to do is to keep the minister's table short for him, if he does not do his duty. Why, if deacons didn't keep the minister in his place, who should? The old ladies—of both sexes—oddle him and the young ones admire him, and they do all they can with their brothers and husbands to spoil him. They'd be the ruin of the ministry and of the churches if it wasn't for me, and a few like me. The worst of it is I cannot always get them all to act with me. Last winter, when the weather was so sharp, brother Smith proposed that we should make our minister a sort of a present. He said there was a balance out of the pew-rents which he thought ought to go to Mr. Coleman, and we might, a few of us, advance a trifle to it, as he had had sickness in his family. Of course I said I didn't agree with him. What had the pew-rents to do with a present? Some people said the minister had a right to the pew-rents, and if so, though I don't agree with them, how can you mix up voluntary gifts with rents, it was like putting oil and water together, which is contrary to nature, as well as religion. "Well," said brother Smith, "I think that if anything be done it should be done unanimously, or Mr. Coleman would refuse it." "Exactly," I replied, for when they tell me they must be unanimous, then I know I have them in my power. "And the only thing," said I, "I am unanimous to, is that we let the matter stop." So I spoiled that little game.

The finest opportunities I have had, however, have been when we have had to invite a new minister. You know there's nothing like making a good start. When you see that anyone

is likely to have a "cordial and unanimous call," then get confidential with him, and find out whether he is likely to do as he is told by those who are wiser than himself. If he is, and you are sure of your man, then patronize him, and secure him. Stand by him as long as he will stand by you, that is, as long as he is prepared to listen to your advice, but let him know that if you and he disagree then he must go.

The worst of it is, these Independent ministers, as a rule, are such an independent lot, that you must handle them very firmly to hold them. I remember, years ago, I had one of this sort. He came—a nice sort of young man, highly recommended by his tutors, backed up by many rather influential people in the Denomination, and it was expected he would do great things. The church I then belonged to was weak, in fact, it had only just started. We went on very well for a while; there was no fault to be found with him, he preached well, and evidently better every year, he was assiduous in his pastoral duties, but he had one fault, the worst, in my opinion, a minister could have, he wouldn't "handle" well. If anybody asked him to do a kindness to anybody he would do it with a deal of pleasure, but when it came to a question of what he called 'Church order,' he wouldn't budge an inch for anybody, I wanted him to give way once or twice, and I got another or two to act with me, but he wouldn't. I tried every plan, made an arrangement to lower his salary, wrote him letters he didn't like, spoke to him sharply at our meetings, disparaged him everywhere behind his back: I even told him once, to his face, that he had come to us as "a great expectation" (for I knew that would nettle him), and that the expectations had not been realized; but he would not give way. No, he stuck to it to the last, and then resigned, and left his pleasant home with his young wife and little family, with damaged health, that has never been completely restored. I was almost sorry for him, for I liked him for some things; but it was, of course, all his own fault. He should have given way.

Ordinarily, my best chances are at Church meetings. When we have our deacons' meetings I take little or no part in them; if they press me for an opinion I simply say, 'I don't agree with you.' But when the Church meeting comes I have it all my own way. To be sure I don't often carry anything, but that does not matter. I have my say. There is Richards, one of our deacons, who is very soft and very susceptible. He's just like a great pin cushion, and so I stick pins into him out of sheer provocation. Sometimes they try to coax me, but I'm not to be wheedled. Sometimes they try to meet me, they say, half-way, but I tell them that it is

a matter for principle, not for compromise. Sometimes they stand up and fight it out, but I always have the last word if I can. Sometimes they get cross, and give me a bit of their mind, but I'm always cross, so I'm used to that. The beauty of it is you can always propose an amendment, though I often can't get any one to second it, and sometimes I find myself in a minority of two. But, then, minorities are generally in the right.

Yes, I flatter myself I have left my mark on my age. I shall not be forgotten for some time to come. There are a good many ministers up and down the country, who have, even now, a trace of my influence upon their memory. I have kept the Church in hot water for a quarter of a century and better, and that's more than some of these easy-going nobodies can say. But hot water is surely better than stagnation. You see everybody has a mission, and I have mine.

After all, it's wonderful the advantages one gets from being cross, especially from being a cross deacon. You see what liberties everybody takes with you amiable people; they never take liberties with me. If they want a document signed, they have to run all over the town to know when it will be convenient for me to attach my name. If the minister and deacons decide to take action upon any matter, they have to be very careful that the thing is done with proper forms and ceremonies. That's what I tell them—there's no telling what loose ways they wouldn't get into if it were not for me. It's I who keep them, in fact, the whole thing, up to the mark. I tell them I'm the break on the engine to prevent it going too fast.

"Yes," said young Andrews to me the other day, "a break is all very well, Sir, to stop a train when it is going wrong, or has to be pulled up, but when the train has to go, and is going all right, a break is rather a bore, especially if put on the wheels of the carriage in which you happen to be sitting. If I were going, Sir, from London to Birmingham by express, I should like to get there as quickly and smoothly as I could, and I should think if any one were to be always putting on the break it would be a nuisance. Besides, all the breaks on the London and North-Western wouldn't draw a truck a mile."

I was rather astonished at the impudence of the young fellow in addressing in that sort of way a gentleman old enough to be his grandfather, and of course I told him, and pretty sharply too, that I didn't agree with him.

What is the candid opinion of our church on the whole matter I don't exactly know—but I can guess—I believe they would like to turn me out of office, but as I have a few family

connections and friends in the church (though I don't agree with them), they think it would make a bother, and so they leave it alone. Besides, who ever heard of a deacon, or even a member, being expelled for being cross. I fancy they think that some day I shall die, and I am told that they have selected a suitable text for my funeral sermon. All I can say is that I don't intend to die a moment sooner than I can please them, and that I mean to be a cross deacon to the chapter.

ABOUT MESSAGES.

"MESSAGES are such dreadful bosh;"—so said my nephew Bob, as he was leaving home the other morning; after just mentioning to his sister that he believed some one had sent her a kind of a message to her; but who, or what it was, he could not be bothered to remember.

Now this sentiment, expressed in my nephew's strong idiomatic English, is one, I believe, very widely held by the men of the present day. To the English no one can object to what of the sentiment? Is it a correct one? Taking the run of ordinary messages of civility and affection, is it true that they are "bosh"—i. e., are they utterly worthless to themselves and utterly incapable of serving any purpose with regard to others? And, whether regarded as "bosh" or not, is there no principle of honour involved in the transmission of them when once they have been committed to our care?

Conclusive as my nephew's remark on this subject may appear to be, at least to himself, I, for one, must beg to differ from him entirely. My experience of life and things has led me to the conviction that messages, even the ordinary kind mentioned, really occupy an important place in the economic and social life. It is true that the part they play is more indirect than positive; that their influence is more secret and subtle than direct and open; but these admissions do not detract from the truth of the assertion; they only show that the analysis

proof are the more difficult to conduct and to present. In this case, as in many others, the value of the thing is more correctly estimated by its absence than in its presence—the right use indicated by studying its abuse; and it is precisely from noticing the effects resulting from the absence and the abuse of these little things* called “messages” that I have arrived at a conclusion so diametrically opposed to the one uttered by my nephew.

My opportunities for observation have been many and varied; for as I am a bachelor uncle, supposed (erroneously) to have considerable property, I have always a number of relatives delighted to see me; and as these dear relatives suppose (again erroneously) that “Uncle Crab is a good kind soul, but one who never takes much notice of what goes on around him,” I am admitted behind the scenes and into the green-room of a tolerably large number of domestic circles, and permitted to see the working of the hidden machinery of numerous families.

A long series of observations thus made enables me to affirm that I have traced more misunderstandings, coldnesses, alienations, and subsequent family feuds, to the neglect of these small civilities than to any other cause. Of course, I do not mean to say that the deadly quarrel was the direct and immediate result of so slight a cause; but the message *not* sent or *not* delivered has generally been the first link of the chain. It is astonishing how easily and imperceptibly one thing glides into another thing—the slight annoyance at the slight neglect produces coldness of manner; this, again, acting and re-acting, induces reserve and gradual withdrawal of confidence; the secret and suppressed irritation in time creates the sharp and angry word; then come endless complexities of misunderstanding, till the whole becomes a miserable tangle of wrong and wretchedness. “The Neglected Message” would serve as a title to many a volume of saddest family history. This is very humiliating and painful, but it is often sadly true. Would it not be wise, then, to avoid the first step in such a series?

To take as illustration one or two of the simplest, most ordinary forms of omission.

Suppose letter after letter comes from a common friend, and in them there is no sort of message of remembrance from a mutual friend—how am I to tell whether the omission is accidental or not? Which party shall I credit with the negligence, the one who ought to have sent, or the one who ought to have duly transmitted it? A very trifling thing, you say; but look at the nearest and most natural result. I, on my part, send no message, and when we next meet it is all but impossible to do so with the old former cordiality. Or suppose, I send my friend a present,

insignificant in itself may be, but significant of my remembrance of him, and, as such, worthy of an acknowledgment. Well, there comes *no message* from him to me. It is but a trifle, *true*, but it is very perplexing, and the more so that it is so slight a thing that I can on no account inquire how the matter really stands. Yet the next time I propose to myself to repeat the civility, I hesitate; not feeling sure whether the last was appreciated, and knowing that an undesired kindness is in fact little better than a nuisance. So a check is given to my feelings—my friend goes without his present. And all the while, perhaps, I am wronging him. The message was really sent, but committed to some one who did not think it worth his while to remember and deliver it—considered it, in short, to be “bosh.” It will be urged that no strong friendship could be altered by any such little omissions, even if they must be allowed to be mistakes and faults. But I am not speaking here of deep and intimate friendships: they are but rare blessings. I speak of the majority of our social relationships, of our ordinary family connections, and I maintain that to carry these on pleasantly, peacefully, and continuously, demands almost as much care and exactness as are requisite in the prosecution of business transactions. Every one recognises the necessity of acknowledging an invoice or duly forwarding a receipt. In a certain sense social life is also a commerce, with its debtor and creditor account and its system of laws and obligations, understood though not defined, the violation of which and the punctual discharge of which introduce confusion, and pave the way for more serious evils as surely in the one case as in the other.

This social life, with its amenities, or higher moralities, as they might well be called, depends for its right cultivation far more upon the care and wisdom of ladies than of men. It is natural it should do so, for to them it forms a large and integral part of life, while with us it is often little more than an interlude. The fault generally charged upon ladies is, that they care far too much than too little for these small matters. It is said, and with some truth, that they take offence with each other far more easily than do men; and that in their code a slight, a social slight, is the one sin under the sun for which there is no forgiveness or oblivion. Undoubtedly ladies are less reserved and more exacting in their friendship than men are, and in consequence extract both more pleasure and pain from them; but it must be remembered that as the circles in which they move are somewhat uniform and contracted, they are brought into such close and frequent contact, that they must of necessity continually lay the points and peculiarities of their different characters open to observation and attack. No wonder, then, that they feel more

rongly than we do the need of those small civilities, that, like
l to the wheel, diminish the friction and lessen the chances of
nition.

The *excess* of their care, especially as regards "messages," is,
however, often urged as an excuse for the entire neglect of them
y others. And, really, there is some shadow of excuse—for the
o frequent employment of anything must vitiate its value. The
etters of some people seem to be little more than bundles of
essages—fasciculi, made up of extremely thin fibres of affection,
covered over with layers of superlative adjectives. Now, of
ourse, these, as exponents of real affection, cannot stand for
uch, and in most cases it would be better for both giver and
eciever that they should be more sparingly used and less
howily adorned. But reduce their value to the lowest possible
ommon-places; demonstrate most clearly that they mean
almost next to nothing; and (absolute falsehood, however polite,
cepted) I still think that it is better to have them than to be
ntirely without them. They, at least, prove that forgetfulness
as not the fault of the writer.

A little wisdom in the selection of our messengers would often
revent annoyance and trouble. A message of the slightest
importance should never be committed to child or servant, unless,
adeed, they have been first thoroughly trained to verbal accuracy
nd courteous manners.

Many a message, good and polite enough in itself, has been
terly ruined in its delivery by the pertness of a child or the
ignorance of a servant. Ladies also would do well to refrain
om needlessly burdening their gentlemen friends with unim-
ortant commissions, turning them into electric telegraphs, as
hey do, without the slightest compunction. What marvel that
he wires are so often rusty, and will not work!

At the same time, let it be borne in mind that a person has no
ore right to keep back a message, given into his charge, than he
as to neglect to give up a piece of property not his own. Of
ourse he is at liberty to decline the charge; but, having once
cepted it, even tacitly, he is not at liberty to put away all care
nd thought of it, simply because to him it appears small and
orthless. He is responsible for its safe delivery. Some-
mes the consequences that result from neglect in this
atter are direct and terrible; and the instances are not
o rare, even in ordinary prosaic lives in which it is found that
this way some pleasant prospect has been suddenly clouded
ver, some hoped-for happiness extinguished, some heart crushed
not broken, some life-course altered and maimed if not utterly
arred. Many of us even in our own small circles may have
net with some mother who has been *too late* to receive the

dying kiss of her child; some young maiden in whom the spring-tide of love has been arrested, turned inward, dried up; some gloomy, hard, self-contained man pacing the deck of the emigrant ship; some reckless, defiant one hurrying to the field of battle and wished-for death! Bah! what common-place words; what easily-read sentences; what hackneyed phrases; how neat and trim they look in their printer's ink upon the book's white pages! But if you have ever *learnt by heart* what the words stand for, or have ever been by the side of those who have so done, you will know that to *such*, to use the strong but not too strong language of eastern metaphor, "The sun turns into darkness, the moon into blood, and all the stars withdraw their shining." And *this*, all this, has sometimes arisen from the neglect of the delegated commission, the forgetfulness of the entrusted message.

But in considering great and exceptional cases of this kind, it is so easy to escape from all severe application of the lesson taught by them. We severely blame the cause, deeply deplore the results—but then, "such things are very unusual, they will not happen to us; *we* could never be guilty of such carelessness," and so we console ourselves and dismiss the subject. Therefore I have purposely chosen my examples of neglect from among the most constantly recurring circumstances of ordinary everyday life; and I think that if once we admit that there may be a principle of right and wrong involved in these small matters; and that small and insignificant as we consider them, they may possibly exert a wide-reaching influence, and may be connected with distant effects far exceeding them, apparently, in weight and magnitude—then I think there are but few of us who will not feel self-reproach and apprehension as regards this simple subject of "Messages!"

The grand error lies in this, that we venture to call anything "worthless" because it is *small*. Who are *we*, "moving about in worlds not realized," that we dare to pronounce, absolutely, on the relative value of things? Life, to the most clear-sighted of us, is often a terrible tangle. With our utmost care we blunder at many a step, and times without number, unknowingly, injure one another, even those we most love. Let us not, then, wilfully and deliberately cast out of our hands, as "of no consequence," any of the small links of that chain that binds us, "darkly," the one to the other—for the opportunity gone! who can recall it? the link lost; who can find it? the thread broken; who can mend it? And how can *we* tell what fine issues of life and death may hang upon our words and deeds—even the most trivial. The word spoken, the deed done, who can calculate the long series of depending events? who can stay their course? who

I make that which has *once been* as though it had *never* been?

Had we but a mental microscope delicate enough, we should find that our individual lives are but the crystallised aggregate of influences and causes, once living; long extinct; while we in our turn, with our "small" ways, and words and works, will be as surely to build up future lives and form and fashion, on some distant day, other portions of the great human world; just as the mountain limestone cliff is but the congeries of myriads of infusoria, a grand mausoleum framed of the once living organisms, whose life and death it chronicles and perpetuates.

Who, then, can venture to say that aught is "*worthless*," or that anything is "*small*?"

PROFESSOR MAURICE ON THE COMMANDMENTS.

We need not apologise for feeling special interest in a new work from the lately appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge University. When he puts forth a word to this generation we expect something glowing with the white heat of noble spirituality. There is no sense of trifling or frigidity, certainly, in his ten words and ten prayers on the commandments.

The tendency, in these days, is to divorce the Judaical element from Christianity, to lay aside the Old Testament and come only to the New, to rush to the conclusion that inasmuch as the Old Testament has to do with a national faith, it cannot have anything to do with the universal demand for a catholic faith, to assert very vigorously, "clear away the Judaical element and we shall have no religious obstacle in the way of scientific progress." In this book Mr. Maurice, though he would be the last man to divorce Christianity with a spirit of Judaism, utters his decided protest against the narrowness of such a view and the ignorance of such attempts. He says:—

"I also demand a catholic faith, not in any new sense but in the old sense; that old sense satisfying, as I maintain, all the newest demands of the conscience and reason of man. A Father in Heaven must be the root of it—a Father of all mankind in the Son of His Love—a Father who sends His Spirit upon His children, that they may serve Him truly and

freely : here is the catholic faith which we have been taught in the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. Modern Papal Catholicism, modern Liberal Catholicism, assume another basis. The Church, not God, is the ground of the one ; humanity, not God, is the ground of the other. These opinions must combine at last ; one must be absorbed into the other. The Jewish Commandments are the abiding witness against both. I admit that there is a cry for a catholic faith and catholic unity, now, which there was not in the sixteenth century. Just because I recognize the cry as the most genuine one of our century, I turn to these Commandments with the same affection as our fathers felt for them then—if possible, with a greater affection. The struggle for catholicity will be a delusive and mischievous struggle, if it is severed from the struggle for national freedom and order. To connect it with that is to establish, in the most living and practical sense, the union of Gospel with Law."

Mr. Maurice has a great reverence for, and belief in, an unchangeable law and a living law-giver. He thinks the belief of this has given to the Scotch character its strength and solidity. He thinks Dr. McLeod, to whom he dedicates his book, in parting with these Commandments as the basis of his argument for the Sabbath, is putting himself out of harmony with the best habits and convictions of the Scotch nation, and lessening his power of reforming what is feeble and false in them. He believes the same will apply to England and to every nation under heaven. We cannot do without the conviction that if God has once spoken to a nation and uttered an unchangeable moral law, it must be at our utter peril if we reject that. The consequences will be fearfully sad ; we shall begin to fabricate a system of religion, and it will be very much according to the word of the hour or the individual character of the fabricator. It may be stagnant in the hands of a conservative or fluxional when managed by the men of progress. It may be ornamental, or fanatic, have a dead Christ, or an incendiary Christ, be materialistic or recognize all spirits but the Holy Spirit. This terrible possibility is described in one of the most striking passages in the whole book. No wonder, therefore, we find him turning back with a sense of relief to what he considers the fixed and permanent laws governing the moral world—the disregard of which has brought such bondage, and the observance of which has brought true liberty and freedom from the letter. Possibly some may object to this way of putting it. They may say we, also, believe in fixed, unchangeable laws of morality, but we do not go to these Ten Commandments. We find them elsewhere. They are wrapped up in our very nature ; they are embodied in the principles of the New Testament ; they have been discovered by or through other moralists. What was said to the Jews was not necessarily said to us. Mr. Maurice is quite aware of these objections, admits the truth of some of them, but does not consider them necessarily as objec-

He simply asks, "Are the words true? Did God speak words? If not, there is a much greater objection to them than that they are Judaical; they are blasphemous and wicked. We ought to repent in dust and ashes that we have used them for many generations. The curse of a frightful lie is upon heads." He asks again, "If they were true once, are they true now? Is God speaking these words to Englishmen as He speaks them to the Jews? If not, we have nothing to do with them." But he believes we have everything to do with them, and he explains why. He sees in these Commandments what Christians and moralists require, and do not provide. He finds an announcement of a living God, who governs men and makes men free. It is He who speaks to us as He spoke to the Jews. "Hear the Lord thy God." He finds an undeviating sign. Where any nation has observed these Commandments it has been free, and acknowledged a Lord of Righteousness; where any nation has declined to observe them, it has sunk into bondage. Thus the omission of the words in the Church of England, "Which has brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage," is to him a perilous and vital omission.

The interest of this book lies chiefly in the Chapter on the Fourth Commandment. We have in a few pages the whole of the Sabbath question treated in a most suggestive and early way. The plan with the most advanced theologians of the present day has been to put aside any argument from the Ten Commandments, and either to go back to a passage in Genesis, which is supposed to have no Jewish but a human origin; or to advocate a day of rest on the ground of its moral and social necessity. The difficulty with them has been the question of its being a national command, and it has seemed insuperable when the objection has been put "If you reject the obligation of the command to the Jews, you must not keep just what part you please of the Jewish Sabbath, and modify the rest to suit your laxity." Mr. Maurice goes boldly back to the command, admits it was spoken to the Jewish nation, but says it was no commandment of a merely Jewish and human origin. He discovers here what he can get from no philosopher, no other legislator, no other national custom—the never-forgotten assertion that God is the living God who brings men out of bondage—that He is "a Lord who rests, whose work is the work of a creating or giving life, whose rest is the rest of delight in beholding that which is very good; a Lord God who commands His subjects to work as He works, to rest as He rests; a Lord God who does not lay down a mere decree respecting rest, but who binds them into the succession and order of

the life of His subjects ; a Lord God who appoints rest for those human creatures and for those animals that have been deemed by the rich and powerful of the earth, only made for perpetual toil on their behalf."

Sir Rutherford Alcock is right when he asserts he can find a trace of a Sabbath except among the Jews, or in those nations who have adopted the institution of the Jews. This is of the greatest worth as a fact to Mr. Maurice, who believes no nation not even the Roman in his highest state of Greco-Roman civilization, has been able to conceive such a notion of God as to reconcile the idea of work with the idea of rest. "The first Divinity is either always in a bustle about the affairs of creatures below him, or always reposing in selfish indolence." The true harmonious notion is above any national conception, even above that of the Jews. It came to them, certainly not from them.

The institution of the Sabbath has been supposed to be at variance with the doctrine of the continuity of the working of God ; but it is pointed out by the author that the creation was not finished in the sense that God absolutely ceased working, but that the creation was the enduing of creatures with seeds of an ever-renewing life. No doctrine of continuity propounded by philosophers is more distinctly the assertion of the capacities of self-renewal in vegetables, in animals, in man, than the record of creation which is supposed to be at variance with it. The six days say to the most ordinary men and women, and to the profoundest students, "Behold the work of the Lord God ; see how He is working, even as you are. The creation is always new, coming forth each day fresh from his hands." The seventh day commemorates a corresponding continuous delight in His work—an ever-recurring rest. "The notion of the rest of God being only on the seventh day is contradicted by the observance of the seventh day, by the renewal of it for each man and each generation of men. The whole institution is therefore a protest against the hard material notions which have been grounded upon it, so far as the Commandment is kept faithfully and delivered from them."

Any treatment of the Sabbath question must necessarily go into the subject of the substitution of the first day for the seventh. Somehow or other, through the whole Christendom, an institution has been adopted of a week of six days and one day. This could not have come from any Greek or Roman custom, it could only have come from the despised Jewish race. But now it is the first day instead of the seventh which has associated with it the notion of rest. Mr. Maurice interprets the origin of the Christian

th by suggesting the truth that the author of the Com-
 ments, who gave them to one nation for the purpose of
 giving that nation a blessing to all nations, sent One who fulfilled
 the Commandments, and therefore this one; who exhibited
 the perfect image of the God who rests and who works; who
 made it possible for man to rest as God rests, and work as God works;
 who threw light upon the mystery of *death* which had come
 amongst the work and rest of creation as a disturbing ele-
 ment and apparently contradicted the assertion of God's rest in
 his work as very good; who declared death not to be the
 end of life or of the universe; in fact, declared himself to be
 resurrection and the life and the rest of man. It is natural
 that the highest kind of rest should be associated with the Sabbath.
 Necessary, the day should be changed to commemorate this
 great rest. "In Him God rested, in Him we may rest." The
 commandment about the Sabbath would not have been God's
 commandment according to Mr. Maurice, if it had not been un-
 developed at the crisis of its fulfilment to express that
 rest.

I confess, after all, that though we feel the remarkable
 power Mr. Maurice has thrown into his treatment of these Ten
 commandments as instruments of national reformation, and the
 successful adaptation of the teaching to the special sins of the
 nation, and of this nation in particular, the question will come
 why should the Church of England prefer to have hung up
 in her churches the Ten Commandments rather than the Two
 commandments upon which hang all the Law and the Prophets?
 Why not prefer the Sermon on the Mount where the full
 force of the moral law is brought plainly into view; where
 the law is not simply prohibition but very much that is positive
 and spiritual? The most powerful part of Mr. Maurice's book
 is that in which he brings out the full force of the Ten Com-
 mandments by a reference to this very Sermon on the Mount.
 We may admit all Mr. Maurice says about these being the
 the words of God—about their being uttered to one nation in
 order that all the nations of the earth were to be blessed. But we
 do not think he helps us to set aside altogether the objection
 which is sometimes offered. We have more in the morality of
 the New Testament than in this moral code. And if to-morrow
 the Ten Commandments were blotted out of existence, we
 should still have sufficient to accomplish the reformation of
 the nation, and of all nations under heaven. We are far from
 thinking that the one morality in the Old contradicts the mora-
 lity of the New Testament. But we do believe most firmly,
 that the less development and less glory of the one pale before
 the greater development and greater glory of the other.

S. B. B.

HOW MR. FRYE WOULD HAVE PREACHED IT.

(Continued from p. 189.)

"IF I had been preaching the sermon in my way," said he "I should have told you what you could have guessed, that, having played that act through, I did not care to stay in Boston any longer. I had been married ten years, and I had learned two things: first, that a man can't live, unless he keeps his body under; next, that he can't live and lie at the same time,—that he can't live unless he keeps his ingenuity under, and his cunning and snakiness in general. To learn the first lesson had cleaned me out completely, and I hated Milfold, where I learned it. To learn the second had cleaned me out again, and left me two thousand dollars and more in debt,—so much worse than nothing. And, very naturally, I hated Boston, where I learned that too.

"What did I do? I did what I always had done in trouble. I went to Harry Patrick, who happened to be here on business at the time. Harry had fought for me at school. He had coaxed my father for me when I was in scrapes. He took care of me when I was an apprentice. I have told you what he did for me in Milfold. He established me here. He had me chosen into his Lodge. He lent me money to buy my tools with. When I wanted my cameras and things he helped me to my credit. So of course I went to him. Well, I thought I was done with lying; so I told him just the whole story. There was a quarter's rent due the next Monday. All the quarter's bills at the shops were due, and some of them had arrears behind the beginning of the quarter. Then I had borrowed, in money, twenty-five dollars here, five there, a hundred of one man, and so on,—old fellow-workmen at the machine-shop,—saying and thinking that I should be able to pay them in a few days. This was the reason, indeed, why I had hurried up the negatives, and printed off the impressions as steadily as I had,—because the first of October was at hand.

"I told Harry the whole. They say a man never tells all his debts. I suppose that is true. I did not tell him of some of the meanest of mine, and some that were most completely debts of honor. I said to myself that I could manage those myself some day. But then I told no lies. And he,—he did, as he always does, the completest and noblest thing that can be done. He gave me three coupon bonds which he had bought only the day

efore meaning them for a birthday present for his mother. He gave me three hundred and twenty dollars in cash, and he went with me to the office of the photographic findings people, and gave a note, jointly with me, for the chemicals and the cameras. So I was clear of debt that night, except the little things I had not told ; and I had nearly fifty dollars in my pocket.

" ' And what now ? ' said he, when I went to thank him again the next morning,— and he spoke to me as cheerily as if I had never caused him a moment's care.

" Well, he wanted me to go on with the photograph room. But I hated it. I hated Boston. I hated the old shop. I begged him to let me go with him to Washington. Perhaps I thought I should do better under his wing.

" So he told me to leave the forty-three dollars with Jenny, and to come with him the next day to Washington. I had never been there before. For two or three weeks that I was hanging round, living at his charges, and hopelessly unable to do a thing for him, seeming like a fool, I suppose, because I know I felt like one, not once did he forget himself, nor speak an impatient word to me. And when he came unexpectedly back to our lodgings one day, an hour after he had gone out, to say that the head of the Department had that morning given him an appointment for me, or the promise of one, in the Bureau of Special Supplies, he was more glad than I was, you would have said. Not really ; but he was gentle about it, and took no credit to himself, and would have been glad if I could have believed that ' The Chief ' had heard of me from my own fame, and had sent to him to find out where such a rare bird could be caught.

" So pleasant days began again. Jenny and the children came on. And I would buy books, — and I would take her on excursions, — I don't know, — Harry went off and I got in debt again. But I worked like a dog at the bureau. I brought home copying for Jenny. Always these odd jobs were my ruin. I was always hoping to help myself through. But I was early at work, and at night I screwed out the gas in the office ; and so I got promoted. That helped, but it ruined too. Promotion, too, was an ' odd job '.

" In my new post I had the oversight of all the accounts from the Artificers' Department in the field. By one of the intricacies, which I need not explain, they were in the habit of sending over for us to use, from the Quartermaster-General's, the originals of all the reports they received, for us to see what we wanted by way of confirming our vouchers ; and we then sent them all back to them. This was because we were ahead of them. They were some weeks behindhand, and we were ' fly,' as our jargon called it. So it happened that I used to see Harry's own official reports to their office, even before they read them themselves.

"Of course I was interested in what he was doing. I need not say that he was doing it thoroughly well. He loved work. He loved the country. He believed in the cause. And off there, at that strange little post, curiously separated from the grand armies, and in many matters reporting direct to Washington, he was *cadi*, viceroy, commissary, chief-engineer, schoolmaster, minister, major-general, and everything, under his modest major's maple-leaves.

"Strictly speaking, I had no right to read his reports. But then I did read them. I liked to know what he was doing. At last, one day, I happened to notice that he had misunderstood one of the service regulations about returns, which had made us infinite trouble. I knew all about it. But it had confused Harry. I was glad I observed it before they did, and I wrote to him at once about it. I knew it might save him money to notice it; for they would stop his pay while they notified him. I wrote. But he never got the letter. The next week and the next this same variation in his accounts-keeping came in. One part of it sprang from his not understanding where the apostrophes belonged in 'Commissaries' wagoners' assistants' rations. I wrote to him again and again and again. Four letters I wrote; but Sherman and Hardee and Benham and Hayes, and I do not know who, were raising Ned with the communications, and he never got one of my letters. And when the sixth of these accounts of his came,—well, I was in debt, I wanted a change,—well,—your Doctor to-day would have said the Devil came. I wish I thought it was anybody's fault but mine. What did I do, but send over to the Quartermaster's for the whole series, which we had sent back; and then I went up to the chief, I sent in my card, and I said to him that my attention had been called to this obliquity in accounts,—that I had warned Mr Harry Patrick, because I had formerly known him, that he was not construing the act correctly—that he persisted in drawing as he did, and making the returns as he did,—and that, in short, though strictly it was not my business, yet, as it would be some months before the papers would be reached in order, (this was a lie,—they had really come to the first of them,) I thought it my duty to the government to call attention to the matter. As we both knew, I said, it was an isolated post, and an officer did not pass under the same observation as in most stations.

"Yes, I said all that. It was awful. I can't tell you wholly how or why I said it. I did not guess it would turn out as it did. I did hope I should be sent out on special service to inspect. But I did not think of anything more. But a man cannot have just what he chooses. The chief had his cigar, and was comfortable, and knew no more about this post than you do, and asked

me, in a patronizing way, about it, not confessing ignorance, but as a great man will. That temptation I could not resist. Who can? At all events, I could not resist. I stood,—I sat at last, when he asked me,—and told him the whole story, adorned as I chose.

“The next day he sent for me again; and I found more than my boldest hopes had fancied,—that he was thinking of displacing poor Harry, and putting me there as his substitute. Of course I blocked his wheels, you say, and explained. No such thing, I snapped at the promotion! Don’t make me tell the whole: it was too nasty. The end was, that I was ordered to leave Washington with a colonel’s commission, outranking Harry two grades, with the right to name my staff when I got upon the ground. Poor Harry was to report in person to the Department, in disgrace.

“Here was a prize vastly higher than I had sought for. I was not very happy with it. But I had the grace to say to myself that I could pay my debts now, and would never go in debt again. I would even pay poor Harry, I thought; but then I had another qualm, as I remembered that there were near three thousand dollars due to him, and that even a colonel’s pay and allowances would not stand that, in the first quarter. I went home and told Jenny. I did not tell her where I was going. I only told her it was promotion, and high promotion. I bade her take comfort; and that very afternoon I turned over my papers and keys to her and hurried away.

“I went on to Willston. I got there. I found Harry. He was amazed to see me. He was delighted. He took me right into his own little den, asked if there was bad news, asked what brought me, and—well, my friends, the worst thing in my life was my telling him I had superseded him!

“And now, do you believe I had the face to say to him that it was the saddest moment of my life? That was true enough, God knows! But I said more. I dared tell him that I had had no bream of what was in the wind. That I did not receive my orders till I had left Washington, and that I had not a thought or suspicion who could have been caballing against him at the Department! I told him this, when I knew I had done the whole!

“Good fellow! He cried. I believe I did. He said, ‘I can’t talk about it’; and he hurried away. I did not see him again till the war was done. I went out and found the gentlemen of his staff. Of course they hated me. By and by I had my own staff. They did not love me. It was Saturday night that I arrived. Sunday I dressed up and attended religious worship with the garrison.’ Do you believe, the chaplain, a little wiry Sandemanian preacher, chose to tell those men, ‘The way of transgres-

sors is hard.' And I had to stand and take it, without the consolation I am giving myself to-day.

"It was not he that told me,— what I found out the night before, when I quailed under Harry's eye,— that it is the way that is hard. I tell you it was very hard for me to go through the routine of life there. As for success,— why, if Vesuvius had started up next door to us and overwhelmed us, I should not have cared.

"I suppose you know what happened. There never should have been any post at Willston. We were there to 'make Union sentiment.' In fact, the Rebels lived on us, laughed at us, and hated us. Harry did conciliate some people, I think, and frightened more. I conciliated nobody, and frightened nobody. I had begun wrong. 'Sinful heart makes feeble hand,'—and it makes feeble head too, and, worse than that, a man can't make any friends of himself or anybody else with it. I tried a green diplomatic dodge. There was a lot of rice on a plantation, and I started a private negotiation with one Haraden who owned it,—not for myself, really, but for government. We wanted the rice. Then my chief woke up one day from a long sleep, and sent us a perfectly impossible string of instructions. Then I heard that Dick Wagstaff, one of the enemy's light-horse, was threatening our outpost at Walker. I did not know what to do. How should I? But I put on a bold face, and marched out the garrison, and went part way to Walker; and then I thought I had better go down to Haraden's and then,— I tell you, it was just like a horrible dream,—then I remembered that the gunboats might have been sent up to help us, and I sent an express for them, and marched that way; but then news came that we had been wrong about Walker, and I thought we had better cross back there. But while we were crossing, there came an awful rain. We could not get the guns on, and had to stop over night, not only in the wettest place you ever saw, but in the only place we ought not to have been in at all. And there, at the gray of morning, before my men could or would start a cannon, down came Dick Wagstaff flying squadron. What is worst is that we found out, afterwards, there were but forty of them, and yet, in one horrid muddle of confusion, we left the guns, left what rice we had got, left ever so many men who had not time to tumble up, and, indeed, we hardly got back alive to Willston. If Dick Wagstaff had known his business half as well as he was thought to, not one of us would have seen the place again. But the queer thing of all this shame and disgrace to me was, that it almost comforted me. I remember my mother used to flog me when I was sulky, and say she would give me something to cry for. As we trailed back through the mud, it fairly pleased me to think that now, if I looked like

cursed hang-dog, people would not wonder. My outside was as bad at last as my in. I remember, as we came to the last bridge over the Coosa River, I, who was riding after the rear of the column, overtook McMurdy,—this chaplain I told you of. He was walking leading his own horse, on which sat or crouched a man faint as death, so he could hardly hold on. I made McMurdy take my horse and trudged beside him for the rest of the way. 'This is pretty hard, Doctor,' said I.

"'Hard for us,' said the grim little man, 'but not so hard for us as for the Graybacks.'

"'I don't see that,' said I. But in a minute I saw that the little man was clear grit, and true to his cloth.

"He set his teeth, and said : 'Not so hard for us, because we are right, and they are wrong. Every dog has his day, Colonel. They are bound to come to grief when the clock strikes for them.'

"Poor little Doctor. He preached at me harder, when he said that, than the first day I saw him, when he was 'secondlying it,' and 'in conclusioning it,' to the men. I made my mouth up to say, 'The way of transgressors is hard, Doctor.' But the cant stuck in my throat. That would have been too steep. Who was I, to say it? I said nothing. He said nothing. But I trailed after him, up to my knees in that Alabama mud; and I said to myself, It is the way that's hard. It is not the consequence that is hard, nor the punishment. That is rather easy in comparison. And I spoke aloud : 'It's the way.' Just then a contraband's mule pitched into me, — almost knocked me down, — and the little nigger said to me : 'Beg pardon, massa; Jordan mighty hard road to trabbel to-night.' I did not swear at him. I stood by and let him pass. And I said to myself : 'Mighty hard. It is the way that's hard, and not the bed you lie on at the end of it.'

"Indeed, at that very moment of misery, utter failure, beastly defeat, I felt the first reaction from the misery that had galled me ever since I lied to Harry's face. This was the end at last. All that was the way.

"As soon as they heard of all this, of course I was relieved, in disgrace. I was bidden to report at Washington, just as Patrick had done. I swear to you I was a happier man than I had been since the day he left me there."

Mr. Frye stopped. And then he walked up and down the room. It was long since he had smiled or pretended to. But he rested on a chair-back now, and said : "That is all the sermon. I shall feel better now I have told you. I shall never tell any one again. But one revelation of such a thing a man had better make, where it costs him something. So I am glad to have told you."

Mrs. Webber had her eyes full of tears. "You don't tell ~~me~~ all," said she,— "you don't tell how you came here."

"That hardly belongs to the sermon," said he. "Yes, it ~~does~~ When I met Jenny I told her the whole thing right through.

"'Poor boy,' said she; 'it is hard,' meaning to comfort me.

"'Jenny,' said I, 'it is hard. Drinking is hard; cheating ~~is~~ hard. You and I found that out before. And this infernal intriguing—politics, I believe they call it—is the hardest of ~~all~~. It's a hard way, Jenny.'

"'Body, mind, and soul,' said poor Jenny: 'it is hard ~~any way~~';—and she cried.

"So did I. And then I went across, and sent in my name to Harry. He was all right again, and brevetted brigadier. And I said, 'Harry, ten times you have lifted me out of the gutter; ten times I have gone in deeper than before. This time I help myself. This time I have found out, what till now I never believed that I carried failure with me—that I was therefore bound to fail, and had to fail. Harry,' said I, 'the very God in heaven does not choose to have a broken wire carry lightning, nor a lying life succeed. That's why I've failed. Now see me help myself.'

"Harry gave me both his hands, shook mine heartily, and we said good-bye. I came on here, because here I had been in the mud. I started this little patent about the clothes-brushes. I let the results look out for themselves. For me, all I care for now is the way. I pay as I go; and I take care that Jordan shall be an easy road to travel. Harry came on last fall, and we ate our thanksgiving together at Jenny's father's.

"That is all my sermon."

We agreed among the boarders that we would not mention this. But last Sunday, at a church I was at in Boothia Felix, the man led us through three quarters of an hour of what my grandfather's spelling book would have called "trissyllables on ality, elity, and ility," and polysyllables in ation, ition, etion, and otion." It was three dreary quarters of abstract expression. When the fourth quarter began, he said, "History is full of illustrations of our doctrine, but I will not weary you by their repetition."

"Old Cove," said I, "I wish you would. If you would just take that lesson from Mr. Frye!" Or I should have said so, had the ritual and etiquette of that congregation permitted.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE HISTORY OF A TORY REFORM BILL.

NOTHING has been talked about for a month past but Reform. The extraordinary shifts of the Ministry, as rapid and numerous as the transformations in a modern pantomime, have served to keep the interest of the public in the subject keenly alive. Never was a grave political question treated in such fashion, and as each new turn in the scene brings more strikingly into view the utter absence of principle in the leaders of the Cabinet wonder gives place to indignation. The country feels that it is being played with, and, angry at the loss of political honour among those who have undertaken to manage its affairs, is ready to sweep them aside with displeasure. Mr. Horsman now lectures the Conservative party on political morality, and Lord Cranborne and General Peel are the only remaining types of Tory honour.

Ministers have themselves been kind enough to give us a full account of the transactions behind the scenes, and a very curious story it is; Mr. Bright says it is instructive; it would be incredible if the authority were not so undeniable. Early in the autumn, Mr. Disraeli tells us, Lord Derby sent him word that it was "absolutely necessary that the Ministry should deal with the question of Parliamentary Reform, and that it must be dealt with in no niggard spirit." He requested, therefore, that the right honourable gentleman should give his best attention to the subject, which we may be sure he was in no way loath to do. Here was the opportunity he must have long desired of giving effect to the ideas which at various periods of his political career he has not obscurely shadowed forth. But whatever pretence of consistency may be made for Mr. Disraeli none can be made for the rest of the Ministry, whose whole attitude has been hostile to Reform. They reached office by assisting to defeat the very moderate Reform Bill proposed by their predecessors. Yet as soon as they were securely in the saddle they set about concocting a measure which should, at least in appearance, be more liberal than that which they had just upset. Thus their whole policy is based on a shameful political immorality, an original sin which has tainted all their actions, and sufficiently accounts for all their humiliating vacillation. To carry out their purpose it was necessary to cajole the country, to cajole Parliament, to cajole their party, to cajole those of their own colleagues who held their Tory principles more dear

than their places. General Peel says that he never would have taken office at all if he had supposed that he would there have been obliged to have taken up the question of Reform, a Lord Derby informed his brother peers that his urgent personal solicitations were necessary to induce the General to waive his objections. The temporary assent of others in the Cabinet appears to have been gained by keeping back from them the details, and telling them in a general way that a very dexterous plan had been hit upon by which great seeming generosity, the extension of the borough franchise would be balanced by such "counterpoises" and "securities" as should really keep the power in the hands of its present possessors. Thus the Queen's Speech was settled, and Her Majesty was made to express a wish that measures might be adopted which "without unduly disturbing the balance of political power, should freely extend the elective franchise." Next it was resolved to "proceed by way of resolution," for the purpose, unblushingly avowed, of first trying what the House of Commons would put up with, and then of shifting the responsibility of the measure afterwards to be introduced from the shoulders of the Government to those of the Parliament. On the 11th of February Mr. Disraeli introduced a string of vague resolutions, taking care to give no explanation of their meaning, and indeed scarcely alluding to their contents. Lord Derby and his Chancellor of the Exchequer were just feeling their way inside the House and out of it—inside his own Cabinet even, and among his own party outside it. The fifth resolution dimly propounded the plurality of voting idea—the dodge by which the ill effects of a large extension of the borough franchise were to be neutralized. At the time it was laid on the table we have Lord Cranborne's word for it that "no detailed or definite agreement had been come to" in the Cabinet as to the measure which was to be founded on those resolutions. But as soon as the resolutions were published, it became evident to Lord Cranborne and "many of his colleagues," that the nation would not have the fifth resolution; therefore, when on the Friday after Mr. Disraeli's first speech, the Bill which he and Lord Derby had agreed upon—the household suffrage Bill with dual voting which is now before the country—was produced at a Cabinet council, he at once declared that it was inadmissible. All the next week seems to have been devoted to an attempt to satisfy Lord Cranborne and the honest Tories that this Bill would answer their purposes. It was not until the morning of Monday the 25th that Lord Cranborne, having sat up all Saturday night and used all Sunday in examining the statistics with which he had been furnished, came to the conclusion that the Bill would not do, and he tendered

his resignation. But that very evening Mr. Disraeli had to make his second statement to the House. What then was to be done? Sir John Pakington most naively told his constituents what *was* done. The programme was all supposed to be arranged on Saturday the 23rd. Lord Derby went to Windsor on that day to tell Her Majesty what measures were agreed upon, and he was to let his supporters into the secret at two o'clock on Monday. But at half-past twelve Sir John was summoned, post haste, to a Cabinet Council extraordinary. The best we must leave him to tell in his own lively language:—

"When he got there he found three or four members of the Cabinet assembled, but as they had anticipated no such summons the messengers could not find all the members of the Cabinet, and it was more than half-past one—Lord Derby having to meet the Conservative party at two—before the Cabinet could be brought together, and as each one dropped in, his first question was, 'What is the matter?' Then every one in succession was informed of the fact that Lord Cranborne and Lord Carnarvon had seceded from the adoption of the Bill which the Cabinet had adopted on the preceding Saturday. He had the greatest respect and regard for his noble friends, but he could not help thinking that in so acting they were precipitate. They might imagine, therefore, the extraordinary difficulty and embarrassment which must have attended a Minister of the Crown placed in this position. Lord Derby had to address the Conservative party at two o'clock. He (Sir John) did not think they had more than ten minutes in which to make up their minds. They knew the result. It was determined by a majority of the Cabinet to propose, not the Bill which had been agreed to on the Saturday, but an alternative measure in the place of the larger and bolder scheme."

At two o'clock therefore Lord Derby ordered his followers to support a Bill, fixing the franchise at £6 rating in the boroughs, and £20 rating in the counties. In the evening Mr. Disraeli expounded this scheme to the Commons, "frankly" giving up the fifth resolution—the one providing for the plurality of votes. The plan was received with the utmost disfavour. The majority of the Conservative members emphatically condemned it, and before the week was out Lord Derby had decided that he must "fall back upon his larger measure." Sir John Pakington says that "the unanimous feeling of the Cabinet, after they had met together, was that they had made a mistake," and so they backed back upon the scheme which Mr. Disraeli had matured during the recess, and which no doubt embodies very completely the political ideas, which have always have been seething in the right honourable gentleman's brain. They were amply expounded in "Coningsby" two and twenty years ago, and appear more or less in all his speeches on Reform, since he spoke on Mr. Hume's resolution in 1849. He regards the franchise as "a privilege" which the governing class should confer from time to time upon "the people" as a reward for good behaviour, taking very

good care however that its bestowment should never place any real power in their hands. For the fourth time therefore, on Monday the 18th of March, the Chancellor of the Exchequer made his bow to the House with a new Bill, which Mr. Gladstone, at a meeting of the Liberal party, next day, described as the worst Reform Bill ever proposed.

The Ministry would like it to be regarded by the populace as a household suffrage Bill, but so far as it has any principle at all, it is a measure for making voting synonymous, not indeed with rating, but with ratepaying, and this makes all the difference. In the greater number of boroughs the rates in houses under £10 are paid or compounded for by the landlords, and the Bill would therefore enfranchise but a comparative handful of people. Starting with a pretence of enfranchising 750,000 occupiers, Mr. Gladstone reckons that it would really only enfranchise some 120,000. There is no lodger franchise in the Bill, and without this it would not enfranchise a single artizan in the Metropolis; the fancy franchises are well enough in their way, but their effect would be inappreciable. If "the dual vote" were retained the working classes would be at a much greater disadvantage under the Tory Reform Bill than they are at present. The measure is a mockery and a snare, and the attempt to palm it on the nation will recoil on the heads of those who have attempted the trick. We do not believe in the possibility of amending it in Committee. The Ministry will be broken up by it, and the Conservative party will be broken up too.

Some very charitable persons may, by stretch of candour, be able to give the Tory leaders credit for patriotism in their dealing with this Reform question, but their behaviour in the Churchward affair proves them to be, at heart, still mere place-lovers, and partizans who have a natural affinity for trickery and corruption. Twice have Committees of the House of Commons reported that Mr. Churchward has been guilty of political corruption. Once their finding has been deliberately endorsed by the House itself, and the character of the Dover contract has long been settled in the mind of the public. Yet no sooner are the Tories in power than they reward their old friend with a seat on the magistrates' bench. When the appointment was impugned, Mr. Walpole actually ventured to excuse the Lord Chancellor on the ground that his Lordship did not know that Mr. Churchward had been so stigmatized by Parliamentary Committees. The House of Commons was asked to suppose that Lord Chelmsford, one of the keenest politicians in the country, never so much as heard of the charges against Mr. Churchward! A motion being made to address Her Majesty for Mr. Churchward's removal from the Commission of the Peace, Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord John Manners undertook

to whitewash Mr. Churchward, though his condemnation stands on the records of the House. To render the motion ineffectual, an amendment was moved to enlarge its application. Mr. Gladstone warned the House that the amendment was not genuine, but the original motion was defeated by Tory stratagem, amidst the uproarious cheers of the party who supposed that they had thus effectually screened Mr. Churchward. But when the amendment came in natural course before the House, as a substantive motion, Mr. Disraeli suggested that it was too broad, and had better not be adopted. The indignation with which Mr. Gladstone sprang to his feet, flung his hat upon the table, in a brief and fiery words laid bare and denounced the trick, and in honest scorn pointed to Mr. Disraeli as "the engineer mist with his own petard," was a passage that will be for ever famous in Parliamentary annals. Never were political honesty and party trickery more suddenly and sharply contrasted. Mr. Gladstone's sentences were like a forked flash of lightning, revealing darkness. Mr. Disraeli positively cowered, while his great antagonist towered over him in moral grandeur.

While these Reform debates have occupied attention, the main rebellion has died away and other topics have faded from the public mind. Even the announcement that proceedings have been commenced against the Ritualists at St. Albans, that Lord Shaftesbury has introduced a bill for putting down vestments, and that the Bishops have agreed to put off the awkward perilous task of dealing with the divisions in the Church, asking for a Royal Commission, have excited very little interest. That Mr. Coleridge's Bill for abolishing tests in Oxford University should have passed a second time without a division, that the Church Rate Abolition Bill should have passed a third reading by a majority of 76—the largest majority ever for it in the House of Commons—show that whatever may be at a stand still, the cause of religious equality is going to victory with rapid strides.

Dr. Livingstone has, we fear, been murdered by the savages as he was trying to bring into contact with the blessings of civilization and civilization. There is very little room for hope among men who tell the tale of his death are other than true. Their story is coherent, it accords in details of time and place with what are known to have been Dr. Livingstone's intended route, and it has undergone the sifting of the most reliable than whom, perhaps, none is better qualified to test the probability of such a report. If it proves true, the nation will mourn the untimely, but not inglorious death of the greatest of modern travellers.

JOTTINGS.

I.

THE chief infirmities of modern Christianity have sprung from special contrivances for strengthening it. The whole course of Church history has consisted in one uninterrupted series of inventions for remedying the supposed deficiencies of "the weakness of God." The Greek critical intellect and the Roman constructive genius speedily between them took in hand the business of converting Christianity into a religion that would "work" in a world like this, and the result is before us. The Bible has been supplemented by the traditions, creeds, and articles of the theological schools, and the simple churches of the first century have been overlaid with the hierarchies and ecclesiasticisms of eighteen centuries. The language of the Gospel, nevertheless, "When I am weak, then am I strong." The "arm of the Lord" requires for its protection no armour of human manufacture. Christ's religion is never so powerful over minds and consciences as when it is presented in its primitive simplicity. The Bible is never so strong as when undefended by theories of inspiration, or by the authority of councils. The individual, the family, the State, never feel the power of truth so much as when it is permitted to retain its original form. Endow, enthrone, establish the Christian religion, and it loses its characteristic force. Let it alone, and it will in time conquer the world.

II.

Most men will sacrifice depth to frontage, and future power to immediate promotion. Nothing reveals more decisively the divine wisdom of Christ than His signal indifference to the presence of unproved followers. "He knew what was in men," and did "not commit himself unto them." He was for ever exposing the worthlessness of the professed attachment of the multitude. His one aim was to gather around him the susceptible few—those whose honest insight was proof against the discouragements of adversity, and whose valour was proof against all the powers of both earth and hell. We cannot even imagine Him building up a *clientele* by the arts of popular flattery or personal solicitation, or by the faintest appeal to men's selfish interests. He was a Captain, and was looking out for soldiers, who would die for their King. The same law applies to Christ's true work in the ages since. He has had little to do with the systems which have aimed at the territorial aggrandizement of nominal Christianity—little to do with the schemes laid by churches and councils for the conquest of nations for the Gospel. His work lies with the few faithful—with those who are in earnest; and our Lord, we may be sure, has never altered His principle, that a dozen apostolic souls are more than a match for the hostile universe. When, therefore, we see systems of thought, which were once framed on the plan of original Christianity,

generating into devices for the civilization of the multitude, or for providing "public worship" for those who have no religion whatsoever, cannot wonder that the Spirit of God refuses His blessing and aid the enterprise. And such seem to be most of the so-called religious understandings of our own generation. We are glad if we can obtain any reality, however shallow its intelligence, and however feeble its testimony; but professions we *will* have on the widest scale, and a form of godliness" which shall decorate externally the inward atheism of the whole population. Under such circumstances we owe a heavy debt to those who make it their one work in life to train a few of these numerous "converts" and proselytes into the "measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." For it is in such persons only that the hope of the future lies hidden.

III.

There is no fixed proportions in quantity between the chemical elements required for nutrition and those which are found in the food allotted to vegetables and animals. Sometimes the largest part of the structure is built up out of that of which there is the least supply. Thus all vegetation is built up out of the one-hundredth portion of carbon which the atmosphere contains. Thus the enormous bony fabric of the elephant is reared from the infinitesimal supply of phosphates in the foliage which he consumes. In the same manner a similar law obtains in the spiritual realms. Souls endowed with a certain power can extract their aliment under most unfavourable conditions; and those who are bent on wisdom and goodness can find the elements of their being amidst very unpromising materials. It is thus that so many millions will reach heaven from amidst the unfruitful wastes of heathenism, of Mohammedanism, and of European superstition. The one element of truth which was essential to their development has been present even amidst the profusion of unwholesome diet that accompanied it.

IV.

Two substances will sometimes, in combination, compose a stronger, and develop in one of them an unsuspected force. Thus, iron and carbon will combine into the toughest steel; and until the strength of their combination appears, we are likely to forget that this soft-seeming black element, which has rendered the iron so firm, is really the essence of diamond, and the hardest substance in nature. In the region of spirits analogous unions occur. It is given to few to discover their utmost tenacity when alone. We are members one of another; and nearly all works requiring special resolution and perseverance are wrought by those whom God hath sent forth "two and two" into the victories of the kingdom. The "solitary system" seems to work neither in nature nor grace.

V.

Life for every man is becoming either more false or more true. He is learning either the wisdom of the serpent or the wisdom of God.

He is daily becoming more satisfied with deceptions, compromises, and corruptions, or more impatient of them, and more resolved to burn his way through them. His life is either a nearer approach to the world of mere surfaces and pretensions, or towards that hidden realm of realities where all victorious faces abide. He lives either more in the artificial, or more in the genuine or vital. He is coming more under the power either of precedent or of principle. He is drawn nearer and nearer to all men essentially good, or nearer and nearer to some particular sectarian society. His heart is learning to open a catholic hospitality for all "angels" who may come to him "unawares," or he is yielding himself in closer embrace to the fanaticism of a coterie. In a word, God has placed us in a world where He compels us to reveal our election between good and evil, and each year renders more manifest the final award.

W.

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Public Worship, the Best Methods of Conducting it. By the Rev. J. SPENCER PEARSALL. Jackson & Walford.

Organized Christianity, Is it of Man or of God? By the Author of "The Destiny of the Human Race." Simpkin & Marshall.

MR. PEARSALL'S book is perhaps the best of its kind, that is to say, of works devoted to the external "improvement" of public worship among the Dissenters. It is written altogether from the stand-point of the Independent Minister—that great Nonconformist functionary whose business it is to supply in his single person all that popes, councils, hierarchies, bishops, archdeacons, rectors, and curates have been vainly essaying to supply to Christendom in the ages foregone. Everything is represented as depending on his single piety, prudence, and industry, in the praying, psalmody, and preaching of the congregation. He is the one peg on which hangs the congregational universe. According to Mr. Pearsall's requisition, he must be a sound divine, a wise spiritual guide, a good speaker, a clear thinker, an effective reader, a man of irreproachable taste, a person who either always is in, or always can be wrought into, a proper state of mind for leading public prayer, a man who can not only teach, but preach as well to children as adults, one who can give satisfaction alike to the "congregation" and to the "church," and, finally, be both a good pastor and a general leader of philanthropic society. The Independent minister, under the "one man system," is the true parson. He is *The Person*; and had need to be inspired. Indeed, Mr. Pearsall quotes, as applicable to the minister of a dissenting chapel, the words of Almighty God to the Prophet Ezekiel, "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore hear the word at

mouth, and give them warning from me." "Now, therefore, go, I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say." The amiable and excellent author, it is true, refers to the Scripture as giving the "minister's" guide in what he is to say; and if Independent ministers were in the habit of only saying and doing according to the pattern of the Bible, there would be a fitness in the quotation. Sermons are not inspired prophecies (at least a good many of them are not), and in the exceptional cases it seems dangerous to incite the hearers to think they speak with the authority of heaven.

It is not nearly time to confess that these extravagant assumptions respect to the qualifications of the single pastors of Nonconformist churches are practical improbabilities? Our ministers are not usually drawn from classes where many-sided capability is often found, even where there are such classes anywhere. If we adhere to the "one man" rule, we must take it with all its shortcomings. The man who can do well seldom can teach. The man who can preach cannot pray. The man who can pray cannot always govern or guide. The man who can guide in private is sometimes a sore trial to the church in public. We feel bound, nevertheless, to say that whatever is made of the existing system of independency will be best made of the prescriptions of Mr. Pearsall. He takes the mixed assembly which fills a Congregational chapel twice a day as he finds it, and attempts to offer advice as to the best method of "conducting" the sessions of such a gathering. His book is a valuable repository of suggestions for the guidance of "the minister" of such a body in matters relating to public worship and its externals. But the Ritualists will, we suspect, beat us hollow in this enterprise.

His work on "*Organized Christianity*" is one which is well fitted to suggest many thoughts as to this same undivided ministry. The recent fierce review of it in the *Eclectic* has contributed to spread abroad the notion that it is a purely destructive and revolutionary treatise. Nothing can be more unjust than such an imputation. The book is full of principles which, in our judgment, deserve the serious attention of the Dissenting communities. In fact, its main function is to recall attention to the truths and practices on which the Nonconformist churches were originally founded. The grand offence of the treatise is that it is a protest against the existing system of regarding worshipping assemblies as the miscellaneous throngs of seat-holders who are attracted by the eloquence of single ministers. The author goes back upon the first principles of ancient nonconformity—that spiritual men can worship God; that these ought to be taught and edified not in the midst of a mixed company of unbelievers, but in meetings specially convened for their benefit—meetings not primarily designed for unbelievers, even if such should be present. The author guards himself against fanatical narrowness by maintaining that large numbers of those who attend our churches, but are outside of fellowship, ought to be inside them. He openly maintains that more than pastors ought sometimes to teach; that if there were suitably qualified teachers would from time to time offer; that the existing system of perpetually addressing sermons to mixed as-

semblies can neither teach the church, nor form character; and the present mode of looking to "the minister" for *everything* coming within it some of the worst elements of priestcraft, at the same time that it generally injures the spiritual character of the functionary himself. These are matters which well deserve at least examination, we know not how they could be presented with more caution, more consideration, with more tenderness, than they are presented here. The work has some grave faults, but the attempt to crush a storm of unreasoning misrepresentation and invective appears to be dictated by a spirit which will end in destroying the spiritual religion of the Nonconformist churches. The author is obviously an able and thoughtful man of God, inspired by an evident desire to amend extravagances, and to graft the better on the existing good; and when men of this class desire to prophecy to us, we are to direct their voices by our own shrill shrieks of alarm, for fear of being compelled to sacrifice some dissenting superstitions, we shall have little claim to be regarded as the supporters of liberty.

Shall we go back to Rome? By Rev. J. KENNEDY. London: J. Snow and Co.

A very useful, earnest, thoughtful, and practical statement of the features of the Anglican heresy, which we hope will have a large circulation, and do great good.

Treasure Book of Devotional Reading. Edited by BENJAMIN O. London: Alexander Strahan.

MR. ORME has here collected together a number of choice passages from a great variety of authors. He has travelled over a wide range, he has rifled the devotional treasures of all ages and all sects of the Church, and, as the result, he has produced a book unique in its character, and well fitted for those spiritual purposes for which it is designed. Its arrangement is good; the spirit in which its selections have been made catholic and comprehensive, the idea happily conceived, and its execution is creditable both to the compiler and the good taste of the compiler. We are glad that he failed to enrich his pages by extracts from mystical writers, whose works are but little known to the general reader, but contain veins of spiritual thought and feeling.

The Passion Week. By the Rev. WILLIAM HANNA, D.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

WE cannot pay Dr. Hanna's new volume a higher tribute than to say that it is fully worthy to take its place by the side of his predecessors from the same pen. The author has shown a great power in dealing with the incidents of our Lord's story, and heartily welcome another addition to his series of volumes on this subject, which, to the Christian heart, must ever be full of fresh interest. Dr. Hanna's thorough scholarship, and his personal acquaintance with the Holy Land, have undoubtedly given him great advantages, but his success in the treatment of his theme

more to spiritual than to intellectual qualifications. The quickness of perception, the penetrating insight by which he reads a character, or brings out the hidden meaning of an utterance of our Lord's; his extreme delicacy of touch—the soft subdued beauty which plays around his pictures, and makes them so attractive to the thoughtful student, are the result of the intense sympathy of his heart with his subject. There are glories and beauties in our Lord's works and words which can only be spiritually discerned; and it is the enjoyment of this gift in an eminent degree which makes Mr. Hanna's books not only as so rich in suggestive thought, but so purifying in their influence.

Living unto God: or Chapters in aid of the Christian Life. London: Elliot Stock.

THIS is a series of chapters in aid of the Christian life. It is a gathering from the works of several modern preachers, designed to exhibit the nature and blessedness of "living unto the Lord." The editor, repudiating the idea that the religion of the day is either false or feeble, and maintaining that it is in some respects "superior to that of any age since the Lord came," adds "but there are so many temptations to 'live unto ourselves' that we ought to give the more earnest heed to the 'living unto God.'" To promote this is the design of this unpretending but useful little volume, which embraces some choice illustrations of the highest style of our modern religious teaching. The sermons are mostly taken from leading preachers among both sections of the Congregationalists and are well selected.

Publications of the Religious Tract Society.—We have on our table a goodly pile of interesting and valuable volumes, in which the Tract Society has catered for the wants of different classes of readers. We must express first our great admiration at the spirit and success with which its serial publications, *the Leisure Hour*, *the Sunday at Home*, and *the Cottager*, the volumes of which are now before us, are sustained. They were the first in the field, and amid all the competition to which they are now exposed, and which their own success has done much to create, they still hold their own. The volumes for 1866 are certainly up to the high standard that has been already reached, and in some points exhibit even advance. "Christian Manliness" is a book designed for young men, and one which we would heartily commend to their notice. It is thoughtful, earnest, and practical, exhibiting a noble ideal of character, and enforcing it with great ability. The "Fishers of Derby Haven" is another beautiful story, from the pen of one already favourably known to a large circle of young readers, as the author of "Fern's Hollow." In some respects we prefer this even to her former stories. There is a loftiness of sentiment, combined with a true pathos, a freedom from morbid sentiment, and a general healthfulness of tone which we very much admire. The "Chronicles of an Old Manor House," by George E. Sargent, is an historical story of the persecutions, in the days of Henry VIII., and his daughter, in which the author has given a very graphic and truthful picture of the sorrows and struggles of our Protestant forefathers. The book is

well-written, and is especially suited to the times. "Christie Red Troubles" is an American story, published by special arrangement the American Sunday School Union. We can only say that the of such arrangements the Tract Society can make, the better will readers be pleased. It is a capital book, all the more attractive the freshness it possesses as a sketch of American life.

"PRESSING TOWARD THE MARK."

THOU hast shown me a Plow, my God,
 It stands in the field of Life,
 With its iron handles crooked and long,
 Its coulter sharp as a knife.
 THOU hast said, "Put hand to that waiting Plow,
 Put face to the storm and strife."

Alas! for the child-sward smooth,
 Soft, and sunny, and green;
 And alas! for the fallow of youth
 Where the sharp sin-stubble is seen;
 And, alas! most of all, for the desert of age
 All stony, with brambles between.

But the child-sward shows rank weeds;
 The fallows are barren and bare;
 In the desert the serpent beneath the stones
 Coils in his poisoned lair;
 I will plow up the surface of Life, my God,
 And deepen it everywhere.

THOU wilt lend me a team to draw,—
 Power beyond my own—
 Truth and Mercy and Love and Hope,
 I shall not be left alone.
 And lo! from Thy garner as I press on,
 Seed in the furrows sown.

I will put my hand to the Plow—
 Why should I look behind?
 The best is before; through labour and toil
 I seek it with stedfast mind;
 From the early morn to the dusky eve,
 In the calm or the blowing wind.

I will put my hand to the Plow;
 To the Mark I lift my eyes;
 The slow straight furrows of righteousness
 Shall presently win the prize.
 Keep me, O Lord, to my daily work,
 Make me patient and wise.

Cambridge.

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MAY, 1867.

A MAY-DAY MISSIONARY LESSON.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL G. GREEN, B.A., RAWDON.

The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count
ness."—2 Peter iii. 9.

second age of the Christian Church was that of its greatest
l. The rapture of its earlier joys had passed away, while
later persecutions had not yet come to test its endurance,
to compact its strength. It was the era of the Letters to
Seven Churches; and when so much evil abounded within
need not marvel that the aggressive power of Christianity
weakened, and that the hopes grew faint of those who had
d to win the world for Christ. How near at first that con-
st had appeared! The mighty rushing wind of Pentecost
been as the symbol of a power that should move onward,
tly and irresistibly, to the consummation. The three thou-
l who in one day received the word, and were baptized, were
ome as the first-fruits ripe unto the harvest. Sharp and
len persecution had but multiplied missionaries, and scat-
d the good seed abroad. Then came the unveiling of the
tery hidden from ages and from generations, that the Gen-
l should be fellow-heirs and of the same body, and partakers
he promise in Christ by the Gospel. To imperial Rome
f the glad tidings had made way. Before ever an Apostle
ted that city, the faith of the Romans was spoken of through
the world, and there were saints in Cæsar's household. We

do not wonder, then, that the first disciples beheld Satan : lightning fall from heaven ; and that, remembering the Master's farewell word, " I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," they hoped that this " end " would not be far off, and that a second Advent would speedily crown the sorrows and glories of the first. It was not for them to know the times or the seasons which the Father had put in His own power. Were it for them that it was not ! Their young faith needed the strong prophetic sight that could glance along the line of God's purposes as from one mountain height to another, regardless of the vales between. But another stage succeeded ; they must go down into these vales to discover and to traverse the weary way that separated them from their desire. Longer seemed the distance as they journeyed on. The very work accomplished brought such experiences of the vastness and difficulty of the task, that every triumph appeared but to postpone the consummation ; and the goal which in the fair sunrise of the Church's hope had shone so bright and near was now scarce to be discerned by the most eager straining gaze of faith. And soon that gaze was dimmed by tears. For sorrows manifold succeeded. Where was the promise of His coming ? was not only the sneer of the sceptic but the cry of loving hearts in trial, disappointment, almost despair. And thus the Church—mourning with hope deferred, wailing over the martyred dead, wondering at the rampant might of sin, and pleading for God and truth beneath a silent and unanswering heaven—needed to be reminded very often, and the Apostle Peter reminded them in these last days of his life that the Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness.

Now, it would have been something to be assured that God was not forgetful, not unfaithful—that He remembered His word, and would in due time fulfil it : but here, precisely the character is claimed for the operations of His grace which seemed hardest to believe. " Not slack " or tardy, lingering in action. Not only surely, but swiftly, shall that purpose be brought to pass ; as swiftly as possible in consistency with the full development of what it comprises. To the eye of sense the process may seem stationary, even retrograde. Just so the morning star appears to hang in perfect stillness in the firmament, motionless in its glory ; while we know that it is really speeding onwards in its bright career with a swiftness that baffles the imagination to conceive. Not by our standard may the Divine be measured : and when we would calculate the plans and counsels of the Most High, we must first of all remember that with Him one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years are as one day.

The words of the Apostle suggest a HUMAN ESTIMATE, and a DIVINE CERTAINTY.

I.

In the spiritual sphere, we are apt to be impatient of results. It is a hard thing for us to comprehend what has been called the great year of Providence, and calmly to toil on for a harvest that we shall never see. "The husbandman," writes another Apostle, "waiteth and hath long patience." He can afford to exercise this virtue, for the course of the seasons has been admeasured for him; he knows how long he must wait, and can count the weeks until he shall put in the sickle. But no such divine ordination has revealed the times and seasons of our spiritual husbandry; and there is no phase of the life of faith in which the distressing thought may not occur that the Lord is slack concerning His promise.

Is it not so in our own spiritual history? How joyous and beautiful sometimes is the religion of the young! In the gladness of an assured salvation, heaven seems already won. The paths of pleasantness open up already to the everlasting mansions. Faith seizes the palm-branch and the crown almost before the stern realities of conflict begin, and soars exulting to the celestial city ere one glimpse of the valley of the shadow of death has darkened the earthly way. But the time comes when the youthful Christian finds the crown not, after all, so near. As a wise, sad poet has sung,—

"Tis little joy
To find I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy!"

Not the palm-branch but the sword of warfare is in his hand. The daily difficulty, the constant need for watchfulness, the temptations of life all harass, and perplex him. He wonders to find himself so weak; marvels that he should need so many trials to confirm his faith; mourns often over strange and mournful apathy. His joy in God is often interrupted, always fainter than once he had hoped; the process of spiritual education is very long and weary. Has the Lord forgotten to be gracious? Is he slack concerning His promise? Make haste, O Lord, to help me! O Lord, make speed to save me!

Similar feelings are experienced in connection with our work for Christ.

Of that work the early stages were marked by exultation and hopefulness, mingled, it may be, with a beautiful and wise simplicity. I say wise, for however the cold, the cautious, and the experienced may smile at the spectacle, there is no stage of Christian effort in which the believer is so earnestly and deeply

true to the Divine intention, as that in which he goes forth to do Christ's work in the unhesitating assurance of success. For the truth is, as the fresh and youthful heart conceives it to be mightier than all error, and the Spirit of God upon our side is far greater than all the powers of evil. There may be a mis-calculation of method and of date; but in the assurance itself there is none.

I know we are often told of the wise, sad saying of Melancthon the reformer. At the outset of his career he was confident of winning all hearers by the power of the Divine truth he had to teach, and by the melting appeals he resolved to utter. So joyously he went to his work; but he had to confess that "the old Adam was too hard for young Melancthon." The saying has been echoed from the depths of many a consecrated life; but of its wisdom the test is this, Does the early expectation, crushed and disappointed, all die away, or does it only form the new soil from which there springs forth rejoicingly a new confidence and a larger hope? * Melancthon may fail in the congregation, but he speaks to the ages. The sower goes forth weeping bearing precious seed: his early exultation is chilled by sadness: yet still he goeth forth: and if he, too, is fain to cry in his moments of deepest depression, My Lord is slack concerning His promise, there is the assurance firm and undoubting still that they who sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Once more, there is much in connection with the Missionary enterprise, which, according to the human estimate, may excite misgiving.

Often have we heard the tale of the commencement of this work; also in the wise simplicity of faith. In those early annals we may well find it hard to say whether the childlike or the heroic is the most striking thing. Rather, perhaps, the two were combined: for it is certain that while many heroic deeds have been done from enthusiasm, ambition, or romance, there is no heroism so lofty as that which the sense of duty prompts: and whether in secular or sacred things, the noblest achievements which this world has seen have been wrought in the spirit of implicit obedience and of simple trust. In the power of one promise, our fathers addressed themselves to obey one command. The command was, Go and teach all nations: the promise, Lo, I am with you alway. So, when after early and bitter trials the first successes came, the gladness was as childlike as the obedience had been. The vision of a converted world uprose upon the Church, almost as a child's dream of

* "Man's first word is *Yes*; his second, *No*; his third and last, *Yes*. Most stop short at the first; very few get to the last."—JULIUS HARE, in "*Guesses at Truth*," p. 263, new ed.

heaven—as real and beautiful and near. Read the hymns composed under the inspiration of the early missionary triumphs, such as those of Kelly and Montgomery. Nothing can better exemplify the elation, the hope, the perfect certainty of that era. Tidings of caste surrendered, idols forsworn, the Scriptures translated, “barbarous people” of the islands civilized and renewed, and heathens transformed into Evangelists, were awaited with the most eager anxiety; and often read with tears of rapture at those missionary prayer-meetings,* to which, in their joyousness and fervour, their electric sympathies and tender emotions, the assemblies of modern times do not always afford a parallel. The handful of corn was cast upon the top of the mountains: but to the eye of faith, the fruit of it did already shake like Lebanon.

Has another class of feelings at all succeeded? Must we sadden with any darker shades the picture of earnest faith and triumphant hope? If so, it will only be in accordance with what, we have already seen, the individual believer often experiences. The Church collective, like the Christian, may need the trial of faith, and the delay of blessing. Where, then, in regard to the missionary enterprise, are we to-day? Truly, we may thank God and take courage. But with all the thankfulness, and amid all the courage, is there no surprise, no misgiving, no involuntary thought that the Lord is slack concerning His promise? The conflict with every form of heathenism proves to be prolonged and sore. Even where idolatry falls we hear with dismay that its place is taken often by a Deistic philosophy or a dreary Atheism. The world takes a long, long time to convert. We hearken in vain for the prelude chords of the song of Jubilee. Human arithmetic displays more accurately than ever the numerical proportion between the heathen nations and the resources of the evangelical churches of Christendom.†

* At Bristol they tell to this day of the joyful excitement with which Mr. Fuller announced, in a meeting there, the baptism of Krishna Pal, the first Brahmin convert. Let us read, said good Dr. Ryland, his countenance all beaming with sacred joy, the 98th Psalm:—

“O sing unto the Lord a new song;

For He hath done marvellous things:

His right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten Him the victory.

The Lord hath made known His salvation:

His righteousness hath He openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered His mercy and His truth toward the house of Israel:

All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.”

† The Report of the Church Missionary Society for 1862-63, contains the following summary:—

“Taking the statistics of the three presidencies of India, we find that,

Some will say that in asking such questions we look in the wrong direction—that what we are to long and pray for is a sudden display of Divine energy, which shall burst through the ordinary course of Christian agency, shall overwhelm the power of evil by some unexpected catastrophe, and, by a similar forthputting of Omnipotence, shall build up the New Jerusalem in instantaneous glory upon the earth. Nor are we here concerned to examine the ground of such anticipations. Surely, we have all very much to learn respecting the Church's blessed hope; and, as when Christ came in the fulness of time, he disappointed all human expectancy and showed that none had known how rightly to look for Him, so may it be when He shall come again. We dare not dogmatize upon a theme like this: and there are many passages which seem to show that the final revelation of Messiah's glory to men will be emphatically a surprise. But be this as it may, the work of the Church is the same—the final prospect the same, the WORLD for CHRIST—and the hope delayed is the same, if those who in eager longing for the New Creation have learned, with the Spirit and the Bride, to cry—Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!

II.

Beyond all human calculation, however, there is a DIVINE CERTAINTY. The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness. A promise, then, there is, and that a certain one.

What the childlike faith believes, the maturest experience besides hundreds of thousands of listeners to the Gospel message, there were ten years ago 94,145 registered Christians, and that there are now 138,543.

"That is to say, there is something less than one Christian to every thousand heathen; and this after European missionaries have been sixty years in the country.

"As I know, by personal observation, nothing at all of the presidency of Bombay, and little of Madras, I will confine my remarks on the progress of Christianity to the North of India. The Report of the Church Missionary Society places the number of native Christians in the North India Mission at 8,523; that is to say, at barely one Christian to every ten thousand heathen."—TREVELYAN. *The Competition Wallah*, p. 374.

These numbers, be it remembered, are those of *nominal* Christians. Dr. Mullens's summary gives, for 1862:—

	Bengal.	North India.	Bombay.	Madras.	Ceylon.
Communicants . .	4,719	1,488	965	20,218	3,859
Native Christians .	20,774	5,301	2,231	110,237	15,273
Total for India and Ceylon (not including Burmah)	31,249 communi-				
cants, and 153,816 nominal Christians.					

Ten Years' Missionary Labour in India.

firm. In this cause it is impossible to fail. Now there are two ways in which this assurance may come home to us. One by the exercise of *trust* alone, with eyes resolutely closed to every difficulty, and the calm determination to take no account of the mysteries we cannot understand, or of the perplexities through which we cannot see our way. Many a Christian can only thus escape from the bewilderments of life. As the storm rages, and seems only to carry the vessel of his hopes further from the haven, his only refuge is to go down into the cabin, and simply believe that under a better pilotage than his own he will in the end be well. But he is nobler who dares to stay upon the deck, to watch the Captain's eye; striving, while in ready obedience he does his part, to comprehend the secret of the vessel's wide and devious course. Yes, there is nobler work for faith, something else to do than blind submission; and the full triumph can never be attained, until the Christian has armed with clear and steady glance to estimate all the difficulties of life, to measure the mighty interval that stretches between himself and his goal, to compute the strength of every form of opposition, to gaze undaunted on the violence of every foe: and then, no longer ignorantly, as in earlier days of trust and love, but with clear intelligence and well-trained heart, to pursue his life's task, in perfect renunciation of self, but perfect reliance upon God. "My father is at the helm," cried the child in the storm, in beautiful unconsciousness of danger. To give that child knowledge would have reduced him to despair. But it is the glory of Christian knowledge that it restores to us the child's heart, confirms the first simplicity of faith, and teaches in the wildest storm that beats to say, There can be no shipwreck of hope because my Father is there.

But if we now venture a step further, and try to study the divine intention in apparent delay, we may perceive that the difficulties of the work, and the postponement of the triumph form a necessary discipline for ourselves. Why does not the Christian grasp the crown at once? It is, that his character may be strengthened and matured, that patience may have its perfect work, and that spirit, soul, and body, may be fully sanctified for the day of Christ. So the Church is not yet prepared for the successes for which it longs. Look at its sectarian disunion, and say, Where is the fold that could contain the millions of wandering sheep? Estimate the measure of its poverty, and judge where is the consecration that could shine forth as the sacred splendour as the pattern of uncorrupted Christianity in an inquiring and anxious world? Where again, may we not ask, is the fulness of knowledge that could lead all mankind

into all truth? Nay, were the nations to throw open all their avenues to the ambassadors of mercy, where would these ambassadors be found? The work we may think is slow: if it were faster, would it not perplex and overwhelm ourselves? Well assured we may be that our God will give us no more to do at one time than our powers are adequate to meet. And to nerve these powers, he now exercises them by trial, and proves them by delay. In every reverse there is a special lesson. While the world still waits, the Church is learning. Before the crisis of battle comes the weapons are being forged, and the soldiers trained. For the decisive victory the very defeat prepares, by bringing to light the prowess and devices of the enemy, and by teaching to the Christian host the lesson of dependence upon God. It is not too much to say that the Church, in all its sections, as a missionary church is incomparably wiser and nobler than it was or could be seventy years ago. This of itself is no small gain. In the several fields of effort, moreover, this education of the Church by various means goes on. But for the disappointments and failures of the first Indian missionaries, we should never have had SERAMPORE as a name of honour to all generations! The Indian mutiny taught many a lesson to the secular ruler as well as to the Christian missionary. In the West Indies, and in Africa, every disappointment down to the Jamaica tragedy and the death of Livingstone, has been a revelation to the Church, in respect of its true method of working among the negro race. But not to multiply particular instances, the army of the living God has never faltered in the field, or quailed before the enemy, without impressing on all faithful hearts the need of prayer; while the pecuniary difficulties which seem to encumber all our missions are, as we may hope, impressing on the churches still more strongly than ever the necessity of a large, self-sacrificing liberality: making them feel as they have never felt before that if the work is to be successfully carried on there must be a consecration of all we are and all we have: commensurate, not indeed simply with our estimate of the claims of the sin-stricken world, but with His, who gave Himself in death and life for its salvation.

Thus, by successive stages, and in often mysterious ways is the Divine education of the Church still carried on; while, as we may remark again, the seeming delay contributes to the completeness of the work itself.

"Some men" count slackness thus. They fix their minds on one great result. Till that is gained they regard nothing as having been accomplished. In the spirit of impatience and distrust they demand of every step that it shall contribute its

le share to the grand issue; and unless they can measure amount of that share, they refuse to recognize any value step may have in itself. It is plain that we must be comprehend the whole complex result before we can right to say that Divine Providence is not bringing it the swiftest, as the surest, manner. It was a saying in leathendom, *The gods take time*. And if the march of neath the control of the God of our salvation some-ry minute slow, we ought to reflect what a multitude of details, ry minute part of which we can know anything, must the fulness of the completed work.

the vast complexity is quite beyond us to understand. from the history of Providence in the past we may a illustration or two of the way in which He has taken to work in, for the accomplishment of the vast designs ddom and power.

stance, if what geology teaches us be true, with what may we suppose angelic intelligences to have gazed t series of changes, carried on through cycles of ages, hich this world was fitted to become the dwelling- nan! Darkness was upon the face of the deep: void less to all seeming was the chaos; but the Spirit of moving upon the face of the waters: every change ed something to the perfection of the world that was nd at last the morning stars sang together, and all of God shouted for joy; for God said, Let there be there was light.

nother parallel:—When Paradise was lost by sin: its ; exiles, amid the thorns and thistles of a desolate ould have for their comfort one sublime promise— of the woman should crush the serpent's head. Was atural that this promise should thrill to the heart n the first moment of new-found maternal joy? "*I en a man from the Lord.*" Already had come the seed: the bowers of Paradise might bloom again, nt be destroyed, and the flaming sword removed from way to the Tree of Life. Accordingly, the name she the child was CAIN or Gain, "possession." We know y she was undeceived: and through what ages of sin w the world had yet to pass before the Desire of should come. "Lord, how long?" was often the imploring cry. Was He not verily slack concerning ise? We know now that the prophecy of Eden was o pass: and not only so, but the whole history of man- arranged with a view to its accomplishment. Could l, we should know that not one preparatory step was

superfluous, while not one was missing: that the midnight anthem of the angels over the plains of Bethlehem was not delayed a single hour beyond what was needed for the world's preparation for the Christ, and that the apostolic word is most literally true, that when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son.

We may find yet another illustration in the history of our own land.

Imagine for a moment that to the mind of some great and good man in bygone ages—as, for instance, King Alfred—the vision could have been unveiled of what England was to become in this nineteenth century: in civilization, commercial greatness, freedom, and religion. How glorious the prophecy! and how credible to so great and farseeing a mind! But, suppose the prophecy recorded, and we shall see at once that, in many a subsequent generation, it would have been viewed with sceptical despair. In days of desolating civil war, in times of rigid spiritual tyranny amid popular ignorance and frenzy in ages when religious truth was proscribed and persecuted, and in long periods of moral debasement and vice, the realization of the vision would have seemed utterly impossible. And yet we know this day, that through all these changes and disasters, there has truly been building up stone by stone, with weary toil, but sure result, the glorious fabric of British greatness and of British freedom.

Such illustrations as these may help us to understand how a mighty purpose is most surely unfolding: even though to our eyes there should be nothing but failure and confusion. And yet our faith is not left to rest in this. Though we see not all, nor the greater part, of the Divine workings in the world, we do see enough to assure us that there is progress and hope. Christ is evidently on His throne: the Spirit of God moveth as of old upon the face of the waters.

For the results already achieved are a pledge and promise of the final issue.

A sense there is in which every conversion is a type and an assurance of the possible renovation of the world. For, that God hath made of one blood all nations of men, though so-called science in our days may question it, is a plain declaration of the Divine word. And if all men are thus essentially one, it follows that the power which in one heart wakes all that is profound and true in the springs of thought or of emotion, may in like manner influence another. That which transforms the individual may renovate the world. It is, then, a world-wide gospel that we preach. It is the "common salvation," which

all diligence" to "show forth." Once, it is related, he was asked whether he really believed that God converted the heathen. "Never," he replied, "have I had of that, since God converted me!"

we rest in such inference alone. Every part of the field has already its signal triumphs. The time to speak of POLYNESIA, where tribes of savages raised into human dignity and Christian worth: of AR, where the olden tales of Christian heroism and have formed a modern parallel; and the blood of the proved, as in ancient days, the seed of the Church: and the islands of the WEST, where Christianity has its strength against inhuman oppression, the fetters stricken from the slave, while a true advance has though amid calamity and bloodshed, towards that om without which emancipation is but an empty HINA, which at last has slowly unbarred her gates, ring in her wondrous languages the oracles of God: lly of INDIA, the earliest home, and still the chosen missionary enterprize, where the foe is keenest, and the hardest, and the discouragement often saddest; but nevertheless, the Scriptures of truth may now be read in ages; where between six and seven hundred mission Evangelic Christendom minister to nearly twelve native churches, preach the Gospel to myriads of men among the heathen, and are assisted by nearly hundred catechists and preachers who have turned to serve the living God. Then, how have the fetters been relaxed, or broken? What abolition of cruel and sanguinary rites have we seen! How have equal rights been extended to the whole population! It is a fact that our own Government is spending now on in British India as nearly as possible the same is devoted to Indian missions by all our societies here. The very "*leaves* of the tree of life" have been dealing of the nation," and the "*fruit*" hangs ready for us to take and eat, and live for ever!" The darker side of the we fully acknowledge. Even the growth of English and the diffusion of popular science may, for the end to scepticism. But all truth is one: and with we await the issue. The inquiring minds of the *maj* cannot remain where they are.* The joy of a is in store for them. Some have already found it:

most readily recommend every friend of missions to procure and read, "*Jesus Christ, Europe, and Asia*," by KESHUB CHUNDER

while, to pass to another rank of life and a different order of intelligence, we have had from the district of TINNEVELLY and the mountain of BURMAH an answer to the question of the prophet, "Shall a nation be born at once?"

But what are these among so many? What, but the first green blades which here and there pierce the frost-bound clods as they relax with the gentle breath of spring? What, but the first heavy drops which descend from the clouds which have gathered silently and slowly through the long dry weeks of summer? What, but the first lisping and half inarticulate utterances of the infant's speech, which fall so gratefully upon the mother's ears? Of all these the true worth is in their *promise*. In achievements, too, like those at which we have glanced, have we not the promise of facts, as assuring to our faith, in their place, as the very promise of God?

We do not prefer for our mission work the claim to be the *exclusive* agency for evangelizing the nations. It may be the chief, the mightiest—we cannot tell. Providence has many a resource; some, perhaps, undiscovered and unimagined by ourselves. God is wonderful in working: and it is possible, at least, that influences which we are apt to term secular will bear no inconsiderable part in the establishment of His kingdom. But such questions we do not now discuss. Our duty at least is clear, and the promise that sustains us is sure.

Just two things we know—what shall be the world's Future; and what our duty in reference to it is to-day. JESUS MUST REIGN. This is the great certainty of the universe; the "must be," in comparison with which all other plans and purposes in regard to the world are but a fleeting dream. And then *we must work*; this also we know. Between our working and His reigning, the connection may often seem remote, and hard to trace. Nay, we may even mistake it altogether. But that connection there is: and perhaps our poor toils may find some unexpected memorial in one or another jewel of the many crowns that shall hereafter gleam upon His brow.

It is natural, brethren, especially in our great anniversary convocations to survey, more fully than we can do in the midst of our ordinary work, the whole field of our efforts. Like the Hebrew prophet of old we stand upon our watch, and set us upon the tower, and watch to see what HE will say unto us. To that prophet's ear what answer came? "The vision is yet for an appointed time: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

Some such lesson may well be ours to-day. Often have we heard the noble two-fold watchword. *Expect great things from*

tempt great things for God. May we add to this watchword another. "O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him: thy way unto the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass." With fresh energy let us resolve to do with our might, in our position and opportunities, our talents and position may enable us to perform.

He called the other day to the spot where a large and noble building was being erected, and on arrival there was to be seen but a deep excavation where labourers were busy with the mattock amid sand and clay. But my conductor led me through blocks of stone and heaps of rubbish to a shed, where the materials of the structure were kept. There, in its completed form, the architect's ideal could be seen, while it was easy to see how, with unerring accuracy, amid the noise and apparent confusion of the busy building operations, the beauty of the finished work. Now, at missionary services like those of the month, we hang up in the gallery of our minds the delineation of the great temple in which the world is to dwell one day and worship. The picture is before us, broad and deep foundation in the everlasting purposes of God up to the glorious topstone, which, with shouting, a new world will bring. We will refresh our faith and courage by anticipating its completion; and by striving to catch the melody of that sweetness of that melody of praise which shall roll through the sanctuary courts. Then will we return again to the toil of the day. It will be enough for us to be gathered about Zion, and gone round about her, to tell the world thereof, marking well her bulwarks, and considering her foundations. Those bulwarks must be built up stroke by stroke. One must have its finish, and every shaft its moulding. Every long work may be but at the corner of a column, or on the ornament of the shrine; but let us work on. The ages are passing on the headstone; and when the hallelujahs of its completion day shall swell from earth to heaven, every faithful worker shall be there to say, AMEN.

HEBREW LYRIC POETRY.*

WHEN the spirit is quickened, moved, and agitated with a new or new thought, poetry may begin. Still all men are not able to express what they think and feel, nor endowed sufficiently with thought and feeling to become poets. The poet cannot rest till he has sung what he has so deeply felt. And as the thought that fills him takes entire possession of him, being the time the whole world to him, there will be the greatest simplicity and unity in his utterance; so that while the thought advances from thought to thought, the poet, in the moment of his inspiration, is governed by one thought only.

In moments of poetic inspiration the governing thought impels the poet to expression in all possible ways. At first he is too excited and agitated to utter in measured words the thought within him. In shouts, in dance, in "phrensy" he obtains relief. But though in the first convulsion of inspiration we give place to stronger and physical expression, the calmer spirit soon seeks in them its only true expression and rest. And the agitated spirit submits in its excitement to bounds and strictions, its expressions, whether in dances or words, being outward likenesses, show the same obedience. A kindling thought sets the spirit all a-blaze, but the flames soon descend when they have consumed the spirit's measure of power, again ascend when new force is collected, and again to sink. The waves of thought and feeling, roll high as they may, cannot tower higher and higher for ever; for we are not gods, but men, they rise and sink. Hence we find poets singing in *numi measures*, and *verses*. He is the greatest poet that can be who is agitated by thought, and then express it most perfectly in due measure.†

In the expression of the thought that possesses him, substance and form are one. As Emerson says, a poem, "like the spirit of a plant, or an animal, has an architecture of its own, and adapts its nature with a new thing. The thought and the form are equal."

* *Die Dichter des Alten Bundes erklärt von Heinrich Ewald. In theiltes erste hälfte Allgemeines über die Hebräische dichtung und über Psalmenbuch. Zweite aufgabe. Göttingen, 1866.* [The first edition of this valuable book appeared in 1839. The second edition is a recast of the first, containing the result of twenty-six years more of unwearied, loving toil in the field of Biblical studies.]

† Comp. Goethe's Sonnet, "Natur und Kunst."

in the order of time, but in the order of genesis the thought is prior to the form."

"For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

In this way poetry must arise in any nation. But where it has existed for a time it influences all that is afterwards produced. Succeeding poets may often use old forms instead of creating new ones, though every true poet renews and thoroughly appropriates the old forms.

Hebrew poetry is of indigenous origin and growth. As the nation so its poetry grew and flourished without foreign influence or restrictions. Though not so rich and comprehensive as Hindoo and Grecian poetry, it possesses a rare simplicity and transparency, and a noble naturalness which concerns itself but little about artistic form. In the fresh beauty, strength, and fulness of youthful thought and feeling, it cares not for the ornaments that old age seeks. To the Hebrew poet his religion gave higher and holier thoughts than were given to the poets of any other nation. The thoughts of the prophet of the Lord woke and raised his spirit.

As all poetry, so the Hebrew may be considered as either unartistic or artistic. Unartistic poetry is the unstudied outflow of thought and feeling. It is Lyric poetry. Lyric poetry is, Ewald says, "the child of the moment, of rapidly rising feelings, of a touched and burning spirit, with which the poet is carried away." Lyric poetry is the primary form of poetry: from it all other forms are developed. If, for instance, the mind is impressed with a great occurrence, the poet may narrate it in his song. This is the commencement of Epic poetry. If, again, the experience of the poet, of which he sings, seems to him so important that it may be made a law of life to others, he will naturally exhort them to learn its lesson. This is the commencement of Gnostic poetry (Proverbs). And, again, whenever the words and deeds of the different persons of a song are introduced directly for the sake of vivid presentation, this is the beginning of Dramatic poetry. Compare our old English ballads.

These different forms of lyrics may be further developed. One of them may be exclusively taken to attain a further object than expression. And the poet's highest art is required to reconcile the apparently irreconcilable strife between the abandonment of himself to his poetic thoughts and the self-mastery needful in using a chosen regulative form.

We find in Hebrew poetry all the three artistic forms that originate in the lyric. Of these kinds of poetry the didactic or gnostic is most, the dramatic less, the epic least, common. But

Israel's poets excelled far more in lyrics, the fresh creations of the moment, songs relieving the full heart, than in more studied and elaborate poems.

We may glance at the construction of Hebrew lyric poetry, and still under the guidance of our author.

A lyric is the outflow of an inspiring thought and feeling designed to be sung and played. Songs, psalms, hymns, by their very name, must not be read but sung: they are musical.* They are of various kinds, as the occasions calling them forth differ. There is the oldest and shortest song, sometimes consisting of but a verse; Numbers xxi. 17 f., 27—30; 2 Sam. v. 8; 2 Sam. iii. 33 f.

As a criminal dies, should Abner die!
Thy hands not bound,
thy feet not put in fetters:
as one falls before the lawless, fellest thou.

Then there is the sacred song, directed or otherwise referring to God. Such songs may contain but an exclamation, or may be extended to a poem. As the animating shouts at the advance and the resting of the ark in the wilderness, Num. x. 35 f.; or the blessing of Moses, vi. 24—26; and the noble ode of David, 2 Sam. xxii. and Psalm xviii. There is further, the lamentations for the dead, the most sorrowful songs in the world. Of these a beautiful specimen is David's lament for Jonathan, 2 Sam. i. 17 f.; and a whole book of them once existed.† And finally we have one *epithalamium*, Psalm xlv., perhaps sung at the marriage of Jeroboam II.

We find also in the remains of Hebrew poetry clear examples of antiphonal songs. The earliest and most impressive of these are the great odes of victory, Exodus xv. 1—18, and the two of Deborah, Judges v. 1—11, 12—31, sung at the great feasts of the people. In Isaiah's time the two songs, Psalms xlvi., xlviii., were sung in the temple by priests and responding people. Sometimes the king and people, on the royal birthday, or as the army goes forth to battle, pray for God's blessing and help, and a priest responds to them, Psalms xx., xxi. Sometimes in solemn processions responsive songs are used, as Psalm xxiv. 7—10, sung as the ark was entering Jerusalem in the time of David.

But what is the poetical form of a Hebrew lyric? It is not accent or quantity, rhyme or number. Its form is unlike that

* Comp. Goethe's *Lass die Saiten rasch erklingen
Und dann sieh ins Buch hinein;
Nur nicht lesen! immer singen,
Und ein jedes Blatt ist dein!*

† 2 Chron. xxxv. 25.

of the poetry of Greece and Rome, of India and Arabia, of ancient or modern Germany and England. It has remained in the first stage of poetic form, of which we possess elsewhere but few examples, *e. g.* in Egyptian and Chinese poetry. It is simply rhythm of verse-members. The rhythm, in its simplest form, is the rise and fall of the two members forming a verse. The harmonious play of this rise and fall constitutes the unity and beauty of a verse. Each member consists, on an average, of 7-8 syllables. The first member is a rise, and the second its corresponding fall. In reading the first the voice rises, and in the second sinks, as—

Arise, arise, Deborah !
lift up lift up ; utter the song !

The fundamental parts of a verse are these two members, constituting an harmonious whole in the correspondence of a rise and fall. But from this essential form new ones, apparently departures, are developed. But they are either *extensions* of the fundamental rhythm, as a *dimeter trochaicus* extended to a *trimeter*, or *combinations* of it, as when a completed rhythmical whole is treated as only the half of a whole, and is made to pair with a new half ; or, lastly, *diminutions* of it.

Now, since there is no rhythm of metre or rhyme in Hebrew, there is the greater necessity for rhythmical thought ; since there is less to charm the ear in the chime of the sound, there is the greater need for harmonious sense. And this we find. Thoughts rise and fall in beautiful harmony. Each member contains a thought. The so-called parallelism of members is a living, speaking parallelism of thoughts.

This parallelism is of different kinds. Sometimes the second member is the animated resonance or repetition of the first, not without greater fulness and strength of meaning, as—

For the man I slay on account of my wound,
and the child on account of my stripes ;

i. e., man and child, old and young, I forthwith murder for the lightest wounds that I receive. Gen. iv. 23 ; Ps. xlix. 6 ; i. 1 ; v. 3, 4. Sometimes it is a less animated rhythm, in which the sentence, being too long for one member, takes up both, the first being broken off at an important point of the sentence, as *Is. cx. 5*—

The Lord at thy right hand—
scatters in the day of his wrath kings.

Is. cxli. 10 ; xvii. 4.

Sometimes two sentences, neither merely resonant nor con-

tinuative or dependent, form a higher unity, either in the form of protasis and apodosis, or antithesis and comparison, or without any external connection.

Should I hunger, I would not tell thee :
mine is the world and its fulness !

Ps. l. 12 ; Prov. xi. 22 ; xiv. 30.

They may cry—yet no Saviour ;
Unto *Jahveh**—yet he hears them not.

Ps. xviii. 42 ; xxi. 14.

Into these rhythms may be brought the further beauty, in that the end of a verse corresponds to its commencement :—

Thy people is all readiness on thy mustering-day :
in sacred adornment from the morning's womb
hast thou the dew of *thy youth*.

Ps. cx. 3 ; xvii. 4.

The verse essentially and commonly consists of two members, which may be represented thus—*a b* or 1:1. See the example, p. 273. Occasionally we meet with one member only ; but this is rare, and is justified by its peculiar circumstances. (Ps. xviii. 2 ; xxiii. 1.) A verse with more than two members is possible, either by *extension* or by *combination*. The first is represented by *a b c* or 1:1:1.

{ Then persecute, take my soul may the enemy,
{ And tread down to the earth my life,
{ And my honour embed in the dust.

Ps. lvii. 6, 7 ; v. 12 ; vi. 7 ; xviii. 8 ; ix. 31.

The second kind of many-membered verse, by combination, is more various than the first. We have *a b c d* or 2:2, four members in pairs.

{ { In my distress I call upon Jahveh,
{ { I cry aloud to my God :
{ { he from his palace hears me call,
{ { my cry comes to his ears.

Ps. xviii. 7 ; comp. xxviii. 1 ; lix. 17 ; lxxii. 17.

And with greater beauty, where *a* answers to *c* and *b* to *d*. Ps. xviii. 16. We have also *a b c* or 2:1, two unequal halves—

{ { From the blood of the slain, from the fat of heroes,
{ { Jonathan's bow turned not back,
{ { and Saul's sword returned not in vain.

**Jahveh*, Jehovah is neither musical nor correct. See Ewald's *Ausführliches Lehrbuch des H. S.*, § 20.

both $a \ b \ c$ and $a \ b \ c$. Ps. ii. 2, and xc. 4.

{ { Why rage the nations,
{ and peoples invent vanity,
{ against Jahveh and his anointed ?

{ For a thousand years are in thy sight
{ as the day of yesterday when it passes away,
{ and a watch in the night.

7 ; iii. 8 ; vii. 9.

1 more complicated combinations are met with, as 3:1 and
Hence $a \ b \ c \ d$.

{ { Pity me, God ; pity me !
{ for to thee flies my soul,
{ and unto thy wing's shadow I flee,
{ till the danger is past. .

i. 2 ; xxxi. 20.

$b \ c \ d$.

{ { He will be as a tree planted by waterbrooks,
{ which in season yields its fruit,
{ and whose leaf does not wither :
{ and all that he does prospers.

3 ; cxli. 4.

other very important form of the many-membered verse
deserves special attention. It is a further development of the
varieties by means of contraction and abbreviation. Two
members of these long verses are contracted into a single
member, thus forming members of 10—12 syllables. The
is rather a rhetorical than a musical form, more adapted
to recitation than singing. But the long member so produced
usually the first in the verse. This verse in its most com-
mon form may be represented thus, $A \ c \ d$.

Mountains of Gilboa, no dew, no rain fall upon you, and you fields of
offering !

Where the shield of the heroes was tarnished,
Sword not anointed with oil.

i. 21 ; Ps. lxii. 4, 5, 10, 11 ; xxxix. 2 ; xxxii. 4, 6.

second member is rarely thus extended, yet there are
exceptions. Ps. xix. 8—11 is of the form $A \ B$; Ps. xvii. 14, of
 c .

is in brief, passing over a few lesser variations, the
nature of the lyric verse. The gnomic verse is the most
simple and regular of all, consisting of two members, each of

7—8 syllables, though later poets use a longer and more complex form. The dramatic verse of Canticles presents *petites*, while the prophetic verse borders upon prose. The lyric verse, as the creation of the freest and highest poetic inspiration, is freest and most varied, running readily into any of the forms.

But the structure of a Hebrew lyric presents *strophes* as verses. The inspiring thoughts may be too great to be pressed in one outbreak, in one picture. The poet must return to it to present it again and again; or his subject needs to be exhibited in different aspects, situations, and localities. Struggles and antitheses must be expressed, together with reconciliation. A lyric, therefore, often falls into strophes.

The number of verses any lyric may contain is various. The triple division, as strophe, anti-strophe, epodos, is the most natural and common, there are lyrics with two, and many more strophes. The number of verses forming a strophe is equally various. Two verses, or even one, suffice, as in Psalm iii. 33 f., or Psalm xxix., the heart of which, vv. 3—9, consists of three strophes; but three are most common, Psalm cxxxiii. In songs consisting of a single strophe four verses are less usual, but in those consisting of several strophes very common. The last words of David, 2 Sam. 1—7, is an instance of four-versed strophes, with this peculiarity that the first strophe has verses with common members, the following ones have four long members:—

Thus saith David the son of Jesse,
thus saith the man raised up on high,
the anointed of the God of Jacob,
and the sweet singer of Israel :—
the Spirit of Jahveh speaketh through me,
and his words are upon my tongue :
Israel's God hath spoken ;
to me spake Israel's rock.

1.

Ruleth one over men righteously, ruleth God fearingly—
it is the brightening of morn, ariseth the sun,
a morning without clouds,
after sunshine, after rain, verdure from the earth.

2.

For is not my house so with God, that an eternal covenant
established for me,
guaranteed fully and secured ?
for all my salvation and desire,
verily, shall he not make it grow ?

3.

But the destroyers—as abhorred thorns are they all,
for not with the hand will one grasp them,
but whoever comes near them must be armed with iron, and the
wood of spears;
and with fire they are wholly burnt up forthwith.

Strophes of five and six verses are large, and longer ones are rarely met with; in lyric poetry none with more than ten verses.

The relation of strophes to each other is important. Lyrics have either a graduated or a uniform strophic structure. The graduated structure is either descending or ascending, lessening or enlarging with the progress of the song. The descending structure is the appropriate form for elegies, and its model is David's lamentation over the death of Jonathan and Saul,* 2 Sam. i. 19—27; while the ascending structure is natural to songs of thanksgiving, the model of which is Psalm xxx.† But the uniform structure is the most usual.‡ Lyrics occur with apparently neither the graduated nor uniform strophes; but upon close consideration it will appear that the irregularities are not such as to allow another division.

The introduction of other voices in the singing of a lyric causes changes in its strophic form. A song may be prefaced and concluded by other voices than those of the appointed singers. The whole assembled people, or a priest in the name of God, may summon the singers, and the whole company may join in a final verse. Compare Exodus xv. 21; verse 18, the two songs of Deborah, Judges v. 2, 11 at the end, verses 12 and 31. In Psalm xlv. and xlviii. a chorus, to be sung by the people, comes in at the end of each strophe. Compare Psalms cvi., cvii., xxiv. 7—10.

After the end of the seventh century, B.C., we meet with poems without strophes, as Ps. cvi., lxxxix. In the place of strophic structure we find alphabetical. Either each verse begins with the twenty-two letters of the alphabet in succession, as:

Adore thee will I, my God and King,
and bless thy name for ever and ever.
Bless thee will I every day,
and praise thy name for ever and ever.

Ps. cxlv. 1, 2; Ps. xxxvii., xxv., xxxiv.; Lam. i., ii. Or a regular

* Our space forbids a translation, but the strophes are, 1. vv. 19—24, 2. vv. 25, 26; 3. v. 27.

† 1. v. 2; 2. vv. 3—6; 3. vv. 7—13.

‡ Songs with two equal strophes: Ps. xxiv. 1—6; xxviii. 6—9; with three: Ps. vii.; xxxi. 2—19; xxxv.: with four; Ps. iii. 12; *polystrophic*: Ps. xviii.

number of verses (Lam. iii., every three; Ps. cxix., every eight) is allotted to each letter in order, as :

Ah ! I am the man that saw affliction—by the rod of his wrath,
Ah ! he led and brought me—into darkness, not into light,
Against me only turns he continually, every day his hand,
Brought to decay my flesh and skin—brake my bones,
Built round about me—poison and travail,
Brought me into darkneses as the long dead.

Lam. iii. 1—6.

Or, with yet greater art, each verse-member is in alphabetic order, as :

Ascribe praises with the whole heart to Jahveh
Before the assembly of the upright.
Celebrated are the works of Jahveh
Desired by all who love them.

Ps. cxi. 1, 2; cxii.

Our author treats of many other important facts relating to the lyric poetry of the Bible, but we are compelled to pass them over. Little more than a bare outline of the most salient facts of this interesting subject, which he lays before us in his book with fulness and beauty, has been attempted. Should the notice suggest further inquiries, reference need only be made to him for further light; for the whole subject is discussed profoundly and elaborately. And not only the Hebrew student but the student of literature in general, will be well repaid by study of this work; for Hebrew poetry is poetry at its well-head, and the history of its origin and growth throws great light upon the origin and growth of all poetry.

Hull.

J. FRED. SMITH.

TRADES UNIONS.

AMONG the speeches that were delivered at the conference lately held between working men and the ministers of various Churches, there were several specially bearing on the subject of trades unions. The speakers, who were skilled artisans and members of these societies, complained that the Christian Church had no sympathy with the actual troubles of the labouring classes, that it concerned itself with matters in which they are not interested, and that it had nothing to say on those with

which they are most concerned. Elsewhere it was hinted that Christianity is essentially opposed to economic science; that, instead of prudence, it advises trust, and that it does not sanction the accumulation of property, but, on the contrary, condemns all provision for the future. The complaint of one speaker was in the form of an accusation against the preachers, who, he said, are accustomed, in all references to trades unions and to strikes, to condemn the working men, and to lend their influence to the masters, whose cause they invariably approve.

There is, unquestionably, very much in these complaints that deserves and will repay careful attention. As a matter of justice to those who make them, every public teacher ought to ask how far they are true; and as a means of increasing his usefulness, to which they refer, he would do well to make himself acquainted with the subject. It should be observed that the remarks quoted above are of two kinds; the one set being a matter of sentiment, the other a reason against Christianity as a social power. We will look at the latter first. It is really only an expression of a too general opinion that Christianity and science are necessarily hostile in their nature and action. The idea in the case of economic science has been unfortunately fostered by the foolish fears and ignorant opposition of some Christian people in regard to political economy. They have called it a harsh system, and its professors selfish and hard-hearted. They have regarded its deductions as laws invented by its students for the purpose of regulating society, and have so come to the conclusion that it is necessarily severe. On the other hand, rash students of political economy have preached it as a new gospel, as a means of curing all evils, eradicating poverty, and enriching all. We are getting wiser now, it is to be hoped. We shall be wiser still when we thoroughly grasp the idea that political economy and the Gospel, having totally different aims, cannot come into collision. The aim of the one is simply to observe the tendencies of human nature in reference to the creation and distribution of wealth; the other undertakes to correct these and all other tendencies when they are wrong, and to foster them when they are right. Hence the former is a science, its laws being only generalizations from its observations, not edicts which it promulgates; the latter is a moral power which is intended to act on human motives, and to improve the disposition. When it is added that Christianity condemns all accumulation of property, and calls upon its disciples to forsake all things for its sake, while political science would encourage the opposite, and approves of saving, it may be replied, first, that the statement respecting Christianity is not true; and, secondly, that political economy condemns hoarding and selfishness just as much as does Chris-

tianity. In the first age of the Church there was a need for the sacrifice of property; therefore it was enjoined. The rule that all was to be forsaken was a means to an end adapted to that time and to the circumstances then existing, but not intended for all time and for all circumstances. The duty of every man is to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; all that is consistent with that rule is permissible.

It is not possible to answer in a manner so satisfactory the second complaint as the first. There is very much of truth in the charge that the working men have been unfairly dealt with by society in the differences which have at times arisen between them and their employers. It does not apply to Christian ministers or Churches specially, except that they ought to know better, and to act more impartially. It applies to the middle and trading classes generally. It must be admitted that they have almost invariably believed, whenever a dispute has arisen, that the masters were perfectly right, and, in consequence, the workmen completely wrong. Persons utterly ignorant of political economy have invoked its name as that of an unknown god who must, as a matter of course, be on the side of the three per cents. Strikes are usually held to be illegal, even in spite of the fact that the law is not visited upon the strikers. Fierce denunciations are often heard against the wickedness of men who are driving all the trade out of the country by their strikes, and the masters are painfully painted as unresisting lambs under the operation of fleecing. There are some who think not only that strikes are illegal and necessarily immoral, but that connection with a trade union is irreligious. We heard a short time ago of a gentleman who expressed the utmost surprise that a church should be found willing to permit membership to Mr. George Potter. He consoled himself with the reflection, Well, he could never have entered ours.

Now it is quite time that this stupid prejudice and pernicious ignorance were removed. It is impossible to talk reasonably about the best means of curing the evils to meet which strikes are designed, while the mind is charged with this partiality and hostility. We shall help in this direction if we can remove these errors from the minds of some of our readers. We will take the worst and most common mistake first, which is the suspicion that combinations among workmen to affect the rate of wages is wrong, and, if not illegal, is nevertheless tyrannical and oppressive to the masters. The least acquaintance with the subject would show us that it is not illegal, since the laws which prohibited the practice among workmen were abolished more than forty years ago. This offering to justice was presented by an unreformed

House of Parliament, and we may therefore infer that the combination laws were unquestionably and manifestly unjust and unjustifiable. Since that time workmen as well as masters have been allowed to concert together, and to combine for the defence of their own interests. A little consideration would further lead us to the conclusion that it is not wrong in any sense to combine for the purpose of obtaining a higher rate of wages, since wages are the price of labour, and no one thinks it wrong to get as much as he can for the article he offers for sale. If it is not wrong for one person to refuse to take the price offered by a person who wishes to buy any article, it is not wrong for two persons who have the same article to sell to agree not to take less than a certain sum; and if it is not wrong for two persons so to agree, it is not wrong for any number of persons to do the same. The larger the number of persons the more difficult it is to obtain agreement; but the right or the wrong of the matter is not affected by the numbers involved. Some time ago it was suspected that the butchers in London had agreed to keep the price of meat very high under pretence of there being but a short supply owing to the cattle plague. It was suggested in the newspapers that all London should abstain from eating meat for a week in order to reduce the price. The suggestion was not acted upon, not because it was thought to be wrong, but because it was feared that unanimity could not be obtained. If the plan had been carried out it would have been a strike among the consumers of meat, and would probably have had the desired effect. It would have been a serious loss to the butchers, especially as their stock of meat would have perished; but would it have been denounced by housekeepers as tyrannical or oppressive? So far, then, from combinations being necessarily mischievous and wrong, they may be most useful, and are always legal. On this point we may be allowed to quote Mr. Mill, who says, "I do not hesitate to say that associations of labourers, of a nature similar to trades unions, far from being a hindrance to a free market for labour, are the necessary instrumentality of that free market; the indispensable means of enabling the sellers of labour to take due care of their own interests under a system of competition." It is useful to shield the argument under the authority of the first economist of the age, because his science is generally shaken in the face of any one who dares to speak a word on behalf of workmen on strike. But, it is often said, Strikes always fail; the masters are sure to get the better of the men in the end, and therefore, if they are not wrong, they are foolish. This is another of the many errors common in society upon this subject. Strikes do not always fail. Foolish strikes do—that is to say, strikes which seek to

restrict the methods of work, and to repress skill. A that are made up of large and unmanageable numbers who may be distributed over wide districts, sometimes a just demand, enforced by a well-directed and comp nation, is usually granted. Mr. Fawcett, in his work economy, while he admits most fully the evils attending strikes, shows that they do not always fail. He gives a dozen instances of successful strikes, all prior to the many might now be added which have occurred since. The most recent instance is that of the engine-driving on the South-Eastern Railway. They were successful in so were just: they failed in carrying an unreasonable demand. They demanded higher wages and fewer hours of labour; demand was acceded; and they then required that they should be paid alike, quite independently of his skill. They failed, and not unreasonably. There must be some disability, even in engine-driving, though it is but a mechanical trade, and those differences should be recognized in the price received. But supposing that thus far we have gained of our readers, it may be said that, admitting a strike successful, the gain in higher wages is never worth the obtaining. The men and their families on strike have been tained out of the wages fund; they have been withdrawing capital of their masters; they have been losing wealth; so many hundreds of pounds which they might have obtained. Can this waste, it is asked, ever be recovered? We may be, and sometimes is. Men are capable of working harder than they usually do, and of earning more than average wages; and this is the case after a strike. When contracts are made, owing to the stoppage which has taken place in production. The men are in good humour, and make up for loss in time and wages; and so the capacity of the country in that branch of industry is increased to a great extent. The price paid may not always be a loss if it prevents strikes for many years. The power possessed by men is known to the masters, and has, even when the effect of equalizing profits and wages. The demands for higher wages are sometimes anticipated by masters. At a season of prosperity, spontaneously make them share in the profits.

There is no doubt, however, that it is precisely at the point where we reach the evils of trades unions. These evils are not essential to them, but incidental; they are not necessarily connected with them, though they usually are. Strikes are useful when their object is just, and their formation is perfectly reasonable. It is hardly likely that justice is always on the side of the men, and it is to be feared that the liberty of individual workmen

sometimes invaded. No doubt the life of a knobstick is anything but a pleasant one; hitherto his misery, whatever it may have been, has been secret. We may expect shortly to have his experience told in a parliamentary blue-book, if not in a very picturesque manner, at least with truth. Till then we will postpone the further consideration of him, trusting that the day of his deliverance draweth nigh.

Trades unions are the standing armies of the workmen, kept up, it must be admitted, at the present time on a war footing. Like all standing armies, they are expensive and dangerous; provocative of hostility, and apt to become oppressive. A strike is a state of open war, an appeal to force and patience. Unfortunately, too often victory is determined not by right, but by the capacity of endurance. At the best, it is but a rude and uncivilized method of gaining the end sought. Its existence among us shows that we are still wanting in a perfect science of economics. The principle of reconciliation between the interests of the individual master and workman has not been found. The nearest approach to it seems to be that of giving the latter a share in the concern for which he labours; but that hardly differs from the demand he makes that profits and wages shall be more equal. Meanwhile, what has the Christian Church to say on the subject? "Much every way," but chiefly in this direction. It can point out the cause of these disputes and combinations; it is to be found in the selfishness of the two classes, that they arise from every man looking on his own things and not on the things of others. It can assert the principle of the Gospel that men are brethren, masters and servants; that they are to regard each other as such; that they are each to seek, not their own, but the other's good. For saying this it will probably be laughed at, even by some of its own professors, who narrow the brotherhood to members of the church to which they belong, or who exclude the exercise of Gospel rules from the market and the factory. The distrustful always think the attempt to apply the principles of Christianity to society Utopian; they forget that the loving of those who love us is the highest exercise of the virtue of the Publican, but the lowest in the Christian. There is a reward for blessing those who use us despitefully; and the Christian slave was advised to count his master worthy of all honour, "that the name of God and His doctrine be not blasphemed." The Gospel has many foes; the worst are they of its own household, who believe that it is for individuals merely, and not for societies. We are fast becoming a nation of covetous atoms, connected by common opinions and antipathies, not by the sense of a common origin, destiny, and God. A common faith can alone unite us and sustain the life of the nation.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

ANOTHER VIEW.

THE nature of the gift of tongues, mentioned in the Acts Apostles, and the first Epistle to the Corinthians, is cert subject of much interest and importance; and neither th mon popular view, that it was simply the power to pre Gospel in a foreign language, nor that which is held b modern commentators, that it was an impulsive unint utterance, can be regarded as altogether satisfactory. T able paper which appeared in the April number of the CH SPECTATOR removes some difficulties, and is free fro objections to which other opinions are liable. In many it will gain, as it deserves, the approval and admiration readers. But there are a few things to which exception taken, and as I am sure the writer would desire fair c more than any compliment, so probably to others, a furth sideration of this subject may not be unacceptable.

It is justly maintained that the gifts mentioned history, and those referred to in the Epistle, are of th nature, the terms by which they are designated being th or similar. The properly miraculous character of the ment is also upheld, as plainly declared in the narrat implied in the references. It is likewise shown that t guage used must have been intelligible to the speaker words would be as useless to himself as to others by who were not understood.* But it is supposed that the new was not an earthly language which would naturally b ligible to some, but a heavenly dialect, which was und only by those hearers who received a spiritual gift cor ing to that which was imparted to the speaker. Now th seems to me to be contrary to the statements of the hist cerning the languages spoken at the day of Pentecost; duces a second miracle of which the narrative says noth which does not agree with what is stated; and it lesser the use and significance of the first miracle. It is e declared of the Apostles, that they "*began to speak i tongues*" (Acts ii. 4); and of the foreigners present, the *heard them speak each in his own language*" (v. 6). If the uttered were not intelligible to some, they would not b

* The argument of Archbishop Whately will, to most persons, s the establishment of this point. All spiritual gifts are for edifica unintelligible discourse is for edification. No unintelligible disc spiritual gift.

if not intelligible to the hearers, there could be no manifestation to them of the Divine Spirit; nor would they answer the purpose. The testimony of the foreign hearers was, in our languages, the languages we learnt in childhood (v. 10 and 11). Why should it be imagined that instead of words were sounds unheard before by any? Why that the words were previously unintelligible both to speaker and to hearer?

Sounds and their signification may be associated in the minds of speaker and hearer by ordinary and by extraordinary causes. The history states that the cause was extraordinary in the speakers, but that it was ordinary in the hearers. Instances are also referred to by St. Peter as resulting from the influence of the Holy Spirit only on the speakers (v. 33), and the hearers are addressed as not at present participating in extraordinary spiritual endowment (v. 38).

If the narrative were alone, there probably would not be two views respecting the meaning of the writer. The chief objections to the obvious and common interpretation of the statements concerning the day of Pentecost are all drawn from other sources.

Those which are advanced, as suggested by the narrative itself, come apparently from additions made to it. The narrative is brief, and some things not mentioned doubtless took place, but no additions should be made which are needless, and create difficulties. Surely the suppositions are improper, that the one hundred and twenty were speakers, and that they spoke together, and that they were so near that their voices could mingle into a compound noise, and that their audiences had no special affinities. It is more likely that the Apostles and a few besides were the only speakers, that they stood apart, and that gradually there would be gathered around each speaker those who were of the same language and who recognized as their own the language of the speaker.

Some of the hearers, it is said, did understand what was said, and they were astonished because the speakers spoke in unknown languages. Others did not understand, and to them the words heard but unintelligible discourse seemed to be the words of intoxicated persons (v. 13).

In such discussions, where there is conflicting evidence, much weight should be given to the part which is first considered. The statements of a historian when a subject is first mentioned, are more likely to be complete, and consequently intelligible by themselves, than any references to the subject by a writer addressing

the opposition that the 120 were all speaking together does not agree with the direction of the Apostle that, when only two or three spoke in a church, they should do so separately (1 Cor. xiv. 27).

those to whom it is already well known. It is, therefore, evidently right to begin with the Acts of the Apostles, and to use the statements of St. Luke in interpreting the references of St. Paul, and wrong to begin with the Epistle, and to interpret the history according to the interpretation which has been given to the letter. The expressions of the latter may possibly be more clear and complete, but most probably much less so. Deferring, therefore, the consideration of the evidence supplied by the Epistle, we proceed to the other passage of the history.

It is well observed that Christian miracles are not mere marvels, and this should always be remembered. They all have a moral and spiritual significance; and this character belongs, as might be expected, to the peculiar miracle which marked the public establishment of the Christian Church. The Jews alone had been the peculiar people of God, and the ministry of the Lord had been, during His life on earth, restricted to His own country. But His kingdom was to extend over the whole world, and all nations were to be members of His Church. The *comprehensiveness* of the Gospel was one of its most important characteristics. This had not been set forth by any previous miracle: and it was now clearly shown. The help afforded to the first preachers of the Gospel by some acquaintance with a foreign language would unquestionably be some advantage. But there was much more than this. The great religious importance of the miracle was its symbolical signification. It was a Divine declaration that, by the Spirit of Christ, the divided nations of the earth would be made one. A very partial knowledge of the languages then first used by the Apostles, would be sufficient for the full accomplishment of this purpose. It would be a sign of what their work was to be, and some help to its performance. In both of these respects it would agree with other miraculous gifts; and it would also be like them in that it was not intended that the supernatural should supersede the natural. At the commencement and at the close of his address St. Peter refers to the *universality* indicated by the symbol. He says that the Spirit would be poured forth "on all mankind" (v. 17), and that the promise was to Jews and to Gentiles—"to all who were afar off" (v. 39). Now if the gifts of tongues was designed to be, not merely a help to the preachers of the Gospel, but a sign of Christian unity, it may be expected that, as it was conferred on Jews to bring them into communion with Gentiles, so it would be conferred, in some similar form, on Gentiles, to bring them into communion with Jews. The new converts were not to be separated from the old. The law of Moses was not for the Gentiles; but the histories, and songs, and prophecies of the Old Testament were for them. If the gift of tongues was to

a complete sign of what belonged to the Christian Church, not only must Jews be able to offer instruction to Gentiles, but Gentiles must be able to join in the worship of Christian Jews. It would not be desirable that all Gentile converts should be able to speak Hebrew. But if it was desirable that some Jewish teachers should be supernaturally endowed, that they might teach to Gentiles, so it would seem to be equally desirable and proper, as a symbol of Christian equality and union that some Gentile converts should be supernaturally endowed, that they might at once unite with their Jewish brethren in the expressions of praise and prayer, which were a precious possession derived from their forefathers. That this was granted appears in the subsequent statements of the history.

After the narrative of the day of Pentecost, no mention is made of the gift of tongues till the account of the conversion of Gentiles, in the house of Cornelius the Roman officer. It is there said that the Jews recognized the presence of the Divine Spirit in the Gentiles, because "*they heard them speaking in tongues, and magnifying God*" (Acts x. 46). They heard this, therefore, the utterances were intelligible, and they were more than one language. Some of them were probably in Greek, the language of common intercourse with Romans and Jewish Jews. But there was more than Greek, or there would be no sense in the statement that they spoke with *tongues*, and no visible proof of a Divine influence, similar to that given at the day of Pentecost (x. 47, xi. 15). Another language intelligible to the Jews was that which was used in their synagogues; that uninstructed Gentiles should employ in worship the sacred tongue of the Jews would be a sign to them that Jews and Gentiles were henceforth to be one. They saw that God was doing for Gentiles what he had before done for Jews, bringing them into a religious fellowship, through faith in Christ: and therefore the new converts were at once baptized. The only other passage in the history is in the 19th chapter. Some persons who were disciples of John the Baptist, received Christian instruction and baptism from St. Paul; and after the imposition of the Apostle's hands, "*they spake with tongues and proclaimed*" (v. 36). The little information given respecting these twelve disciples adds nothing to the information afforded by the passages already noticed. It may, however, be noticed that Ephesus and Corinth were places distinguished by the concourse of strangers from many countries, where, consequently, the use of various languages would be peculiarly useful for the diffusion of the Gospel.

We advance now to the examination of the statements made by St. Paul. These were occasioned by the disorderly prac-

tices which prevailed in the Church at Corinth. There were those who had this spiritual gift, and who did not use it properly. Now, as the references are all occasioned by the abuse of this and other spiritual gifts, it should not be assumed that the statements of the Apostle are to be understood as referring to its proper use. Rather may we expect that he will be found to speak of it as it was misused. The proper use of the gift of speaking in any language is, to employ it in the hearing of those by whom it is understood. Then, and only then, the Apostle says can it be for edification. An improper use of the gift would be to employ it for show, or self-exaltation, speaking before others a language which they could not understand. Would not this, it may be asked, be very silly and childish? Certainly it would: and this is exactly the character which the Apostle gives to the conduct which he reproves. It could not be of any proper use of the gift that the Apostle would say, that ten thousand words thus spoken were not worth five words that were intelligible, and intended to profit the hearers (1 Cor. xiv. 19); that the speakers made themselves as foreigners to their hearers (v. 11); that they would seem to be madmen if strangers came into their company (v. 23); and that their practice corresponded to predicted punishments (v. 21).

The statements of St. Paul become contrary to the common interpretation of St. Luke's statements of the day of Pentecost, and the Apostle's words become not only hard to be understood, but sometimes quite unintelligible, merely from the assumption that he is referring to the proper use of the endowment, and not to the improper. But it is the improper exercise of this spiritual gift that he has occasion to refer. His language is elliptical, and the requisite completion may be drawn from one supposition or another. He who spoke in the way the Apostle censured, did not speak to men but to God; for no one understood him, and therefore none could profit, though he spoke the secret things which were revealed that they might be known (v. 2). The statement that he who spoke in a tongue did not speak to men, must be taken with some condition, otherwise it would be not only contrary to the account of the speaking at the day of Pentecost but inconsistent with what follows; for where there was interpretation there was speaking to men. The first statement of the Apostle may be understood thus: he who speaks in a tongue (before those who know not the language); or thus, he who speaks in a tongue (when no interpreter is present). It will scarcely be maintained that one ellipsis is much more simple than the other. Of the person speaking what he alone understood the Apostle says, that he may edify himself, but that he cannot possibly edify others. They can receive no profit, unless to them

are interpreted, the advantage belonging entirely to ion (v. 5). The direction which the Apostle gives ho thus abused their gift, that they should pray that t interpret (v. 13), has been brought to show that really *unable* to do so. But this is not a necessary

If unable to interpret, they would be unable to und the direction would be rather that they should ntelligence, than for interpretation. But if they were gift improperly, for ostentation and not for edification, wanting in due regard to the good of others; and the f the direction might be, that they should pray for position of mind as would lead them to make all their ntelligible to others. Or, by telling them to pray, he no more meant that his words should be taken lite-

when he directed the women who would not cover s, to allow them to be shorn (ii. 6). There may be y in his language. Surely you cannot interpret, or not be so foolish as to speak what your hearers can-stand. If it be so, then of course you should pray may be able to interpret. This agrees with the 1, "Brethren, become not little children in your 7. 20). A similar ironical direction is given (vi. 4)

Corinthians are told to choose the least worthy of per to be judges. Of course, the Apostle did not wish should be done. But even this would be better than t censured, and the direction is merely designed to mpropriety of their practice.

aloud before others in a language not understood, the scribes as praying with the Spirit, but not with the ling. There might be devout feeling, but there could ht intention; the purpose proper to public prayer. us spoke would not utter a prayer that he did not derstand, but his utterance would be purposeless, it ver no end. He who spoke before others did so that hear, but if he prayed in a language they did not l, the purpose of public prayer was frustrated. His d praises might be good, but others could not be pro- py (v. 17).*

rd translated *understanding* denotes the mind not merely as *igence*, but as using this intelligence for some end, as having he intention which should exist, the Apostle states (v. 19), "that ay be instructed." *Purpose*, rather than understanding, is the he similar term in v. 20. The *noun* here used does not occur the New Testament; but the corresponding *verb* is often em- mote *mind*ing, in the sense of regarding, seeking. "Thou the things of God, but the things of men" (Matt. xvi. 23).

The practice of speaking words not understood by the hearers is compared to a predicted manifestation of the Divine displeasure. It surely cannot be of the proper use of the gift of tongues that the Apostle says it was like that—a sign to unbelievers, and not to believers. The prophecy refers to the condition of Jews when removed from their own land, and exiled among strangers. It was their punishment that from those around them they heard words they could not understand. Through the abuse of the gift of tongues the members of the Christian Church were afflicted, as the Jews had been when captives in a foreign land. This use of speech was certainly with a purpose different from that of the gift of prophecy with which it is compared. But in the proper use of the two gifts no difference appears. The gift of tongues was one of those spiritual gifts which the Apostle declares were received by some members for the benefit of the whole body (xii. 10). In its proper use it was for the benefit of all, for those who were within the church as well as for those who were without. And so prophecy, as noticed by the Apostle, was equally for both (v. 25).*

The gift of interpretation is distinguished from that of speaking in tongues, but it does not follow that any who were able to speak, were unable to interpret what they said (iv. 10—30). The power of interpreting, as the power of speaking, might be merely natural, or more than natural. For the understanding of Jewish worship by Gentiles, only the gift of interpretation was requisite. Hebrew was not requisite in ordinary communication with Jews, but only for a participation in their religious services. The interpretation referred to by the Apostle in his directions, is not said to require any spiritual endowment. Those who could speak other tongues were to be approved by the Church, and their qualifications for special services were to be shown. All speaking in another language than the Greek could not be forbidden; but all was prohibited that could not be interpreted to the profit of the assembly. A Hebrew psalm or lesson might be spoken by a Jew in a Greek assembly, if there was one who could interpret it for the benefit of those who were unacquainted with this language. Foreigners might in their own speech address the Corinthian Church, if an interpreter was present to make their words intelligible to all. And those who had been supernaturally endowed, might show to their brethren what they were able to say to others, provision being made that all should understand.

* If when properly used the gift of tongues was a sign not to believers, but to unbelievers, then it could not be exclusively for the devout men, who were enabled by the Spirit to understand what they heard.

y be allowed that the gift of tongues was not *necessary* arly diffusion of the Gospel; but neither was the gift of nor any of the extraordinary gifts. It is enough that it is useful, and this is certain. If the inhabitants of the world generally speak Greek, the country people had but acquaintance with it; and the knowledge which was fit for commercial purposes, would be often inadequate for instruction. The intercourse of St. Paul with people of various kinds, and his desire to do good to all, might well render thankful that he could speak with tongues more than any teacher (v. 18). That he used Greek in writing to the church at Rome, is no proof that he was ignorant of Latin. A part of the Church consisted of those to whom the Greek language was equally familiar, and it was the language in which it would be most generally useful.

that this gift was of such a nature that it must now be very incomprehensible, is a supposition in which few will acquiesce. Christianity is for all ages and nations, and distinguished from superstitions, by the light which it sheds, and casts on all around it. The modern delusions have been the result of folly or fraud, cannot serve much to illustrate the nature of a gift truly spiritual and divine. It is to understand how a new language could immediately be the result of any elevation of thought or excitement of feeling in the speaker: nor how those who heard it could mistake it for a native speech. If the *symbolical* as well as *instructional* character of the gift bestowed on the day of Pentecost is understood—and the account of what was afterwards granted may be regarded as *similar* but *complementary* to what was given to Jews—and if the statements of St. Paul be referring not to the Divine purpose, the proper use of the gift to the practice of foolish persons, who used improperly their extraordinary as well as their ordinary endowments—then the objections to the common interpretation of the gift of the day of Pentecost are removed. The miracle is the truly Christian, and the history and Epistle to be in perfect harmony.

J. H. G.

THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION

NEVER since the days of George Canning has a public man been so baited and worried as Mr. Gladstone has been during the last few months. Sir Robert Peel had doubtless to endure a severe criticism after his abandonment, first of the Orange, and afterwards of the Protectionist cause; but the circumstances of the case were sufficient to explain the fierceness of the assault. With the exception of Mr. Disraeli's philippics, it was not characterized by that bitterness and malignity which has been directed towards Mr. Gladstone. His party have not to complain that he has abused the confidence they have reposed in him; they cannot charge him with insincerity or unfaithfulness, there is no reason to be ashamed of his policy as unwise or unjust, but, on the contrary, have reaped all the honour accruing from his enlightened and liberal administration of the revenue; yet they have allowed him to be humiliated in the presence of the world, and not a few have themselves been involved in the process. It is hardly too much to say that the policy for the last twelve months has had for its aim and object of discrediting Mr. Gladstone. "The Opposition session," says the *Saturday Review*, "found it necessary that they were right in saying that Mr. Gladstone never could lead the House of Commons." Hence the constant attempts to wound his sensitive nature, and if possible goad him into a display of temper which might furnish them with fresh material for attack; hence the persistent misrepresentations of any policy by the distortion and perversion of which it might be possible to damage him; hence the wearisome iteration with which the journals of the party have been for ever ringing the changes on his petulance and ill-temper.

All this the *Saturday Review* would have us believe is quite an ordinary course of things: "It is a recognized party strategy. If it be so we are indeed in a sorry plight. To take exception to a rival's policy, to analyze it with care, and criticize it with severity that sometimes appears merciless, to adopt all the parliamentary arts for the purpose of gaining an advantage over him, has of course always been regarded as justifiable tactics. But if strategy is to go further than this—if political adversaries are to study his personal weaknesses that they may play upon them for their own ends—if it is a part of the parliamentary game to irritate an opponent

taunts and insinuations in the hope of making his credit his talents—then the sooner such strategy is by the House of Commons with the indignant reproaches, the better for its own reputation and the good government in this country. For it is high and conscientious men, the men of true genius and high tone, who will be influenced by such conduct, and rather than encounter treatments so ungenerous and unmanly, they refuse to descend into the political arena. Recent conduct would almost seem to show that a statesman of this kind is not fitted to lead the House of Commons. It rather shows the intellectual superiority which it is constrained to maintain and is glad to find out some reason for depreciating its own very eminence is offensive; it imputes the earnestness which it does not sympathize to passionate feeling and intense conviction; it treats the firmness of consistency as mere obstinacy and waywardness; it is more a pardon vacillating weakness than that manly decision which it will not stoop to unworthy compromises, it is an overbearing dictation. It has its prejudices and it applauds the man who is shrewd enough to see and pliant enough to pander to them. With all his chicanery, his love of all sorts of surprises and his want of any guiding principle, it has a sneaking admiration for Mr. Disraeli. Notwithstanding all the qualities he has earned for him the confidence of his own country and the admiration of the world, and reflected a lustre on the of which he is the most distinguished ornament, it does not heartily liked Mr. Gladstone; he is too honest, too earnest, and altogether too able, to suit the taste of the Tories who form so large a proportion of its members, and of whom, not having any strong sentiments of patriotism and of liberty themselves, are unable to appreciate them in another.

Statement which Mr. Gladstone has received from certain of the press is not less discreditable than that which he dealt out to him in Parliament. The *Edinburgh Standard* in the van in an attempt to undermine his authority, showed the coolness to propose that he should be content to be the scion of some Whig house. But the thing was rejected; even some who did not profess an enthusiastic opinion for Mr. Gladstone pronounced it too bad; it soon was evident that neither the Liberal members nor the country liked it, and the only result was to exhibit the mingled red and spite of the old Whig clique, who still guide the buff and blue. The *Times*, to do it justice, has

been too wise in its generation, and too thoroughly alive to the estimation in which Mr. Gladstone is held by the public at large, to join in any bitter assault upon him. It has often criticised his policy unfairly, it has put false interpretations upon some of his actions, it has of course reiterated the vulgar cry that the failure of last year's Bill, to which it so largely contributed, was owing to his bad management, not to the insincerity of the House itself. But it has not assailed him personally, except so far as was necessary to the carrying out of its own special purpose. Like a large party, whose views it truly reflects, having been determined last year that no Reform Bill should pass, it is equally resolved this year that any Bill shall pass. It would doubtless be very glad, as would a great many others, to have again the lost opportunity of last year but as this cannot be, it is content to take Mr. Disraeli's measure, hoping that it may settle a very inconvenient agitation. It is therefore displeased with Mr. Gladstone, because he will not accept this miserable time-serving policy, but it has never directed against him those fierce tirades in which some other papers have indulged.

The *Saturday Review* has won for itself an unenviable notoriety by the cold-blooded malignity and atrocity of its attacks. We have long ceased to expect from its superfluous critics anything like generosity or nobility of feeling, but we did hope that there would have been some regard to decency and gentlemanly propriety in discussing the conduct of one who whatever his defects, is on all hands confessed to be the first statesman of his age. But he has committed the unpardonable offence of daring to argue political questions on the ground of moral and social right. He actually dared on one occasion to remind those who were directing their sneers and gibes against the working classes, that they were fellow-citizens and fellow-Christians, and this is a transgression not to be condoned. To what lengths of bitterness and uncharitableness this feeling can carry men may be learnt from the articles which appeared in the "*Saturday*" of March 23rd and 30th, which happily are without a parallel in our newspaper literature. In the first, under the heading of "Broken loose again," we have such sentences as the following: "We all know the frightful display of violence which a reformed drunkard displays when he gets back to his bottle. Seven weeks of sobriety is Mr. Gladstone's stint of candour and generosity and self-restraint. And we all know what follows upon Lent and Ramadan. Vigils and fasting take it out in riot and license." "Pique was perhaps paramount when he surveyed a measure which, encumbered with a thousand faults, at least presented one clear, definite, and intelligible

principle—good or evil it may be, but that is not our present point.” We should have thought that “the thousand faults” would have been sufficient to dispel any feeling of pique, and to have justified determined opposition to a measure the badness of which the *Saturday Review* has again and again proclaimed. But it is not to be expected that writers so spiteful should at the same time be rational. He goes on to say, “In the greater part of his speech, he only shrieked and scolded.” “Totally regardless of anything but his immediate chance of getting up a prejudice, he hit away right and left, in the very wildness of despair, at every detail of the Bill.” The second article on “The Opposition Leader” begins thus: “Mr. Gladstone progresses, as the popular phrase is; it is a result of the peculiar position he has chosen that he can give himself no lesson. There is something of melancholy truth in the old myth, that one who has abandoned himself to a malign intelligence—or, to speak with less of decorous periphrasis, has sold himself to the devil—is condemned to work, or to find work for the busy fiend. Morning, noon, and night there is the steady irrepressible presence which always requires the victim to be doing. Repose, deliberation, counsel, thought, choice, are all and for ever prohibited luxuries. Charmed into a troublous circle of restless energy and activity, the only condition of life is never to be quiet or silent.” Such is Mr. Gladstone’s present existence.

Mr. Gladstone is said by this temperate writer to stand altogether alone in the House in his unreasoning and obstructive temper. Even Mr. Bright, for whom the “*Saturday*” is well-known to cherish no very warm love, is placed in a position of superiority to him. “Below the lowest deep there lies a lower depth,” and below Mr. Bright—who was recently with singular good taste and appropriateness compared to Cataline—is Mr. Gladstone, “whose bearing and demeanour Mr. Bright abstains from adopting, if he does not reject it as factious and needlessly offensive. It is not so much that we fail to follow his criticisms—some at least of them—on the Government measure, as that we deplore the solitary and obstructive attitude which he took on Monday night. It is his manner, even more than his matter, that is so objectionable. He rose palpably with the intention of doing the most disagreeable thing in the most offensive way, and he took an evident pleasure in displaying his bad temper and contempt. He concentrated his spite with the most intelligible italics and underscoring. His whole speech reads like a lady’s very offensive and insulting letter, or rather like an epistle which it was once our fortune to receive from a half-crazy, but of course very sincere friend. Commenting in strong terms on something which

he thought frightfully wrong, our amiable correspondent wrote all the strong passages and phrases of his remonstrance in red ink."

This, then, is the style in which those who assume to represent English gentlemen think it decent and proper to write of political opponent, an accomplished scholar, a high-minded gentleman, a powerful orator, for no other reason than that having distinct convictions, he thinks it right to give them expression, and to employ the legitimate influence which he commands to secure their triumph. If even Mr. Bradlaugh, whose vagaries the "*Saturday*" has administered a severe, but well-deserved castigation, had insinuated that Earl Grosvenor was sold to the devil, we can easily conceive the outburst of indignation which such an audacious imputation would have called forth. Yet Mr. Gladstone has only acted as Earl Grosvenor has done, sought to defeat a policy which he believed to be injurious to the best interests of the country, the only difference being that the one has enforced his views with a force of eloquence to which the other cannot pretend. Amid very severe provocation, he has never been guilty of questioning the motives of his opponents, and though he has mercilessly assailed the positions he has never condescended to assail the men; and for this, forsooth, he is to be represented by those who cannot grapple with his arguments as under the possession of a "malignant spirit." If this be decorous, it is evident at least that gentlemen enjoy a license which men of humbler pretensions must not venture to take. It would be easy to retort, and to find evidences of the power of a malignant fiend in a display of spirit so blind, so reckless, so unreasoning, that the very fury in which it is lashed defeats its own purpose. There may be violent partisans who, in the excitement of the fierce contest which is being waged, may applaud such ebullitions, and perhaps mistake unprincipled audacity for cleverness; but when the passion of the hour has died away, all honourable opponents will deprecate this savage mode of warfare, which is the most inexcusable since the very review which is thus severe on Mr. Gladstone's opposition to the Bill, itself condemns it with severity equal to his own.

But, after all, it is not the fierceness of the Tory orators or the Tory press of which we complain, so much as the mode in which Mr. Gladstone has been treated by members of his own party. Of Mr. Roebuck we say nothing. He is one of the men whom as Lord Dundreary would say, "No fellow can understand Tetchy and wayward, priding himself on his incorruptibility and lofty independence, it is impossible to predict the course which he will take on any particular question. He has outlived the

feelings of his early career, when he appeared in Parliament as the advocate of Canadian rebels, and while professing to be a Liberal of the first water, seems to take a special pleasure in thwarting the hopes of the party to which he really belongs. Never has he been more crotchety, more morose, more offensive, than during the present session. It mellowed some men; but his restored health seems to have been accompanied by an increase of bitterness whose vials he poured out on the devoted head of poor Mr. Gladstone. He dares, however, to expect him to be other than he is; and the spirit of the quondam Radical can find a solace in the jeers which greet the spiteful attacks in which he indulges upon the most hearty and able leader the Liberal Party has had for many a day, far be it from us to envy him his position. His tirades, at least, injure no one but himself; they give every man who applaud him, attach no real weight to his opinions, and only value his advocacy because it subserves his own party views.

There are other men, however, whom we should have expected to have taken a very different course from that which they have hitherto pursued. At the beginning of the present campaign it was as though Earl Grosvenor half repented of the tactics of his mission, and his speech at the first meeting at Mr. Gladstone's indicated a desire to return to friendly relations with the Government and its chosen, we may say its only possible, leader. For it seemed as if the Liberal host was to be re-united, and the very anticipation was enough to dismay the Government. These counsels have since prevailed; the star of Mr. Disraeli is in the ascendant, and his lordship has found no better position than that of the "candid friend," ever ready to point out the errors of his associates, and to come to the help of their necessities. It is to him and his allies, not to his own colleagues in the Cabinet, or his steady supporters on the Treasury benches, that Mr. Disraeli owes the triumph, the memory of which has brightened his Easter holidays. Nothing is more necessary, in order to end the present state of disorganization, than that the Government should have a clear understanding with the Adullamites, the "rump" of the old cave, who look up to the noble lord and his henchman, "my dear Elcho," as their leaders. If any of them, we should think, are already pretty well contented, that this Parliament is the last in which they will have the opportunity of misrepresenting Liberal constituencies. If Frederick Doulton is allowed again to neutralize the vote of the North, or Mr. Jonathan Pim to use the power given to him by the strenuous efforts of Dublin Liberals to uphold a Tory Government, the electors have no one but themselves to thank.

But those who have not committed themselves so dee make their election between the two leaders, and speedily if they are to regain the confidence which the duct has so seriously shaken. At all events, if the Libe is to know its own strength, it must cease to reckon as own members those who, on every critical division, are ir found in the Tory lobby.

Greatly should we rejoice if the defections from the ranks had only been found among the Adullamite class. now historical meeting in the tea-room included mar thorough devotion to the cause of Reform cannot be. Their movement was very ill-judged, and, as it has most disastrous in its results. There was a sad consideration for their leader, and a strange conce the loyalty which was due to him, yet we are wi believe the error of many of them was a want c ment. The real difficulty of the case lay in the fact Gladstone would not declare himself in favour of h suffrage, and that if he had, the majority of his own par not have sustained him. Hence some, deceived by th that the principle of the Government measure was h suffrage, and indulging the vain hope that the restricti which the concession is accompanied may be swept aw indisposed to take a step which might be fatal to the Bi should have had a clearer conception of the real signifi the political crisis: if they were determined to move they have taken action earlier, and so have saved their le mortification of having to beat a retreat in the presenc enemy; but there are many of them whom we cannot st deliberate treachery. Unfortunately, their weakness wa mischievous in its consequence as actual treason, and th some of them who will not find it easy to satisfy th stitencies. Sir Francis Crossley would do well to re how the electors of the West Riding dealt with Sir John den, despite his territorial position, and his extensive cratic connections. They chose Sir Francis because faith in his sturdy Liberalism, and are not likely to reg any great favour the attitude he has taken on two recent occasions. Mr. Torrens may rest assured that t tors of Finsbury have very little sympathy with that forward Liberalism, which, turning neither to the rig nor to the left, leads a man into the very position wh Disraeli would have him occupy. These gentlemen as friends may plead that the policy of Mr. Coleridge's inst was very doubtful, and that had the Government been and gone to the country, the Liberals would have been

in the disadvantageous position of appearing to advocate a more restricted franchise than their Tory rivals. It was for this, undoubtedly, that Mr. Disraeli manœuvred; but, however successful such tricks may be in the House of Commons, they would have availed very little with the country. Had a dissolution taken place, the election would really have turned upon the relative claims of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli; and in our judgment the issue would not have been for a moment doubtful. Unhappily, either this visionary fear, or a regard to their own fancied consistency, or a notion that by some extraordinary process they could convert the Bill into a measure for household suffrage, influenced these forty-eight; and they set an example of revolt against the authority of their leader, which has been only too widely and too successfully imitated. Many of them were found in their right place in the great division; but the fatal infection of disloyalty had spread, some simple ones had been hoodwinked, the timid ones had been alarmed by the threat of dissolution, all sorts of tricks had been employed, and the result was the most severe defeat which Liberalism has sustained for many years.

We do not care here to analyze the division-lists, but we must express our utter amazement that any Liberal was found in opposition to Mr. Gladstone. There are three aspects in which the vote may be regarded, and in whichever of them it was viewed, the duty of a true Reformer was clear. Whether it was accepted simply as a decision upon the one question raised, as to the personal payment of rates, or as an adjudication on the respective merits of the rival schemes, or as a vote of confidence in the men: in neither case ought there to have been any hesitation. As to those who voted under the belief that Mr. Disraeli would afterwards abandon his restrictions, and who, therefore, supported one of the most invidious of them, we can only pity their simplicity. Liberals they may profess to be, but Liberals who hear their leader taunted as he was by Mr. Gathorne Hardy and Mr. Disraeli, and then, forgetful of all his claims upon their fidelity, follow these gentlemen into the lobby, must be made of strange stuff. For ourselves, "we'd rather be a dog and bay the moon, than such a Roman." Mr. Gladstone may well have felt a momentary despondency, but we trust that he will listen rather to the promptings of high patriotism than to those mortified feelings which he might reasonably cherish. Worried, baited, maligned as he is, we trust that he will yet manfully hold his ground, refuse to listen to the counsels of timid friends, and pursue that unselfish and patriotic course, which, if misunderstood for the present, will ultimately earn for him the lasting gratitude of the nation. But if the

Liberal party mean to retain such a leader they must show themselves worthy of him. The time is come when their mutual relations must be placed on a more satisfactory basis; and the sooner this is done the better, for the interests not only of their own cause but of the country at large.

We had written thus far before Mr. Gladstone's letter to the senior Member for the City revealed the true gravity of the crisis. We do not for a moment doubt that he has acted wisely, and if we had any misgiving the manner in which the *Times* writes on the subject would be sufficient to remove it. It is quite clear that the move has interfered with the "little game" which that journal has recently been playing. It would have exactly suited its purpose for Mr. Gladstone to take his part in the discussions in Committee, to throw out suggestions in a candid and friendly spirit, which might be accepted if they were of little significance, and which, if they really struck at the restrictive policy might be rejected by the aid of the trimmers who carried the last vote with contemptuous insult to their mover. It would then have been said that the Bill had been passed with the concurrence of the different sections of the House; and any subsequent attempts to amend its obnoxious provisions would have been denounced as a breach of faith in those who were seeking to disturb a settlement to which they had been parties. But however this might please the *Times* and the large class of political nondescripts whom it represents, it is not surprising that it does not commend itself to the judgment of Mr. Gladstone, and hence he has taken a manly, honest, straightforward course, for the purpose of making his own position clear. It is absurd to suppose that he intends to abandon active political life, or resign that leadership for which he is so eminently qualified; but he is wisely determined to end the present anomalous state of things in which he appears as the nominal head of a party, a large number of whom do not follow. If another man can unite their scattered forces we doubt not that he will, with his unselfish patriotism, gladly lend him the help of his unrivalled abilities; but if it be that the two sections are so hopelessly divided that their paths henceforth must lie apart, then we have equally little doubt that he is ready still to lead the true Liberals, numerically reduced, it may be even to a minority, but still really the stronger for the loss of those who, though nominally with them, were never of them. The present difficulties have arisen, to a considerable extent, from the fact that the Parliament was elected on a false issue. The question raised was one of confidence in the Government, but that Government included Lord Palmerston as well as Mr. Gladstone, and those who supported it mainly be-

cause of their faith in the Premier cannot fairly be reckoned Liberals. To us it seems that the time has come when the party must choose once for all what complexion it will wear for the future. If it chooses to take a deep Whig hue, to become what, in the current slang, is called "Constitutional Liberal," to be a formidable organization for giving power to the Grosvenors, Somersets, and a few other Whig houses, and at the same time to delude the democracy with a show of liberty, it can find a much fitter man to lead it than Mr. Gladstone. But if, with all its shortcomings, it is still really intent on asserting true Liberal principles, it must rally round its true leader, close its ranks, and take a very different course from that which it has pursued during the present session.

That this is the issue now raised is clearly seen by the "Constitutional Liberals" themselves. If Mr. Gladstone will adopt their views they will be proud to serve under him, if not they will throw their weight into the Tory scale. Their new organ, the *Day*, intimates this in no obscure terms:—"Cannot Mr. Gladstone be a man? Cannot he shake off the thralldom of Mr. Bright and the Radicals, and announce himself as the leader of the Liberal-Conservative party? We ask this question without much hope of its being answered in the affirmative, and can only fall back upon the hope that Mr. Disraeli and his supporters of all shades will occupy the position which Mr. Gladstone might have commanded, but now never will."

We confess, and we are not sorry, it has come to this. Purged of the leaven of Palmerstonianism, the Liberal party will have a decision and strength it has not manifested for years. It may possibly have to content itself with the Opposition benches for some time, but in the present state of public opinion, even this cannot be for long. The Tories and their quasi-Liberal friends have taken advantage of the selfish feeling of a large number of the middle class on the subject of the suffrage, and secured from them a temporary amount of favour, but on all questions of ecclesiastical reform, of education, of foreign policy—the questions which must become prominent as soon as the Reform Bill is settled—they are in a hopeless minority. *Dilettante* politicians, the men who accept their opinions from the fashionable journals and retail them with a confidence proportionate to their utter ignorance, in metropolitan trains and omnibuses, think it a fine thing to chatter about Mr. Gladstone's bad temper and the administrative powers of the new Ministry, but the country knows better. It fully trusts the one, and it has not a particle of faith in the other, and the public opinion which marks out Mr. Gladstone as the true Minister must be reflected in the House of Commons.

In the meantime it is essential that Mr. Gladstone be left in no doubt by the sincere Reformers, as to his possessing their confidence. We cannot believe that all of those who voted with the man who, half-an-hour before, had in the most taunting style, told their leader, "It is my duty to distinguish between the House generally and the right honourable gentleman," meant to discredit one whom they should delight to honour. But they have done it, and the excuses for their treachery are among the most petty and puerile things we have seen for a long time. The question is now how the mischief can be undone. The people undoubtedly, as many of these deserters have already found, resent the wrong done to one who has shown himself their true friend, and they will resent it all the more, when they find the mischief it has wrought. Mr. Bright's masterly speech has scattered to the winds the sophistries of those who have sought to persuade themselves and their constituents, that in voting in favour of the personal payment of rates, as an essential to the enjoyment of the franchise, they were showing their pure and unadulterated Liberalism. He shows that Mr. Gladstone's proposal would, even if the whole of it had been adopted, have added 284,000 to the borough constituency—that the Government plan will, on their own calculation, not admit more than 118,000, but as he maintains little more than 100,000, and, what is of equal importance, that in the former case the increased numbers would be fairly distributed, while in the latter there would be such glaring inequalities as largely to neutralize the benefit. Of the whole 103,000 to be enfranchised, 82,000 would be divided among eight boroughs, Sheffield alone having 28,000, or "more than a ninth of all the voters introduced under the Bill." How any Liberal could prefer the latter scheme to the former, is more than we are able to comprehend, and more than the constituencies, except those who occupy the favoured position, will understand either. It is nonsense for any man to say that he was voting in favour of Household Suffrage, because though the Bill certainly professes to give it, the proposition he supported was one for putting the most invidious restriction on its exercise. The truth is, Household Suffrage will not be granted by the House of Commons, as at present constituted, and they who in pursuit of this mere Will-o'-the-Wisp, are content to follow Mr. Disraeli's lead, are traitors to the cause of Reform, whose treason is not the less hateful because it is gilded with fair professions.

We trust, however, that many of them have already seen their error, and will seek to repair it in the future. Even those who *desire* to have the question settled should seek to *amend the Bill*; for though it should *pass* into law in its present shape,

settlement it cannot be. The Liberal party can, if they will, either make it what it ought to be, or reject it, and this they should be prepared to do. But there must be an end of the waywardness, the crotchetyness, the extravagant ideas of independence, which led to the meeting of political nobodies in the tea-room, or there can be not only no success but no Liberal party at all. "What can be done" (says Mr. Bright), "in Parliamentary parties, if every man is to pursue his own little game? A costermonger and donkey, although it would take a week to travel from here to London, yet running athwart the London and North-Western train might bring to total destruction a great express train; and so very small men, who during their whole political lives have not advanced the question of Reform by one hair-breadth, or by one moment in time, can, at a critical hour like this, throw themselves athwart the objects of a great party." We commend these words to such "very small men" as the members for Marylebone, Derby, and Dublin, assuming that if they play their small game there will be a time when the constituencies will have their turn, and will be very apt also to play their little game, part of which may consist in stumping out those who have chosen to run away from their wickets. There is, we know, a prevalent notion as to the political apathy of the people, and it is fostered in the minds of members of Parliament by the prevailing tone of London society, formed, as it is, to so large an extent, by the *Times*. But the experience of last autumn ought to have corrected such a delusion, and if the influence of the quasi-Liberals should prevail, and Mr. Gladstone be suffered to retire, we predict the earnestness of popular feeling will make itself felt in a way that will be more forcible than pleasant to the gentlemen who have been the means of inflicting on Liberalism so grave a calamity.

THOMAS, CALLED DIDYMUS.

SOME men are apparently born to be misunderstood. It is from no fault of their own that all they do is sure to be twisted. But so it is. They are transparent, consistent, and honest in all they do. But from some unfounded prejudice, everything they do or say, that can by any possibility be turned against them, is invariably distorted, and made to bear some false construction.

This is certainly the case with the Apostle Thomas. The little that we know of him shows him to have been a man of singular thoughtfulness and consistency, a man sure to leave his mark upon the Christianity of his times, a man without whom "the twelve" would have been very incomplete. Yet he has been treated as the sceptic of the early church. "Unbeliever Thomas" has passed into a proverb. And when not coming out with bold scepticism, he is supposed to have been only forward in making foolish suggestions, or asking trivial questions.

The materials are very scanty upon which either these or any other conclusions can be founded. Tradition, indeed, has been very busy with his name. He is said to have been born at Antioch to have had a twin sister named Lydia, or to have been a twin brother of Christ; whilst, according to Eusebius, his real name was Judas. He is also said to have carried the Gospel into Parthia or Persia, and, according to other traditions, to have preached in India, and founded the Christian church in Malabar. He met, like most of the other Apostles, with a martyr's death and was buried at Edessa, where Chrysostom says that his tomb was still to be seen. In the New Testament we have no information as to either his antecedents or the circumstances of his first call. His name merely occurs in the lists of the Apostles called by Christ; among those who went to fish in the lake of Galilee; also among the eleven who continued in the upper room; and on three separate occasions, when we have a distinct account of something that he said.

These three passages form the only reliable materials that we possess, upon which to found a true estimate of his character. Unless, indeed, we include *his name*; for, although it may appear far-fetched, there is something to be said in favour of the conclusion that his name is the real key to his character.

The name Thomas, as everybody knows, signifies a *twin*, the Greek for which is Didymus. But as twins are not very rare in the world, it seems strange that his parents should have fixed upon this as his name, as though there never had been another. Moreover there must have been a second; was he also named Thomas or twin? And, if so, how were they distinguished from one another; or, if not, why should the one be called twin more than the other? But if there is something strange in this, the fact that John thinks it so important to tell us again and again that Thomas means twin is stranger still. He is not in the habit of giving the meanings of names, though every name has its own meaning; but he either saw so much reason for making it clear that Thomas means twin, or dwelt upon the fact with so much pleasure, that whereas he only mentions Thomas four times, he tells us no less than three times that Thomas was

called Didymus. Hengstenberg supposes that the name had no reference to his birth, but was given by Christ as descriptive of his character, and that the words "called Didymus" were designed to point to this significance in his name. But on what ground did he receive this name? What is the meaning of the name Thomas? "It signifies," says Hengstenberg, "one at the sight of whom we are reminded of twins: a double-minded man (James i. 8). Inward discordance is common to all who still live in the flesh; but the vehement disposition of Thomas brought his double-mindedness into special prominence, so as to make him an apt exemplification of an undecided character." We are strongly disposed to adopt this explanation of the name, and all the more because it leads to the very opposite conclusion, and, as we understand it, brings out *decision* rather than indecision as the true characteristic of the Apostle.

Three times, as we have said, the Apostle speaks. Jesus is at Bethabara beyond Jordan, and proposes to His disciples to go to Bethany, where Lazarus has just died. "Then said Thomas, which is called Didymus, unto his fellow-disciples, Let us also go, that we may die with Him" (John xi. 16). Again, after the last supper, Jesus tells His disciples that He is going to His Father's house, to prepare a place for them, and adds, "Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." And "Thomas saith unto Him, Lord, we know not whither Thou goest, and how can we know the way?" (John xiv. 5.) On the third occasion the other disciples tell Thomas that they have seen the Lord. "But he said unto them, Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my fingers into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe." Jesus then appears to them again when Thomas is present, and offers him the evidence he asked for, and "Thomas answered and said unto Him, My Lord and my God" (John xx. 25 and 28).

All of these will repay careful examination. On the first occasion Jesus had left Jerusalem because the Jews took up stones to stone Him. They "sought to take Him, but he escaped out of their hands, and went away beyond Jordan" (John x. 39, 40). He was no sooner there, beyond their reach, than He heard that Lazarus was sick, and said to His disciples, "Let us go into Judæa again." The disciples were alarmed at the proposal, and said to Him, "Master, the Jews of late sought to stone Thee, and goest Thou thither again?" After a little while Jesus told them that Lazarus was dead, and said, "Let us go to him." Then Thomas turned to his fellow-disciples and said, "Let us also go, that we may die with Him." In this simple incident we catch our first view of the Apostle, and it is one that does him infinite honour. When Christ first

spoke of going back to Judæa, He said nothing about Lazarus and the disciples, thinking of nothing but the absolute certainty that if Christ went He would be put to death, did all they could to dissuade Him from going. But now that He returns to the proposal, having first told them of Lazarus, they are silent. They see the danger, and dare not say go; yet they share his affection, and cannot say let us stop here. At length Thomas speaks, not with the heedless impetuosity of Peter, but calmly and deliberately, with both sides well balanced in his mind. He recalls all the risk. He does not wish Christ to run into the dangers that await Him in Judæa. Yet he dares not stand in His way, as Peter once did; much less can he let Him go alone. What, then, does he do? Throwing into one sentence all his fears and all his devotion, he says, "Let us all die together. He will surely be put to death if He go. Let us all go and die with Him." There is certainly no doubting or hesitation here, but the true spirit of the martyr that he afterward became.

The next occurrence brings out another aspect of the same character. Judas has just left, and Peter has received his solemn warning, when Jesus, looking round upon their countenances, proceeds to speak to them cheering words about the mansions in His Father's house. And then, as though meaning "but I need not tell you any more, you know it already," he simply adds, "Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." But Thomas grasps all the difficulties in a moment. He, too, sees clearly that knowing the way depends upon their knowing whither Christ is going. But this, it seems to him, is just what they had not been told. And he cannot rest satisfied when a single question may set their minds at rest for ever. Why pretend to understand when he really does not? We look as though convinced when his mind is full of misgiving. With all the openness of a man anxious that there should be no mistake, he confesses his difficulty, and says, "Lord, we know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" And he brings out by the question a reply which, though at first it seems not to touch his difficulty, really gives him all the clue he wants to the deep meaning of Christ. By looking fairly at both sides he reaches a higher truth than one side alone could ever have brought within his view.

The third incident will require a little more careful handling. Jesus has risen from the dead, and has appeared to several of the disciples separately, and at the close of the day he appears to all the eleven, excepting Thomas. They inform Thomas on the very earliest opportunity that they have seen the Lord; but he is not satisfied, and tells them plainly what kind of evidence

he should want, even if he himself had such a vision, before he could be thoroughly convinced that it was indeed the Lord. The evidence he asks is not refused, and Thomas is not only convinced that it is Jesus, but with a deeper insight than he has ever had before into the divinity of his Lord and Master, exclaims, with amazement and adoring reverence, "My Lord and my God."

A great injustice, it appears to us, has been done to Thomas on account of this passage in his history. In comparison with the rest of the disciples, he has been treated with injustice. The common opinion is, that he was more slow to believe than the others were. But was this really the case? Which of them had believed without the very evidence that Thomas asked for? The two disciples, on the way to Emmaus, had heard of the "vision of angels, which said that He was alive;" yet they "walked, and were sad." They returned and told the eleven that they had seen the Lord; yet when Jesus stood in the midst of them they were affrighted, and thought it was a spirit, till Jesus showed them His hands and His feet (Luke xxiv. 40). They had been told by those who saw the Saviour, yet they did not believe; so that when Jesus appeared to them He "upbraided them with their unbelief, because they believed not them which had seen Him after He was risen." It is quite possible, indeed, that they would not have spoken so freely and plainly as Thomas did. But in all probability there was not one of them who either proved himself more ready to believe than Thomas, or believed on very different evidence from that which Thomas asks for here.

Injustice is also done to him in connection with the circumstances themselves; since it is too frequently assumed that his scepticism amounted to a repudiation of their united testimony. Now we cannot for a moment imagine that he intended to question the veracity of the other disciples, or that he really doubted their word. He probably never thought of doing this. But when he heard their strange tale, strange to him though not to us, of Jesus entering through closed doors, breathing on them, speaking to them, and showing them His hands and His side, many difficulties suggested themselves which compelled him to reserve his judgment till he either had the proof they told him they might have had, or received some explanation of a phenomenon so unnatural as the one they had described. What possibilities would suggest themselves to a mind so naturally disposed to sift all the evidence, to see all the difficulties of the case, and keenly to scrutinize the other side? "May you not have been deceived? May not your longings, your agitations, and your fears have so worked upon your imagination that you

fancied what was not real? I must have further evidence. I cannot pretend to be convinced, when I am not. I must see, yea, feel for myself, before I can believe that it was really He. A strong point in proof of his wilful scepticism is often made his declaration, that he will not believe, unless he puts his finger into the print of the nails, and thrusts his hand into His side. But the evident reason for his saying this is overlook namely, that he can no more trust his own eyesight than their

Believing, as they all did, that spirits could appear, and knowing as he did that at first they thought it was a spirit, he can feel sure that in their excitement they had not mistaken Jesus Himself some spirit that had appeared in the midst of them. Moreover his own strong desire to be persuaded would make him the more cautious. This was no time to be carried away by infatuation. It was a matter of life or death to the all. If ever it was needful to walk carefully and sift evidence thoroughly, surely this was the time. The more agitated their feelings, the more necessary it was that they should force themselves to keep cool. Better be in suspense a little longer than believe on questionable evidence, however trustworthy the witnesses might be. Thomas could not do the latter. He would rather die than say he was convinced when he was not, and rather endure any amount of painful suspense than accept a conclusion carelessly, or rest his faith on insufficient ground.

But, it may be said, when Christ afterwards appeared to him did he not condemn his want of faith? We see no special condemnation of Thomas. We rather see a readiness to appreciate and meet his difficulties in the manner in which Christ addresses him. "Reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into My side; and be not faithless but believing." But do not the last words imply some censure? They appear to do so, but rightly interpreted they do not. Thomas is no *unbeliever*. Christ well knows that, and knows too not only that he is holding his judgment in suspense, but that there is nothing he would not sacrifice in order to believe nothing except honesty and truth. And knowing this He appears again with His loving face in the midst of them, and without waiting for Thomas to speak, He not only shows that He has known all the difficulties that Thomas has felt and expressed, but offers him the very evidence he asked for, and then says, Now that you can judge for yourself, "be not faithless, but rather, *become* not unbelieving, but believe."

But does not Christ tacitly reprove his unbelief, when He proceeds still further to say, "Thomas, because thou hast *seen* Me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not *seen*, and

yet have believed"? Does He not tell him here that there is a better faith than his? It may be so, though certainly it was not the faith of the other disciples. But Christ does not say "more blessed." Yet even if this was His meaning, it might have been with reference to Thomas's own experience that He used the words. He would not blame him for wanting evidence before he believed, but He might point out the danger of sifting too much and suspending too long. Possibly Thomas did this, and did it to his own cost. Through that long week, a week of anxiety, such as makes weeks grow into years, with that question of all questions still unsettled, as he wrestled hard with doubts and fears, it would no doubt have been "blessed to believe." But we doubt very much whether Christ intends to do anything more than point out the fact that from the time of His ascension the law of His kingdom will be believing without seeing, and to pronounce His blessing on all those who, on the testimony of His disciples, and with the help of His Spirit, believe, though they do not see.

But the sequel proves not only that unbelief is the last thing with which Thomas can be charged, but that he did reach this higher faith. Like all honest inquirers, if slower to believe, till the evidence seemed complete, he not only believed with all his heart when supplied with the evidence he sought, but believed far more than he saw when once his difficulties were removed. To him the question was not merely whether what he saw was that very body that had been suspended on the cross, and laid in the sepulchre. Important as that question is, it derives its chief importance from others that lie behind. And Thomas was the first to recognize this. To him Jesus shone forth in all the radiance of His divinity, and he, though last to believe, was the first to exclaim, "My Lord and my God."

If we have not altogether failed in our attempt to bring out the marked consistency of Thomas's character, and to do simple justice to one too generally misunderstood, we may go a step further, and show how important it was that there should be such a man in the early church. He was no common sceptic nursing his unbelief, liking to doubt, and preferring selfish unbelief that costs nothing, to faith that may demand self-denial and death. All his earnest longing was to be convinced; his greatest difficulty that what he heard was too good to be true. No one can tell what it cost him to have to wait; yet he would bear it all, rather than purchase ease by self-delusion or a dishonest profession. Was there nothing gained by the presence of such a man with his cautious, inquiring, well-balanced mind, in the midst of the twelve? The church has often been saved by such men from running into fanaticism and adopting wild

vagaries as solid truths. And even the early church may sometimes have been saved from rash and hasty conclusions, by the presence of one who would look at both sides before he believed.

And even for our own sakes we cannot attach too much importance to the position of Thomas among the twelve. If we are to believe a Renan or a Strauss, the first disciples were weak-minded enthusiasts, who were as ready to multiply miracles without inquiry, as the half-taught Christians of the Middle Ages. But if they had been as ready to believe as some suppose, it would sadly weaken the foundations of our faith; and still more would this be the case if, as it is too often the case now, it had been recognized among them as a sin, for any one to ask for further evidence, and suspend his judgment for further light. But the presence of Thomas, and the consistent course pursued by him, are proofs that this was not the case. They were not blind fanatics, ready to believe anything without inquiry; nor was it the highest virtue in their esteem to believe, however weak and insufficient the evidence might be. Thomas, at least, is a proof of this. And when modern scepticism is so ready to imagine that it has swept away all the foundations on which we have been accustomed to rest, by telling us that the Apostles lived in "an uncritical age," it is a fact of no little importance that we can point to at least one critic among the twelve, whose mind instinctively took in both sides, whose caution increased with his anxiety to believe; who stood aloof from his dearest friends in a time of the greatest emergency, because he could not honestly say that he was satisfied with the evidence they were able to adduce; who never concealed a difficulty, or lost an opportunity of asking for the light he wanted; but who, for all that, was one of the firmest believers in Christ, ready to die with Him or die for Him, and the very first to gain so deep an insight into His divine nature as to exclaim, "My Lord and my God."

Nottingham.

J. M.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

On the first Monday in April the funds went down one per cent., and there was something like a panic upon Change. The ostensible causes of the fright were the probability of another continental war, and the announcement in the *Times* that morning, that the Mediterranean fleet had been ordered from

Malta to Cadiz to enforce our claims against Spain, for the illegal seizure of two British ships, which had been captured by Spanish revenue cutters far outside Spanish waters, illegally condemned, their cargoes estreated, and their crews badly used. The Spaniards had, in fact, taken to the trade of piracy. But there was really nothing either in the dispute about Luxembourg or in our quarrel with Spain to warrant any decline in the funds. With the war between France and Prussia—if it had broken out—there was no possibility of our being involved, and it was absolutely certain that Spain would have to give way, and make terms with us. The Spanish Court and Ministry could not afford to ground a quarrel upon so unrighteous a cause. The truth is that our own trade is in so unsatisfactory a condition that the slightest disturbance is enough to throw speculators into a cold sweat, and to renew the panic of last year. The Luxembourg difficulty is now referred to the great European Powers not immediately interested—Russia, Austria, and England, and we cannot bring ourselves to believe that a war will arise out of it. As for Spain, she has already eaten the leek, making the required apology and restitution; for the appearance of a British fleet in one of her ports would have been the signal of a revolution, which would have ended the rule of Narvaez, and, perhaps, of his royal mistress also. Yet it is not by any number of revolutions that that unhappy country can achieve liberty. The hope of Spanish regeneration lies with the small but increasing and fervent band of “Gospellers” who now sing songs by night in the cellars of Malaga, meet in caves and dens of the earth, print the New Testament under cover of the darkness, and are resolute in their determination to make their countrymen acquainted with the riches of Christ.

The public interest has been divided this month between the Reform debates in Parliament—the results of which we have discussed in a separate article—and the Jamaica trials. Mr. Eyre has been arraigned before a bench of Shropshire justices, who have refused to put him on his trial; and a London grand jury have ignored the bill preferred against Colonel Nelson and Lieutenant Brand for their part in the illegal execution of G. W. Gordon. If Mr. Eyre had been the party charged in London, we do not believe that even the half-educated, half-principled London stockbrokers and dealers who formed the Grand Jury at the Central Criminal Court, would have ventured to throw out the Bill after the charge of the Lord Chief Justice; but Nelson and Brand were but secondaries in the affair, acting under orders, to whom nobody could impute malice, and Sir A. Cockburn’s closing sentences, in which he told the jurors that “if

they were of opinion that the accused ought not to be harassed by further criminal proceedings, they could say there was no true bill," gave them a fair opportunity to indulge their anti-nigger prejudices. The Chief Justice declared that the court by which Mr. Gordon was tried was not a court-martial at all. There was no Judge-Advocate; it contained officers of both services, contrary to the rules; it was an association of individuals arbitrarily named for the purposes of the trial; and the evidence on which Mr. Gordon was condemned was absolutely worthless; yet the responsibility of Nelson and Brand does seem to be, in a measure, covered by the fact that their superiors ordered them to proceed with the trial, that the evidence was submitted to General O'Connor and Mr. Eyre, and that their verdict was endorsed by both of them. As to Mr. Eyre, however, the Chief Justice, in his masterly charge, distinctly laid down that he was guilty of an open breach of law in seizing Mr. Gordon in a district not under martial law, in order to put him under its provisions; that he was guilty of a further breach of law in ordering him to be tried by a kind of law not in existence at the time his alleged offence was committed; and that the trial itself, for which Mr. Eyre was altogether responsible, and of which he has more than once ostentatiously assumed the entire responsibility, was a mockery of both law and justice. "If," said Sir A. Cockburn, "Mr. Gordon had not been hung, he might have brought an action for false imprisonment, and a jury would have awarded him exemplary damages for the wrong done him." We rejoice to know that Mr. Eyre will yet be brought to trial: first, as a misdemeanant under the Colonial Government Act, and, secondly, as a defendant in two actions which will be brought by gentlemen from Jamaica, who were treated just as Gordon was treated, save that they were not hung; and to whom, therefore, we shall expect to find a British jury awarding "exemplary damages for the wrong done them." We say, we rejoice to know that Mr. Eyre will yet be put upon his trial, because justice has not yet been done in as flagrant a case of wrong, oppression, and cruelty as stands even upon our Colonial annals. The principles of English law may, perhaps, have been sufficiently vindicated by the magnificent charge of the Lord Chief Justice. The outcry of British Christianity, the recall of the Governor, the censure upon the military and naval officers engaged, and the entire change in the government of Jamaica may have sufficiently attested the resolve of Englishmen that coloured people shall have equal rights in all places of our dominion; but in the case of G. W. Gordon justice has not been done. The resolution of Mrs. Gordon not to prosecute the murderers of her husband has placed difficulties in the way.

Jamaica Committee could only seek the re-assertion of principles of justice and law; and the singular fastidiousness of the legal system they employed made it comparatively easy for the shire justices to screen the friend and guest in whom they could see only the victim of vulgar Radical negrophile persecution. Had Mr. Fitzjames Stephens boldly charged Mr. Gordon with murder, in the ordinary sense of that term, adducing the ill-will of Mr. Eyre to Gordon, and of his determination to get him out of the way, even Sir Baldwin Leighton would scarcely have dared to refuse his signature to the warrant of committal.

The *Daily News* of the 20th April, appeared a letter from Mr. George Price, a member of the late Legislative Council of Jamaica, a member of the Privy Council, and once upon a time an official adviser of Mr. Eyre. He was stirred to write by a passage from Mr. Eyre's letter to Mr. Cardwell again brought under public notice. In this letter Mr. Eyre says, "Gordon was universally regarded as a bad man, in every sense of the word. Reported to be grossly immoral and an arrogant liar, a swindler, dishonest, cruel, vindictive, and a traitor; such are the terms applied to the late G. W. Gordon, and I believe abundant proof might be adduced of all these." Mr. Price declares that Mr. Gordon was none of these things; and that Mr. Eyre, instead of believing that evidence would be brought to prove their truth, knew that they were false. Mr. Eyre had already been rebuked by the Duke of Newcastle for signing Mr. Gordon. Yet up to the time of his death he never ventured to attribute to him the vile characteristics which he would now seek to convey the impression that he had been hung. It was well understood in the colony that Mr. Eyre's bitter feelings towards Gordon were caused by his failure and defeat of the great "Tramway swindle," for which Mr. Eyre had taken the utmost pains to gain legislative sanction. Mr. Price does not hesitate to say that "Mr. Eyre's refusal to give Mr. Gordon the 'patient trial before a civil court,' was so strongly at the last moment by Mr. Eyre's chief adviser, as to give rise to suspicions far more grave than those lately suggested by the Chief Justice." "On Mr. Eyre's appeal to the constituency, Mr. Gordon came into the Assembly for the purpose of exposing the 'Tramway swindle,' in which he succeeded. Those constituencies were disfranchised, and Gordon was hung—both by Mr. Eyre!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of the CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—In the CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR for March, in an article on the Conference between the Working Men and the Churches, I read the following:—"Mr. Nevile's published opinion that the Church of England, as at present constituted, creates through the nation more of unbelief than of faith, is deserving of the consideration of those who have at heart the conversion and salvation of their fellow countrymen."

I am troubled by this paragraph, in which an opinion of mine is given without any reasons or arguments in support of it. In as much a space as I can, I will attempt a justification. At this conference I ventured to say that, in my humble judgment and according to my experience, the working class were, upon the whole, not inferior to any other class. I consider them quite equal to those above them in the *New Testament*, if not in *legal* honesty: they are far less selfish, more patient under injustice or suffering, and more liberal to others according to their means. Their severe labour and special temptations, their miserable dwellings in which many of them are compelled to dwell, and the great fluctuations in their rate of wages, render them especially liable to indulgence in drink, and, perhaps, to other sins and failings, from which the church and chapel-going respectability of the nation may be less exposed; I do not myself feel that we are in position to address them as inferiors, in their duty to either God or man. I will, however, *assume* that, as a class, they have turned a deaf ear to the Christianity which has been preached to them. Let us investigate how far it is probable that the Church Establishment is responsible for this.

I am impressed with the conviction that, so far from the inclination of the working classes being to rebel against the opinions or authority of those above them, it is exactly the contrary. They are, if anything, too ready to place dependence on leaders, superior to themselves in education and influence, but upon this one condition—that they are thoroughly satisfied as to the *sincerity* of these leaders.

The great object of a Church Establishment is to teach Christian truth. An immense revenue is paid, in various proportions, to a select body of ministers, who *profess* to belong to one united church.

The working classes well know that every minister is compelled to subscribe to a most elaborate and comprehensive set of doctrinal articles and services, with the express and avowed object of securing uniformity of doctrinal teaching. They *also* know that these ministers are divided into three great parties, who have been mutually accus-

each other of "soul-destroying doctrine," "deadly heresy," and "infamous and blasphemous teaching." In two of these cases immense expense has been incurred in the vain attempt to eject their respective opponents from their church preferment. From various causes this Church Establishment has been supposed to be in danger, and an institution has been formed for the one object of its defence. The very first article of this association declares that no allusion is to be made to any doctrine held by its members, but that, sinking all minor differences, one united effort should be made to preserve the rights, privileges, and status of an Establishment.

At the conference, I alluded to the form of electing bishops. I will quote an extract from the *Church and State Review* on this subject, edited by a well-known archdeacon in the Establishment:— "We now pass to the mode of election (of bishops). It is a solemn rite, surrounded with a series of official acts, every one of which assumes that the guiding spirit of the dean and chapter is to discharge the responsibilities laid upon them of choosing, of their own dependent judgment, the person whom they shall deem to be most fitted for the office. The proceedings are opened with prayer to mighty God to help them to a right judgment; next comes, *as a matter of course*, the election of the person named in the 'letter alive,' and the shameless farce is wound up with a *Te Deum* in the cathedral."

Such is an account of the proceedings of an election of a bishop in the pages of a leading Church newspaper.

Let us next allude to what the Vicar of Greenwich, Dr. Miller, at a very conference, deliberately termed the "accursed system of selling livings." In one single paper I counted nineteen of these sales by auction or by private contract. It has been proved, by the recent decisions of our law courts, that what has been pronounced by our shops "infamous and blasphemous teaching," is no impediment to a "cure of souls" in the Establishment. The living of Ashton is lately advertised for sale, value £900 per annum, population 353.

It is of no consequence to my argument whether these figures are correct or not. I take them from the Clergy List, 1864. This living might be sold to any buyer, and given to an "infamous and blasphemous teacher." This vast number of souls may be handed over to such a man for thirty or forty years; not only would he take the elements of the living, but the bishop himself could not send any other minister of his own church into this large geographical district. An order of men who profess to have received a Divine commission "to preach the Gospel to every creature" positively cannot execute this commission within this vast area under the "accursed system." They cannot take into account any spiritual labour of Dissenters, for they are held to be unauthorized persons, and cannot be recognized: they are said to "do evil that good may come." What impression will all this make on the minds of intelligent artisans and mechanics? In our Church Catechism young persons are made to say that they are "born in sin and the children of wrath," and that they are

"children of grace" by *baptism*; by baptism they are said to be "*made* members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven." The necessary inference is that, should they die before baptism, they die *not* members of Christ, children of God, or inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven. It is asserted of *baptized* infants who die, that they are *certainly* saved. No one, therefore, can say, according to Church principles, whether those who die *unbaptized* are saved or not. Assuming that the ministers of the National Church really believed this awful doctrine, it would necessarily be one of their greatest objects to bring the means of baptism, as far as could be, within the reach of every Christian household. The parish of Clifton, Notts, consists of four hamlets—North Clifton, South Clifton, Spalford, and Harby. The living is only £176 a-year, and the incumbent has long been non-resident. The late curate told me he had twelve miles to travel every Sunday—one mile and back from South Clifton to the parish church, and five miles and back to and from Harby chapel. Now, in case of emergency to get an infant baptized at Harby, twenty miles must be travelled over—ten miles for the messenger and ten miles for the minister.

Some years ago the Ecclesiastical Commissioners sold land in this parish to the amount of £5,000, and a landowner at Harby applied for assistance to obtain a resident minister there, which the Commissioners at once refused. After this, a deanery became vacant, and was given to a gentleman who had no public claim. The appointment was defended in Parliament, on the ground that as this deanery was only £1,000 a-year, and the residence was very large, it was absolutely necessary to appoint a rich man; and we find *riches* a necessary qualification for a ministerial office. Within a short time of this appointment, and this defence of it, the same Commissioners, voluntarily and unasked, added another £1,000 a-year to this rich man's large income. It is not my intention to go back to this case as a waste of public property, and a misappropriation of Church funds; but it is possible to expect the day-labourers or working men at Harby to believe that the bishops, who so disposed of these trust funds, really and heartily believed the doctrines *professed* by the Establishment as to the penalty of original sin and the unspeakable blessing of infant baptism?

Except dangerous illness can be alleged, no infant can be baptized without three sponsors, and by a canon of the Church the parents are forbidden to stand. From the conscientious scruples of one portion of our people, and the irreligious character of the other, it was found, in a vast number of cases, impossible to obtain sponsors, and Convocation proposed to alter the canon. This was never done; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his place in the House of Lords, explained it by saying it depended on the Home Secretary, who had probably not had time to attend to it. Years have thus passed away. We come, therefore, to this: the *certainly* of the salvation of dying infants depends on baptism, obtaining baptism depends on getting sponsors, getting sponsors depends on altering a canon, and altering a canon depends on the Home Secretary; and consequently the

ation of dying infants does or may, like the lives of murderers, end on the Home Secretary. Can we expect intelligent working to understand this "*system*"?

One of the leading practical doctrines taught by the Scriptures is the "love of money is the root of all evil." Christianity would appear to be especially calculated to mitigate that intense thirst for wealth, that abject worship of riches, which is said to be the special evil of this our country. How is our Church system fitted to teach this scriptural lesson? Many thousands of souls are abandoned to the Establishment to their fate, and left to live, as sheep having no shepherd, from lack of means to support a minister: 5,000 curates exist with scanty pittances, to say nothing of the harrowing disclosures revealed by the Clergy Relief Society, and yet we pay £15,000 a year to our chief minister. This immense revenue, appropriated to the service of a single person, might have been expressly designed to inculcate respect for wealth which we are as expressly commanded to love.

dissenters will probably tell me that these observations may apply to the National Establishment, but not to Nonconformity, which has adopted opposite principles. Be it so; but let us try to put ourselves into the position of an intelligent working man, outside of all party, whose heart has never been touched by any religious impression, has never been brought under any religious influence. All depends on probability; and if such a man is naturally led to conclude that there is no truth in Christianity as it is offered to him, through the means of the *National Church*, the *professed* religion of the Queen, the aristocracy, an immense majority of the higher classes, universities, and public schools throughout the kingdom, is it probable that he would attach himself to any of the various sects of Nonconformity, except under some special circumstances? Should our reasoning be just, are we not destroying souls by thousands in our intellectual capacity, whilst we are endeavouring to save them by hundreds by our *individual* exertions?

Are we not incurring a responsibility which no words can adequately express, by maintaining the National Establishment in its present state? Whether the excuses put forward by the working classes for neglecting religious ordinances are, or are not, reasonable, is our first consideration. The parable of the beam and mote will surely be applied to us, in all its force. We are *all* responsible for the state of the National Church, according to our respective political power and influence, and the worse we think of it the *greater* this responsibility. Long ago Mr. Binney asserted that the Established Church destroyed more souls than she saved. I must be allowed to express my own opinion in my own words, and I shall die with the conviction that she has lost far more souls indirectly by her "*system*" than she has saved by the exertions of her many conscientious and devoted ministers.

Yours, &c.,

CHRISTOPHER NEVILLE.

Barnes, April 12, 1867.

ON READING THE BIBLE.

To the Editor of the CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—Much as I admired the piece in your March number, a “Thank You,” I could not help fearing its possible influence upon young and hasty readers. I am aware that the last few sentences of the piece seem to ward off the necessity for such anxiety, yet the tendency of the article is, I think, to encourage what surely in these days needs no encouragement—the inordinate love of novel and magazine reading; and I, as an old woman, am desirous to be allowed to offer a few words of warning upon the subject, dictated, I truly say, by no wish to lessen the pleasure and benefit *some* serials afford. My object is to impress upon the young the inestimable advantage and blessing of a description of reading which shall, by God’s blessing, strengthen their faith and hope in the true revelation, and give them the daily courage they need to fight the battle of life. The abundant supply of weekly and monthly serials is so great, and is so fast increasing, that it is difficult time to read a portion of them. Consequently the tales (often one magazine) are read first, because they are amusing, and the more serious and in many cases valuable pieces, are left unread. The story must, of course, be read to its conclusion, and when read *with time* that may *rightly* be given to such reading, we may well say “Thank you” to its author for the refreshment given to us. But when religious works of standard and well-known value are neglected *especially*, the Book of books is scarcely opened, we are robbing our souls of food most needful for them, and setting at nought the command of God in His Word—we are, *though at the time unconscious of it*, losing the great enjoyment and blessing which the attentive and prayerful reading of the Scriptures is *sure to afford*. And for that which is often forgotten as soon as read, and not seldom damned by our better judgment even as we read. We are like those sons who, when invited to a feast, shall dine off the small dishes composed of froth and sugar, while the chief and most nutritious dish is left untouched. Imagine yourself in a large circle of your acquaintances, and that you inquire by turns of each how much time they spent during the last month in magazines and other light reading, and how much to the study of the Scriptures? We well know the result of such a question. I would entreat my young friends (as sure the clever author of “Thank You” would agree with me) to be strict in making, and *keeping when made*, such an arrangement of their time as that they may be able to review with satisfaction that part of it which is apportioned to reading. I remember how much surprised I was, when a child, by witnessing the delight with which my venerated grandfather read the Word of God. He told me that it was his custom to read it through three times every year. Up to the age of forty he lived regardless of its existence; but when brought out of such darkness into light, its pages were his best refreshment.

and delight. Permit me to close my few remarks by the words written in his own Bible by the learned and pious Sir William Jones : " I have regularly and attentively perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that this volume (independently of its Divine origin) contains more true sublimity, more excellent history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written."

Yours, &c.,

London, April 10, 1867.

A. JONES.

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Bible Teachings in Nature. By the Rev. HUGH MACMILLAN. Macmillan and Co.

This book is an excellent example of a class which deserves general encouragement. The author combines an evident passion for the study of nature, and a certain proficiency in one of its branches, with an equal zeal for scriptural theology. One of the chief evils of our time is, that the men of science are usually deficient in Biblical lore, and the theological men are unskilled in special knowledge of nature. In the present volume Mr. Macmillan gives a series of chapters on natural objects, in which he first expounds the present views of science in relation to them, and then uses them in illustration of the higher truths of Revelation. His speciality is in the department of vegetable physiology, in which he has earned, by other publications, golden opinions, and the more interesting parts of this work are those in which he treats of the "trees of the Lord," and the general economy of plants and flowers. But the chapters on Astronomy and Mineralogy will also be found very interesting, and fitted to educate the eye to divine views of the material system. The style is always clear, sometimes rising into rich eloquence; and the full knowledge of the author enables him to present a book which, though destitute of engravings, is yet illustrated in every page with picturesque writing that is certain to win the regard of younger readers. It is not easy to imagine a book better designed as a school-prize, or one more calculated to train susceptible minds to a love of nature. Best of all, nature is here represented as a flight of golden steps up to the gate of Heaven.

Ritualism and its Related Dogmas, by Rev. ENOCH MELLOR, M.A.
London: John Snow and Co.

Mr. MELLOR knows where to hit and how to hit. With clear eye and strong hand, resolute purpose, and uncompromising principle, he

is a formidable antagonist, and he has done excellent service in the Ritualistic controversy. He has assailed the system root and branch, dealt with its fundamental fallacies, and pointed out their dangerous results, and altogether constructed an argument which it will not be very easy to refute. The exposure of the unscriptural character of the Tractarian teachings is very complete and satisfactory. Very carefully has every plea been examined and most thoroughly refuted; while unsparing in his treatment of error, Mr. Mellor has nowhere shown a captious or uncharitable spirit. He is plain and outspoken but always candid and courteous.

Clark's Foreign Theological Library. Christian Dogmatics, by Dr. M. MARTENSEN. *Commentary on the Book of Job*, by DELITZSCH. Vol. ii.

THESE two volumes are the latest issue of Mr. Clark's valuable series. While estimating both of them highly, we would specially call attention to Dr. Martensen's very complete and comprehensive treatise on the book of Christian Dogmatics. The author is a Lutheran, and, of course, therefore, in many of his views we are unable to acquiesce; but the learned and exhaustive manner in which he has treated the various points of theology is entitled to the highest praise. The book is eminently adapted to the requirements of theological students; and its selection as one of his series Mr. Clark has shown that discrimination which has secured him such large success, and made his Library one of the most prized treasures of all who possess it.

The Sin of Bribery. A sermon preached in High Street Chapel, Lancaster, on Sunday, December 16th, 1866, by Elvery Dothie, B.A. London: E. Stock; Lancaster: J. Nevatt.

IN our judgment, there is nothing so dishonourable to the character of the English people at large, both high and low, as the extent to which bribery is practised on the one hand, and the estimate which is formed of it on the other. At any election, whether to the humblest office or the most honourable, it would be practised without restraint, and, with few exceptions, nobody thinks any harm of it. For the time being, every principle of morality and every sentiment of honour would be held in abeyance, and the most flagrant wickedness is perpetrated without compunction. The worst part of this bad business is that the practice of bribery has found its way into our churches, and permeates the ranks of the clergy. It is a disgrace to the Christian Church, and its advocates among them: there, at any rate, the cleansing of the Augean stable ought to commence.

Our readers are probably aware that, at the last parliamentary election, the town of Lancaster acquired for itself a bad pre-eminence in political bribery; and it is pretty generally known, we believe, that several members of the Independent Church there were deeply implicated. It is satisfactory to be informed that scriptural discipline has been exercised, in most cases with salutary effect; and we think that Mr. Dothie has done well, both in preaching his sermon and in publishing it. It is a sensible, scriptural, and earnest appeal to the understanding and the conscience, and we commend it heartily to general circulation.

THE
CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

JUNE, 1867.

THOUGHTS ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

WORSHIP springs from a need of our nature to express the reverence we feel toward God. This, in union with the social instinct, which compels men to a fellowship with others even in his most spiritual acts, gives rise to public worship. The springs of worship are in ourselves, but the end of worship is God. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me." God, we believe, delights in the worship of His creatures when it springs from the heart, and is a true expression of the gratitude and praise of beings He has made; not that He desires praise for self-glorification, but because His infinite perfections and glorious works deserve praise, because to give them praise is the duty and impulse of every good heart, and because the goodness of God is identical with goodness itself.

Worship is not precisely religion itself, but it is the expression of the religious sentiment in an act that comprehends the offering up of the whole man to God. Vinet says that worship is "the assemblage of all the elements of our being in an act of pure religion." All parts of our complex nature enter into this act of worship, and are all of them fitly represented in the great common act of public worship. The *physical* nature is represented by the actual bodily presence in the house of God—by the attitude of devotion—by the formal ordinance which appeals to the eye and sense. This is that symbolic element in worship to which belongs the form of expression, and the whole external method of devotion. There is also the *emotional*

part of our nature which enters into public worship—the rendering up of the sensibilities and affections to God. This expresses itself in the penitential confession, the sacred lyric and the adoring prayer. It is the pure liturgical element in worship, that which is essential to its life and fervour, the essential, the very heart of worship. Genuine feeling is the soul of worship—and, above all, the feeling of dependent trust and affectionate devotion to God—the true *Sursum Corda* of the primitive Church. We can, indeed, think of many other things which come into, and must come into Christian worship; but if feeling, if what we call the *heart*, is wanting, all is wanting. The intellect and conscience enter largely into rational Christian worship, but worship in its innermost sense is not intellectual instruction, nor is it the definite action, at the time being, the moral sense, *i.e.*, doing acts of duty or benevolence—but it is the lifting up of the heart to God in humble, penitent, joyful adoration. It is the true and fervent expression of the love and willing service of God—a readiness and yearning to receive spiritual gifts from Him. The heart of the worshipper must be in a fit state to receive blessings from God. It should be in a receptive as well as active state. It must, indeed, in part in a passive condition, one of love and faith and trust, one able to receive, as well as to give. It must be able to lose sight of self, and to fix the eye of fervent affectionate confidence on God, and thus be ready to obtain grace and peace and inward refreshing from on high. And again, the intellectual or *rational* nature, including both the conscience and will, has also its appropriate place in the solemn act of the public worship of God. This is the didactic element in worship which instructs the soul in religious truth, and builds it up in the very spirit and life of Christ. Vinet, quoting from Harms, says, “the preaching is only an accidental adjunct of worship, not an integral part of it.” We cannot agree to this, and we would prefer to take the larger and higher view of worship which has already been given, and which is, in fact, carrying out Vinet’s own thought, that it is “the assemblage of all the elements of our being (the rational as well as the emotional) in an act of pure religion.” Protestants rightly view “preaching of the Word” as a main part of Christian worship; but we should not at the same time lose sight of the fact that it is worship—to God, and not the human preacher, is the great end of preaching—that preaching itself is a part of the praise and service of God. Preaching as an element of public worship is a somewhat different thing from the instructive lecture, or the popular address, however useful and needful, upon any purely ethical

subject. It has some peculiar features which constitute its proper relations to the worship of God's house, which make it also praise, and which do not permit it to stand isolated as a mere effort of the human mind, or as exclusively addressed to the intellect, or as a simple lesson in the instruction of Divine truth. True worship is the edifying or building up of the people in all Christian faith and godliness; but it does this *by leading them to God* in prayer, song, reading the Scriptures, and preaching; by developing the Divine life, the real Christian feeling, the true spirit of Christian love, that exists in the congregation. It is bringing out this consciousness of the life of God and Christ that is in the souls of the people—giving expression to this—and thus warming to new growth and activity every power and quality of the Christian life. True worship makes men better Christians, purer, more self-sacrificing and courageous workers in all good things, because the heart has been kindled by contact with the heart of Christ. In the same way preaching to save the souls of the impenitent finds its highest impulse in the praise and glory of God,—that those darkened and silent spirits may, by the renewing power of Christ given to them, break their chains of sin, and join in the universal song of praise that continually goes up from all holy hearts to the blessed Lord and Redeemer of our nature. This deep interrelation of preaching to the whole idea of Divine worship is, we think, a very important one, and settles many mooted questions in regard to the subject-matter, style, length, manner, and entire character of the sermon which is spoken on the Lord's day in the public service of the sanctuary. Then, lastly, to carry out fully this theory of worship, the more purely *spiritual* element should, above all, not be wanting. This draws out the highest nature of man in the adoration of God, raises man to a participation in spiritual things, and promotes a real and present union with the spirit of Christ. This is that deep soul-element which constitutes the true spiritual worship of God, as contradistinguished from all merely human, formal, ritual, and outward modes of worship; which, in fine, fulfils the words of the Saviour when he said:—"But the hour cometh and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." This is the worship which Christ Himself and His disciples rendered to the Father of all mercies, and which now, in the name and through the faith of the Son of God, is rendered by true Christian believers, the world over, to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The whole conception of public worship which has been thus set forth, summoning the varied nature of man to a high and joyful act of praise, conse-

crating his entire being, body and soul, as a reasonable offering to God, meets, we believe, the highest enlightened Christian consciousness, as we find it developed in the New Testament and in the history and worship of the universal Christian church.

And none of the elements which have been mentioned should be wanting in the great and solemn act of public worship; all should have their proper place; the loss of even one of them would seriously impair the unity, beauty, and truth of the worship. Without the outward form and bodily presence we run into the purely subjective, inexpressive, and spiritualistic idea of worship, which tends to degenerate into no worship at all and evaporates in silence and nonentity. In the absence of the emotional, or more purely devotional element, the worship becomes lifelessly formal or fatally rationalistic; so that if man goes to church with the sole idea of gaining instruction of having dark points cleared up, and obtains no new light on the dark things of truth, he might very well say, "It would be about as well for me to stay at home—I have books written by master minds—I get no food here." And if the intellectual or didactic element were taken away, the worship would sink into a bald ritualism without a ray of the Divine intelligence shining through it, and about equal, for all power to help the soul to rise to God, to the "sounding brass" and senseless mummeries of a Buddhist temple.

Having thus set forth briefly this general theory of public worship, let us now look for a moment at its actual form and expression. The mere outward form of worship, where it does not embrace actual error, is, we hold, left substantially to the choice and regulation of the church itself; therefore we think it profitable to inquire after all the legitimate sources of power, interest, fervour, and truth in worship.

There can be no doubt that the more spiritual the church, the less actual need it has of outward forms of worship; yet even this principle cannot be carried too far, for in Heaven, where it is supposed that forms will not be needed, there is represented to be something like order, form, harmony, and communion in worship. It is the four-and-twenty elders who give praise to the Lord God Almighty. It is the hundred and forty-four thousand who sing the new song, and the harpers join with them. There is a definite theme of praise, and a defined number who sing and praise together. If this be some true image given to us of the praise of Heaven, it would seem as if some form were needful for those who still possess human bodies and sympathies, and who are still creatures of time and place. The

question then is, how much and how little form is needed in the public worship of God? The general testimony of the New Testament is certainly in favour of simple forms of worship—of the simplest framework required to sustain the tender plants of devotion, lest they be trampled in the mire of common things, and no longer shoot upward in the light and sunshine of heaven. But in the New Testament itself there is evidence of considerable variety in the matter of form, and the whole subject of public worship was evidently left pretty much to the needs and will of the churches, or of those who presided over them. But towards the close of the Apostolic period we have the fact developed that there was something like a regularly organized public service of God, consisting of distinct parts, and special directions are given in the later epistles respecting the order of exercises, the whole course of public worship, and the behaviour of those engaged in it. In writings both sacred and profane, immediately succeeding the Apostolic age, the same fact is confirmed, until the period when form usurped the place of spirit, and worship became utterly corrupted. But we will not go over the historical ground. We would only say a word in regard to the Lord's Supper, which has been sometimes thought to be the historic germ of all Christian public worship. But this can hardly be, for there is strong proof that when it was celebrated every time Christians met together, and every day by the Church of Jerusalem, it was then connected with the "Agape," or "Feasts of Love," and was not therefore strictly to be considered as forming a part of Divine worship; but it was rather a feast of Christian love and friendship in which Christ formed one—a simple continuation of the first supper, only recognizing Christ in a more formal manner as the real bond of love and friendship. We do not believe that an argument can be drawn from this that the Lord's Supper ought to be looked upon as the sole originating cause or centre of Christian worship, or that it should be celebrated every Sunday. The historian Cave, it is true, takes the ground, that the growing laxness in celebrating the Lord's Supper, first every Sabbath, then every month, then every two months, is evidence of the gradual decline of faith in the primitive Church. But even in Justin Martyr's day, we find that the Lord's Supper was already separated from the "Feasts of Love," and did not therefore form the direct object or occasion of every assemblage together of Christians, whether for social purposes or worship. This very idea, however, seized upon by the Romish Church, of clustering everything about the Eucharist, has led to the Romish superstition of the Mass, and in fact to the whole vast system

and structure of the Romish Church. The Lord's Supper is undoubtedly the highest and tenderest act of Christian public worship, but it is not the only, or even the seminal act of all Christian public worship, nor do we believe that our Lord would wish it to be so regarded.

Some kind of outward formal worship is then to be considered as essential. Even Quakers admit this by their coming together in regular places of solemn assembly. Every Christian body or denomination has its regular form of public worship just as truly as the Roman Catholics or Episcopalians have theirs. Our Congregational worship is as much a form as that of any other Christian body, only a much simpler, and, as we hold, more scriptural form. In many instances we have even fixed forms of words, though taken from the Bible, as in our benedictions and formulas for baptism and the Lord's Supper. There is a strong tendency to run our very prayers into set forms of words, showing that there is a certain current toward permanent methods of expression even in the freest systems of worship.

The question next arises, what kind of formal public worship (humanly speaking) is best adapted to meet the true ends of worship, to produce, sustain, and develop the spirit of praise, and the feeling of true devotion and adoration?

There are, it seems to us, three great principles drawn from our mental constitution, that should enter into the actual operation or carrying out of all true Christian public worship of God. The first of these, which is not only a natural but a scriptural principle, is *order*. While we continue to be infirm, imperfect, irregular, semi-sensual beings, there should be surely, for such weak creatures, an invariable element in worship. And even when we become perfect beings in heaven (if so be this is granted us), there probably we shall find the same grand law of order. This is the same principle that manifests itself in the regular recurrence of the Sabbath, in the periodic celebration of the Lord's Supper, in the repetition of the fixed order of service whatever it may be, in the rehearsing of the doxology and benediction. The liturgical churches have certainly appreciated this simple law of our mental being—order, uniformity—and made more of it than we do. Their forms of worship are a fixed quantity. Might we not make more use of this principle? Might we not avail ourselves of the treasures of what is old—of praise, prayer, and song gathered in past ages—and not have the desire so strongly and often painfully excited to produce so much that is new and varied at every service? There should be in every form of worship, however simple, some permanent basis, something of the old, the familiar, and the invariable,

a worn pathway for the feet of simple worshippers to tread. The next great principle is that of *freedom*, or spontaneity, which is the peculiar glory and beauty of our own unliturgical worship. This is an essential element of all true worship. It forms a chief element of its life and power. Where there is no freedom of intercourse with God, no individuality of thought or desire, no opportunity for the expression of present joy, sorrow, temptation, thankfulness, then how can there be living truth in worship, or any real communication established between God and the soul? The last principle which would mention is *union*, or fellowship, in a word the social principle, which cannot for a moment be lost sight of in the great common act of Public Worship. When we worship by ourselves the more solitary we are the better, and should "shut to the door" and be alone with "our Father who seeth in secret;" but when a multitude worship together in the common name of Christ, then the principle of individualism should merge itself into the higher principle of Christian unity and communion. All that tends truly to unite many hearts in one act of devotion, to make them flow together in a common channel, aids true public worship. It is here perhaps that the greatest want of our Congregational form of worship is sometimes felt. Even in the sanctuary of our common Lord we are apt to remain too independent of each other, too individual, too much broken up into separate fragments. Each member is unpenetrated by the devotional feeling which exists in the heart of his next neighbour, and the whole mass is not sufficiently fused and made one. We have certainly more intellectual, than of apparently simple, heartfelt, affectionate in our public religious exercises. It is with us the idea of knowledge of God, rather than the love of God and of one another. It is the edifying rather than the purely devotional sentiment. Vinet says: "As for us, our worship is too much a confession of faith—a discourse; everything is articulate, everything precise, everything explains itself. The effect of this tendency has gone so far as to determine the idea we have formed of worship. We regard temples as a place for hearing. We go to church to hear some one speak." He says again: "Preaching occupies its place under the Gospel, but it does not suffocate worship. Our word is a prism which decomposes the light." He means by this, we suppose, that preaching is analytic and directed principally to the understanding; whereas he would have more of the simplicity of feeling, contemplation, and trust in worship. As to the worship of the primitive church, Vinet says: "It seems to have been a medium between preaching and

devotion. We see in it nothing of the anxious precision of a confession of faith, nothing of the profusion of rites of the Romish Church." We have introduced these quotations to show that in the worship of the reformed Swiss and French Churches very closely resembling our own, something of the same want is evidently experienced.

Some intelligent and pious men declare that our Congregational worship does not fully satisfy them, their sympathies or tastes and hence they feel that they cannot develop themselves or their spiritual life with perfect freedom and happiness within our system. Whether these persons find the perfect satisfaction that they anticipate in the Episcopal Church, and the opportunity to make more rapid advance intellectually and spiritually, is another question: but it must be conceded that if our own system cannot satisfy all the needs of man's nature in its worship, and cannot unite "all the elements of his being," all his powers and sympathies and affections in the act of praise, then there must be some deficiency.

It is possible, we think, for us to profit from whatever of good there is in a form of worship which is even the most totally unlike our own, without becoming Episcopalians, or believing with Dr. South, that there is but one prayer lacking in the Prayer Book, and that is that the Prayer Book itself should continue to be used in public worship for ever!

It is sometimes said by us, and oftener perhaps thought, that there can be little true worship under the Episcopalian form, because it is nothing but a form; yet devout Episcopalians, we believe, can maintain the genuine attractions of that form of worship to the pious mind from some such reasons as these—that the Episcopal liturgy is admirably fitted to meet the religious sympathies of all classes of worshippers, as presenting, mostly in Scriptural language (whence its much lauded beauty), an embodiment of the great truths of the Christian faith, such as the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Resurrection, Repentance, Forgiveness—holding up those truths plainly to the view of all so as to enkindle religious feelings; and that in the regular recurrence of these words of faith, and petitions for common wants, both temporal and spiritual, there is devotional power. Here is the law of uniformity of which we have spoken. We talk of how touching are old hymns, and of the influence of familiar words of the Bible, and of the moving nature of old scenes and places, and in the same way devout feeling runs along more easily in familiar words of prayer and praise. Then there is the social element in Episcopal worship, the diffusion of the social principle, giving all something to do, uniting all the congregation

in the responses and singing. We have no doubt that many pious minds do more readily worship God in the channels of these liturgical forms, when they have been educated from childhood to do so, than *they* could in our mode or any other mode. We are also equally open to see the marked deficiencies in the Episcopal mode of worship. The liturgical part of the service is far too long, and does not allow room for the faithful preaching of the Gospel. It thrusts it into a corner. It makes it a subordinate thing. Then, too, the absence of the spontaneous element is an almost fatal defect. This gives little opportunity for spiritual growth, for the expression of new truth or fresh feeling, and for the satisfying of the emergencies of the present. It fixes the mind on the past—on the faith of the founders of the Church, or the makers of the liturgy. It tends thus to narrow religious life, and to lead it to want no more religion than can be found in the Prayer Book. And there is, above all, the dangerous temptation to rest in the written form, and to think that when the prescribed words of devotion are uttered and the service gone through with, that one has truly worshipped and the duty is accomplished—that one has done his devotions. As a matter of taste, also, while the responses and chants are extremely devotional, and have moreover the authority of great antiquity—even Justin Martyr himself speaks of the litany being responded to by the whole people—the practice of alternate readings of the Scriptures by the pastor and people is not so ancient, nor is it so impressive, and the sense of Scripture is utterly confused and destroyed by it. Nevertheless may we not at least study with profit the Episcopal form of worship for its propriety, its dignity, its solemnity, its rich flavour of antiquity, and its social element?

The following general conclusions, we think, should, first of all, be admitted and firmly settled in our minds as Congregational Christians—viz., that our Congregational form of worship is a genuine form of public worship, is a true historic “cultus,” however simple, and that it combines most if not all of the great essential elements of a true Christian public worship; also, that as nothing human is perfect, our form of worship, like others, may in some respects be incomplete—may lack some subordinate elements of power, may still be open here and there to improvement, or at least to development, without at the same time losing its great distinctive characteristics; also, that any improvement or reformation which may be needed is not to be made by giving up our Congregational form of worship, by surrendering its historic and characteristic order, which is as true a product of the religious feeling and thought of centuries as any other form of public

worship in existence—for this regular order, let it be ever so simple, is itself a power, and, therefore, even greater uniformity should be striven for, both in the public worship of the same church, and in that of all Congregational Churches; and again, that as forms of worship are matters of growth, springing from the hearts, wants, faith, and emergencies of the people through long periods of time, they cannot be transferred, at the pleasure of the individual church or pastor, from one to another denomination whose types or ideas of worship essentially differ. We cannot adopt the episcopal form or liturgy without becoming Episcopalians. Whatever form of worship we have, it must be genuinely our own.

The question not yet satisfactorily settled is, whether in an essentially unliturgical form of worship, the elements of power, truth, and beauty that a liturgical form may possess, may not be equally secured, and the evils which are wrapped up in the latter system may be at the same time avoided? This is the interesting and difficult question, which, in the presence of an advancing civilization, of a more general cultivation of the æsthetic sense, of the power of the *human* element which is making itself more and more felt in all religious things, of the lowering of the high tone of primitive piety, or its assumption of other phases that are apparently a decay of the highest spiritual life—this is the practical question that the Congregational Churches have now to meet and work out.

The time may come when in all these questions of church worship, polity, benevolence, and life, Christian men of all bodies and sects may be able to rise above their denominational platforms, and have regard only to the interests of their “common faith;” when they may be able to aid each other in arriving at the truest method of serving and glorifying God; when one body of Christian worshippers may impart to another whatever portion of truth or power it is more peculiarly in possession of; when the name “Christian” may be above every sectarian name, and all who love Christ may delight to walk, and counsel, and toil, and worship together.

THE COLOURS OF PLANTS.

NONE can so fully appreciate the invigorating, freshening, and at the same time soothing influence of the earth's green covering as those who have dwelt for months amid the red and yellow glare of the sandy desert, where the scanty shrubs are themselves almost brown, and where nothing is green save the pale emerald blush of the morning and, sometimes, of the evening sky. There is great grandeur in the colouring of waste rocky cliffs, desolate mountain ridges, and sandy, gravelly plains. The eye is filled again and again with scenes of intensity of hue such as Holman Hunt has painted in his picture of the Scapegoat. As the day broadens up in the morning and fades away again into night, every variety of tone, every shade of red and yellow and brown, flits in turn over terrace and precipice. The cold grey cliff of the early morn warms into bright ochre at noon, glares as dull red as the sun declines, blends in a rich brown with the evening shades, and at last stands out a dull black mass beneath the twinkling light of the stars. Nothing can be more glorious than to watch the birth of colour far and near in the early hours of the day, while the morning star is still bright, unless it be to sit for the half-hour after the sun goes down and gaze on the rosy rue of the after-glow thrown on the distant hills. But the glory and the grandeur are too great a strain; the very depth and strength of the variety exhaust the mind. Where the yellow and the red are left behind, and one comes back again to a land of verdure, and sees stretching before one an expanse of grass, and growing corn, and spreading trees, it seems as if the toil of sight as well as travel were over; one feels that green pastures are one with still waters; that in a vision of green, and green only, can the eye rest with perfect content.

There can, in fact, be no doubt that the prevalent, the almost universal colour of the vegetable kingdom, is the one which is most pleasing, most suited to the human eye; and many persons would be content to let the matter rest there. It happens, however, in this, as in so many other instances where we seek for reasons, as we call them, of the existence of natural phenomena, that if we are satisfied with the first that comes to hand, we miss others, often deeper and more important.

There are reasons for the greenness of plants for other than

the convenience or pleasure of the eye of man, reasons which would suffice to make plants green in a world where he was not. There are other colours to be met with in plants, the colours of gay flowers and autumnal changes; but all these stand on a wholly different footing from green; for it is possible that they may serve no other purpose than that of appearance, have no other end than beauty. Green is not only the most beautiful, it is also far the most useful of all vegetable colours; it is not only the queen of hues, it is also of absolute importance to the prosperity and very existence of the plant.

The green colouring matter of plants differs from other vegetable pigments in its anatomical disposition, in the manner in which it is laid up in and built into the leaf or stem. We need hardly say that of all the organs of a plant the leaves are those which are particularly and exceptionally green. All true leaves are green, at least in part; the stem may have a slight coat of green, but not necessarily, except in those plants, such as the cactus, where the stem fulfils all the functions of leaves. If we take a thin section of any leaf, or piece of green bark, and place it under the microscope, we find that it is built up of little chambers or cells, within which the green colouring matter is stored up in the form of little round or oval lumps. The water, fluid and the living jelly or protoplasm of each cell is colourless or at least not green. The whole of the greenness is confined to these little lumps, which are dragged from spot to spot within the cell by the movements of the ever-moving protoplasm, and which have received the name of chlorophyle bodies. There is no green in the vegetable kingdom which is not confined in one of these bodies. Nearly all the other colours of plants, the reds, blues, and yellows of the flowers, exist as coloured watery contents of cells; none of them occur in an organized form like that of the chlorophyle bodies.

As we study under the microscope these leaf-cells and their green inhabitants we find that the chlorophyle body, which at first is a mere speck, as it in course of growth gets wider and bigger, comes somehow or other to have within itself in turn a white spot. This spot, in time growing larger and larger, put on characters of its own, whereby the botanist is able to recognise it as a specimen of that chief product of vegetable labour, the starch-corpuscle. In the leaf-cell comes the chlorophyle-body and in the chlorophyle-body comes the starch-corpuscle. The living slime or jelly, the ever-moving active protoplasm of the cell, manufactures the chlorophyle, the chlorophyle manufactures the starch. In no other part of the plant, except in the green chlorophyllic cells of the leaves and other green organs, is there

any starch actually made, and they do nothing else much but make it. As fast as they manufacture it, it is carried off in the sap to other parts, and stored up, according to the requirements of the individual plant, in the stem, in the buds, in the swollen tubers and knots of the roots, or in the floury treasures of the seed. To us and to other animals starch is a necessity for daily food, and we seek it in flour, in corn-seeds, in roots, in stems, or in leaves. Whencesoever we get it, every starch-corpuscle that we eat, or otherwise use, was born in the bosom of a chlorophylle-body in some green and leafy cell. The green of a plant is good for the eye, but not for the eye only. Its qualities are doubly blessed: it feeds as well as pleases; it helps to make the eye which afterwards its rejoices.

It is the duty of the leaf-cell to manufacture first green-stuff, and then starch; but it can do this only under certain conditions. It must have light. Or, rather, it is light which, working through the leaf-cell, builds up and joins together the elements, first of chlorophylle, and then of starch. Without light there can be no greenness and no starch. The seed, buried and springing up in the dark earth, puts forth its shoots, but for a while makes no starch. It has no colour, and the structures that it builds up are formed entirely at the expense of the material hoarded in the seed. When, however, the tips of the tender leaves break through the soil, and begin to feel the rays of the life-giving sun, then the atoms of its stuff run together into the green lumps of chlorophylle, and soon after the manufacture of starch begins. When a plant is kept in darkness, it grows pale, it becomes blanched, the chlorophylle ceases to be formed, the starch is no longer made. Whatever growth takes place is carried on entirely out of the material amassed while the plant was still enjoying the light of day. So, too, when the sun sets, and the mantle of darkness covers the earth, these busy laboratories of green cells are hushed in quiet: they rest from their labour until the light returns.

There is a token whereby we may learn whether these cells are at work or no. While they are at their toil, they are busily engaged taking in some of that carbonic acid which is always floating about in the earth's atmosphere. They seize upon this substance, tear its carbon from its oxygen, bind the carbon in their prison, and give back the oxygen to the air. This they do so long as light is present to them. When the light vanishes, their power over carbonic acid goes too. They then become like all other living tissues, and pursue the inverse process of consuming oxygen and producing carbonic acid.

Strictly speaking, they—the cells—are not the active agents

in the matter ; they are only instruments in the hands of Light. We may represent to ourselves the atoms of carbon and oxygen, when existing separate in nature, as longing to be united and yet kept apart by a certain force. When they do unite together (and so form carbonic acid) the force which was previously engaged in keeping them asunder is now free to act in some other way. A man who is occupied in preventing two dogs from fighting, holding one with one hand and the other with the other, as soon as he lets them go, has his hands free for other work. The dogs meanwhile grapple with each other. So is it with carbon and oxygen. Before carbon has become united with oxygen, while wood or coal, which are made of carbon, are being burnt—that is, are being oxydized or united with oxygen—a certain force is set free, which force we generally call heat, and use to warm our bodies or to drive our engines and mills. Similarly, in order to separate carbon from oxygen, in order to loose them from the grapple which we call carbonic acid, some force must come in and divide them and keep them, so to speak at their atoms' arm length. Such a force is light, and such work of separation is the sun constantly doing in the green cells of plants. Force, in the shape of light, which is visible heat, and heat, which is invisible light, is ever streaming upon our earth from the sun, and hiding itself among our plants. Falling on the expanded leaves it there grapples with carbonic acid, wedges itself in between the locked atoms, rives them, throws aside the oxygen, and, so to speak, buries itself with the carbon in the form of starch amid the tissue of the leaf-cell. The starch afterwards either remaining as starch becomes the food of man or of some animal, and gets burnt up in the fire within the body or getting converted into wood—it may be, into coal—is burnt as fuel in the fire without. Sooner or later, in some furnace or other, the light which buried itself in the cell enters once more on a free existence in the form of heat. To make the history complete we ought to say that light treats the hydrogen and oxygen of water in the same way as it treats the carbon and oxygen of carbonic acid.

Of course, when the light buries itself in the leaf-cell, and hides itself in the starch, it no longer bears the name of light, or rather, it no longer is light. And here we see the meaning of the green colour of plants. Light, as it comes from the sun, is white, though mixed up of many colours. There are all the colours of the rainbow in it, though we have to adopt particular means to render them visible. The various colours of the spectrum have different qualities and different uses. They are not all of equal value in binding carbon into starch. Those which

are used for this purpose become invisible, are taken away, and those which are left form upon our retina the impression which we call green. If you take red from the spectrum the other rays join to form green. It is the red light which worries, it is the red light which we cannot gaze upon with comfort for any length of time; and so beautifully is it arranged that over the world's surface, through the tender leaves of trees and herbs and grass, the red light is rendered invisible, is taken away, and made a slave, bidden first to build up our food and then to cook it—is told off for lower work, while the milder green is left for the higher task of being a joy and pleasure to our eyes.

When the starch has been made and carried away to be hoarded up for the winter in the root, the stem, the bud, or the ripened seed, when the leaf-cell has finished its labour under the sun, a change comes over the chlorophyle, a change of death and decay. Part of it disappears, migrates with all the other good things of the leaf into some part of the plant, and what is left fades into yellow and brown or is transmuted into red. The organized lumps, the corpuscles, break up and crumble away into coloured dust, or are dissolved into yellowish fluids which stand in drops in the thin and withering cells. The exact nature of this change we know not; nor do we know by what means it is effected or what purpose it serves. Yet it is a change, to miss which would be to us a great loss. There would be a great gap in the glory of our earth's covering if the chlorophyle suddenly vanished from its bright greenness into the blackness of mould, instead of, as now, crowning a life of use and beauty with the dying grandeur of autumnal tints.

Of the other colours of plants there is not much to be said. Most of their effects are due to the presence of coloured fluids in the various cells. We do not at present at all know how the fluid contents of the cells become coloured, or how the colour is preserved amid the incessant changes taking place in the cell, or how the colouring matter of one cell which, it may be, is blue, is kept from mingling with that of the next to it which is perhaps red, while other substances are continually passing from one to the other. Nor, except it be for the sake of beauty alone, can we understand why flowers are so gorgeously arrayed. We can point to no such useful function as that which the chlorophyle enjoys; for none of these coloured parts have any share in the work of fixing carbon or of making stuff. They all consume stuff, they all waste carbon and give off carbonic acid. By this means some of them are able to produce of themselves, like an animal, some amount of heat. This, however, cannot be

their real use. We may form some dim guesses as to their use in the economy of nature, we may think we see some slender link between their beauty and the world of insect life, or some alluring purpose in their gay appearance, we may even feel confident that their loveliness is merely the outside of some deeper good,—but at present we must be content with their beauty alone.

M. F.

THE BOOK OF PSALMS.*

THE Bible contains indications of a much larger lyrical literature than has come down to us. The *Sépher Haggaschar* is twice quoted (Jos. x. 13, 2 Sam. i. 18), and was probably a collection of songs. A song is transcribed from the "Book of the Wars of Jahveh" (Num. xxi. 14); and a collection of *Lamentations* is referred to (2 Chron. xxxv. 25). Solomon is said to have written 1,005 songs (1 Kings iv. 32), which have all perished. But a magnificent collection of lyrics, a selection from a rich supply, has happily been preserved in the Book of Psalms, the hymn-book of the Jewish Church.

This book offers most interesting subjects for inquiry. We see it contains hymns by many authors, ranging over a period of at least six hundred years. How were the single hymns preserved? How was the whole book formed? Was it formed all at once, or gradually? What was the principle of selection? These and similar questions arise the moment we try to give an account of the Psalter. Our author deals with these inquiries. Let us follow him.

As to the preservation of small poems in general, two methods are met with in the Bible. They are inserted in historical books, as Ex. xv., 1 Sam. ii., or are formed into collections. These collections may be made upon several principles. The name of an old and famous poet may attract and protect more modern productions; or similarity of subject or of use may procure collection, as in the instance of a Gnostic poem (Prov. xxx. 1—31). The single Psalms owe their preservation to several causes. They were not collected for the single purpose of preservation, else we

* Die Dichter des Alten Bundes, erklärt von Heinrich Ewald. Erster Theil. Erste Hälfte: Allgemeines über die Hebräische Dichtung und über das Psalmenbuch. Zweite Hälfte: die Psalmen und die Klaglieder. Göttingen, 1866.

should find in the Psalter more than Psalm xviii. of all the Psalms of David that are preserved in the books of Samuel. And a glance at their character shows that only lyrics of a special kind are admitted,—such as refer to God; and of these only such as are somewhat general, and not too personal, 2 Sam. i. 19—29 being excluded as unfit in both respects. The Psalms were collected for devotional objects: first, those especially being chosen which refer to Zion, the pre-Davidic, therefore, being passed by; and, second, those suited not merely for private, but also for Temple worship. To these objects, another, of secondary importance, was to preserve the most beautiful of the ancient songs.

When was our present collection made? We know that it had received its present form when the LXX. made their translation, but we are not told how or when. Internal indications, however, supply considerable information. The book is divided by the Massorites into five smaller books,* the fanciful correspondence between it and the five books of the Pentateuch being irresistible; but this division rests upon a misunderstanding of Psalm cvi. 48, which is an integral part of the Psalm, and of the true relation of Psalms xlii.—lxxxix. The true division is into three books, or greater collections, Psalm i.—xli., Psalm xlii.—lxxxix., Psalm xc.—cl. Of these the first book has as its nucleus *David's* Psalms, the third contains chiefly the latest Psalms, and the second mainly those of the middle period.

Each of these three collections appears to have gone through the revising hand of its editor. One reason for this conclusion is the remarkable difference observable in the Divine names of these books. In the first and third books, Jahveh is predominant, but in the second, Elôhim:† The poets of the centuries to which the Psalms of the second book belong used usually and most naturally the name Jahveh. The fear of debasing the holy name by too frequent usage was of later origin, and was besides of very gradual growth, affecting for a long time individuals only; so that it cannot be supposed that the poets of this book were governed by it. Further, Psalm liii. and Psalm lxx. are the same as Psalm xiv. and Psalm xl., but the editorial change of names is evident. For other reasons for this conclusion our author must be consulted.

* I. 1—41; II. 42—72; III. 73—89; IV. 90—106; V. 107—150.

† I. contains Jahveh 274 times, Elohim 65. III. Jahveh 379 times, Elohim 67. II. Jahveh 79 times, but Elohim 293. Given thus roughly the difference is manifest, while a more careful consideration makes it still more striking.

Careful inspection of these three books shows, further, that they were preceded by earlier collections. This is most evident in the third book. The fifteen Psalms, cxx.—cxxxiv., form a distinct collection, closely akin to each other in thought, form, and language, and are all headed alike, *Pilgrim-songs*. The Psalms xcii.—c. form another small book, all bearing a distinct likeness in subject and language, and originating at the same time, and later than the nucleus of the two former collections, since Psalm xcvi. is an echo of Psalm xxix.; Psalm xcvi. 8 is a quotation of Psalm xlviii. 12. A third small book may be discerned in Psalm ciii.—cvii., cxi.—cxviii., cxxxv.—cxxxvi., cxlv.—cl. These twenty hymns are distinguished and related by the added word *Hallelujah* at the beginning, or the end, or both, as well as by their pre-eminently liturgic character.

It is further clear that these collections existed for a considerable time in a separate and independent form, not being brought into one larger book before each had acquired a more or less established shape. For some hymns appear in two collections. Psalm liii. is the same as Psalm xiv., Psalm lxx. the same as Psalm xl. 13—19, and Psalm cviii. is made up of Psalms lvii. and lx.

Our author's general summary of the origin of the Book of Psalms, the result of the most minute and extensive examination, published in the work under review, and in his great work, the *Geschichte des Volkes Israel*, is in substance this. David was

“The first warbler whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts”

of lyric song that broke forth at every important moment of Israel's life during the subsequent 600 years. His songs are the rich and strong fountain of the Book of Psalms, the stream of which is joined by the effusions of many more true poets. Soon after the death of the great poet-king, his lyrics were collected, but without reference to their character or use. Many of them lived in the hearts and on the lips of the people, as the truest expression of their religious feeling; and many a one might find its way into the Temple service, to the exclusion of older ones used since the time of Moses. At the same time, the sacred muse enriched with her inspirations other gifted men. The free, strong life of that time of Israel's glory poured forth a stream of beautiful songs. For the Temple service and the great feast days new hymns were composed, of which we have many examples. The religion of this people was most favourable to the production of hymns referring to God; and as David had led the way, and given the most beautiful models for their com-

position, from his time onward they became more and more numerous. From this wealthy store the collections from which our Psalter was subsequently formed were taken. There were collections of religious songs, as well as collections of a different character. For a long time, lyrics having a general reference to God, and not necessarily adapted for the Temple service, were received, and only those which had not this Divine reference were excluded. It was then easy to admit other songs tending to promote godliness, even though they contained no address to God. Respect was also paid to the simplicity and general reference of a composition; so that an artistically imperfect song, like Psalm xxviii., notwithstanding its imperfection, was received, while an artistically perfect, but somewhat heavy one, Isaiah xxxviii. 10—20, was rejected. In these collections, Davidic songs were for a long time chosen as a nucleus to which others of kindred feeling were added, but gradually collections of another kind were published. And since the main object was to promote godliness, not much regard was had to the mere names of poets, and they were gradually lost, with the exception of his who had laid the foundation of this class of poetry and of these collections, so that his name might suffice for all the others.

The whole Psalter, under the name of τὰ τοῦ Δαβὶδ, 2 Macc. ii. 3, obtained under Nehemiah its position in the Temple service, which it ever after retained. It was completed when the 1st Chronicles was written—that is, not later than the end of the Persian, or, at the latest, the beginning of the Grecian rule. Chron. xvi. 7—36 is taken from the latest portion of the Psalter, vers. 8—22 from Psalm cv. 1—15, vers. 23—33 from Psalm xcvi. 2—13, and vers. 34—36 from Psalm cvi. 1, 47, 48; and the reference of these Psalms to David throws light upon the Maccabean name τὰ τοῦ Δαβὶδ. The translation of the XX. is the next sign of the completion of the Psalter. It follows a Hebrew MS. which does not much differ from the Massoretic text. But it misunderstands or alters the titles of the Psalms, which are the latest additions to the book,—a proof that a considerable space of time intervened between their insertion and the translation.

Many important points discussed in our author's first volume, of the Temple music, the headings of the Psalms, the principle of interpretation, the method of translation, we must pass unnoticed, and glance at his second volume.

This second volume contains a translation and explanation of the Psalms in the chronological order in which they are supposed to have been written, and with continual reference to the

resting than a general notice of his interpretation and trans-
 on.

It would be an improbable conclusion that David, "the sweet
 ser of Israel," whose poetical fame and influence is so con-
 uous in his nation's whole history, to whom seventy-two
 lms are ascribed by the inscriptions, is really the author of
 hymn in the Psalter. And prolonged and searching examina-
 makes this improbability as nearly a certainty as the nature
 the case will admit. Twelve Psalms refuse to owe their
 in to any less remarkable man than the great Poet-King.

David has no compeer in the history of his people; he stands
 h prominently, an unique and solitary figure in Jewish
 tory. His nature, his gifts, his eventful life, and his regal
 atness distinguish him. To other Hebrews one or more of
 se marks may belong, but in no one else do they all, or nearly
 combine. Leaving out of view the Psalter, David's true
 racter is clearly depicted elsewhere. Of no other man does
 Old Testament history speak so much and so particularly.
 is described to us as of a tender, sensitive, passionate nature,
 soul kindling with feeling in any great circumstances of his
 . He is further a hero and a king, a man born to rule all
 ut him, naturally and proudly conscious of his gifts and
 ngth. But he is at the same time a deeply-religious man,
 lowliest of Jahveh's servants, though the proudest of His
 ga. His kingly dignity, his hero's greatness, he holds as the
 s of his God, as expressions of Jahveh's mercy. He is ever
 scious that it is only by the Divine guidance and care that
 has been advanced and preserved. Hence he is humble,
 teful, and confident. And as he ever appealed to the general
 hteousness of his reign, so in every error and offensive deed
 displays the deepest repentance. In gifts of eloquence and
 g he is, by all concurrent testimony, pre-eminently rich. He
 rses with ardour the arts of music and poetry from his boy-
 d to his old age. His outward life was singularly eventful;
 was full of dangers and deliverances, of the scenes and chances
 war. And, lastly, his reign was the most glorious of all
 ael's kings, glorious not only in peace but in war, in conquest
 well as possession.

The lyrics, the songs from the heart and life, of such a man,
 l naturally bear the impress of his character and history. As
 is distinguished amongst the crowd of men of his nation, so
 Psalms will show their likeness to him and their unlikeness
 those of other men among which they may stand.

Now, in the Psalter a small number of Psalms separate them-
 ves from all the rest; they have a family likeness as their
 meeting tie, and their distinctive badge. And further, the

distinctive marks of these Psalms point to a man of David character and history as their author.

Their author feels his dignity and honour (iii. 4; iv. 3; vii. 1; xviii. 44-49; comp. 2 Sam. xxiii. 1); his exaltation and pre-eminence by the Divine mercy (iv. 4; xviii. 21-31; comp. 2 Sam. v. 21) as no other. He speaks as only David could of his royal power and glory (ci. 1-8; xviii. 44-46; 2 Sam. xxiii.) in the consciousness of his Divine right, and with prophetic authority against his enemies (iv. 3-6); and as having at his heart the highest welfare of the people of Jahveh (iii. 9; xxix. 1; comp. 2 Sam. vi. 18; vii. 29). The strong and fierce language (iii. 8; xviii. 35-43; xxiv. 8; comp. 2 Sam. xxiii. 6, 7) points to the successful and stern warrior and governor. "Add to this the pure and heroic trust in God, scarcely troubled for a moment in the deepest need (iii. 2, 3; iv. 7); the unbending consciousness of right; the childlike, open, upright soul; the unsought deep glances into things Divine and human, that are apparent everywhere; and everywhere a strong, free creative spirit; and we have combined characteristics wholly peculiar, and to be found in the whole Old Testament only in this author."

A number of minor facts support this main argument.

First, the language is old and original, many words, constructions, and meanings being preserved here only, while many originating with this author are imitated by later poets. Secondly, a number of figures and proverbs generally, quite confined to this author, as iv. 8; vii. 8; xi. 2; xviii. 5, 6, 11; xix. 6; xxxii. 9. And constantly-recurring military phrases of all kinds (iii. 4; vii. 11; xviii. 3, 31, 36; comp. 2 Sam. i. 21; xviii. 3, 32, 47; 2 Sam. xxiii. 3). Thirdly, the thought and form of these songs show everywhere original and new-creative power. The greatest subject is grasped with a firm and master hand, and expressed with ease, beauty, and marvellous brevity. There is the greatest fulness of thoughts, the one pressing upon the other, yet all uttered with distinctness and force. In Ps. xvii. a great ode of victory, there is less brevity; but for this special reason is evident. Fourthly, in these Psalms no expressions are met with that would indicate a post-Davidic origin. After he had brought the ark to Zion, he could speak of the "holy mountain" (iii. 5; xxiv. 3); and the "temple," or "palace," of Jahveh (xi. 4; xviii. 7; xxiv. 9) refers to the heavenly palace and not to the temple of Solomon.

Hull.

J. F. SMITH.

LETTER TO A LONDON ARTISAN,

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE BIRD
GALLERY IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

MY DEAR JENKINS—Many of you London workmen have almost lost the scent of fresh air, and with it the love of birds, beasts, and fishes. Your knowledge of animated nature is restricted to the cattle who pull about the carts and omnibuses, or push in disorderly dirty droves through the streets to the place of sale and execution—to the grimy and thievish little sparrows who live amidst smoky chimneys, and occasionally descend into the road to pick up a grain of corn fallen from a miller's waggon—to the sulky dogs who act as drovers' police, and keep up one incessant command to the sheep to "move on"—and to the cats, cockroaches, and crickets, who form the zoological establishment in the front and corners of your firesides. Still there are some who possess a canary, a lark, or a blackbird; and there is more hope of such people, since they evidently desire to keep in mind that great world of birds to which I wish to call your attention in this letter.

Now, don't suppose that I am a bird-fancier to any considerable extent. I am not. But I know enough to like to think of them, and should be very glad if I could make them seem somewhat more interesting to you. Last Monday, which was a tolerably light and sunny day, I took a walk in the British Museum, and restricted my attention to the bird-gallery, which runs over the Egyptian saloon. If you have never visited that wonderful collection of stuffed birds, pray be persuaded to do so the next time you are on strike. It begins where the corals and the monkeys end. Your visit is likely to be pleasant in proportion to the quantity of sunshine in the sky, for light is absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of the plumage.

One cannot help wishing, as you enter this long gallery, that for the purpose of inspection the birds were all alive, and could be seen in their movements and natural brightness, rather than in the comparatively dull coats, and in the death-like stiffness, of an artificial preparation. However, whatever stuffing and glass eyes can do for dead birds, is here done; and it is wonderful to see what is accomplished. They look all but alive; and there is certainly one advantage of having them dead, that they are perfectly still. If they were alive, these 10,000 birds would make such an awful tempest of noise—of screeching,

screaming, squalling, cawing, singing, and buzzing, : eagles and vultures down to the tom-tits and humming that all study of bird-nature would be quite out of the and you would be glad to go back to the dead rhinoceros camelopards in the entrance gallery. Also before the e hour half of the collection would have eaten up the other half, and not a tom-tit would be left to tell th his once having had the honour to represent the tom-tit in the national museum of this imperial realm of Engl

This glorious collection of birds is intended to repr specimens, all the known species upon earth. There are no about 5,000 species. They are divided into 5 orders:—1. . or snatchers—birds of prey. 2. *Insessores*, or perching-l *Rasores*, or scraping-birds, all sorts of poultry and g *Grallatores*, or wading-birds. 5. *Natatores*, or swimmi Body-scratchers, bough-perchers, earth-scrapers, lor waders, and web-footed swimmers.

As you enter the gallery, on the left hand, you be the *body-scratchers*, or birds of prey. These are divided sorts—those who prey by day and those who prey l Those who prey by day comprehend the two great fa vultures and falcons. The vultures come first. These : rible set of fellows to look at. There they are, together in this glass-case from all parts of the world of them who now sits so demure and respectable on a rail of box or beech was once accustomed to float in the sky of India, or of Tartary, or of South America, or a or of Africa, and roll his fierce and blazing eye (in w iris is black, and what should be the white an ghastly blue) over the earth below, and wherever he sa horse, or camel, or lion, or elephant, or buffalo, th descend upon his black wings, with naked outstretch and there, fixing his strong talons in the carcase, to featherless, leathern throat and ferocious beak deep in rion, gorging his voracious maw till he could eat no lor then to retire to the clouds again for digestion and ex the bracing air of the empyrean. One would not lik one of those black and blue-eyed scavenger fiends of th ness standing over you if you were lying wounded in field among thousands who were dead.

Then come the falcons; and under this name are the buzzards, kites, hawks, and eagles. There they a cases of them, hundreds of kinds of these pirate rove air, whose delight it is to soar aloft, and dart, not like tures, on dead prey, but on the living. There is a n noble look about all those *Falconidae*. Here are all t

of falcons who in former ages used to afford so much elegant yet bloodthirsty sport to kings and nobles, lords and ladies; all the birds who were trained to sweep the air at the word of command for their prey, as dogs were trained on earth, and to bring it bleeding to their master's hand. They are mostly of a dark plumage, generally of a handsome brown, interspersed with whiter streaks. Their power of flight is wonderful. A case is recorded in which a falcon flew 1,324 miles in 22 hours, *i.e.*, 60 miles an hour. But war against other birds is written upon every feature. They are the soldiers of the sky.

Then come the Eagles. I cannot pretend to give you in words a due impression of the splendid quality of this collection. Here are eagles from the wide world, assembled (as in the vision of St. John) from the whole kingdom of the air. And they are all kings. Well is the eagle regarded by all nations as the king of birds. Such marvellous beauty and majesty combined in the plumage, such breadth and strength of wing, such sublime daring of expression, such royalty of repose in his uplifted head! What must he be when he springs from the mountain summit and soars like an angel to the blazing sun; and what, when he descends, like a thunderbolt—the bird of Jove—and strikes his foe, like the lightning! So, it is said—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint."

Next come the birds that prey by night, chiefly the Owls. They were formerly called the birds of Minerva, probably because they look so wise, and Minerva was the goddess of wisdom. It was said by one of the enemies of Lord Thurlow, the Tory Chancellor in Mr. Pitt's time, that nobody could possibly *be* as wise as he *looked* in his wig on the woolsack; and, indeed, many people look a good deal wiser than they are, some stupendous fools having the art of looking so awfully grave, that superficial judges mistake it for wisdom. True wisdom, however, can both laugh and cry; and I don't think the owls ever deserved their reputation for wisdom any more than their human congeners. They have, however, one great faculty, they can hold their tongues. They sit in the dark, with their vast goggle eyes, looking out for mice and insects, and acquiring, by the easy process of holding still, keeping out of harm's way, and looking with calm earnestness into vacancy, a reputation for intelligence.

The second division is that of the perchers, the most numerous of all; and here the birds are arranged in the cases as hick as thieves. They shine in every colour of the rainbow, and in a great many combinations of colour not seen in the

rainbow. The perching-birds are divided according to their beaks, as you might arrange men according to their noses:—1, wide gapers; 2, slender beaks; 3, notch bills; 4, come beaks; and 5, crook bills.

The first set (wide gapers) include the goat-suckers, so called from a mistaken notion that they could milk the goats on their own account; but in fact they fly about in the dark, with their vast mouths open to catch moths and beetles on the wing. Among the wide gapers are the martens (the whole tribe of swallows, so termed from their great gulping mouths) including the swift, whose wings are never weary, the chimney marten, the sand marten, who bores a hole in the cliffs for its nest, the window swallow, who builds under the eaves, and sometimes is said to punish a thievish sparrow, who has taken possession of an old nest during his winter elsewhere, by bricking up the entrance, and shutting him in to die. Among the wide gapers are the kingfishers, or halcyons, and a very glorious case of kingfishers there is in the museum. These little kings and queens, in their bright robes, live on fish, and dart like lightning on their prey. There was a fable in the ancient world that when the kingfisher's queen was sitting on her nest, the mighty ocean ceased from his raging. Hence, from her name of the halcyon, such days of calm at sea were called halcyon days.

The second group, the slender beaks, are the birds that live on small insects, and the honeydew of flowers. Of these the chief are the humming-birds—the living fireworks of nature. There seem to be nearly five hundred varieties of them. It is worth a visit to the museum only to see these winged gems in a bright sunlight, with their breasts of green light, purple light, crimson light, flashing in the noontide radiance. But no words descriptive of common colours can pourtray the splendour of the iridescence in the plumage of these wonderful little souls in glory, who hover over the tropical flowers of the garden and the wilderness, and light up the day, as the fire-flies light up the night. Some of the humming-birds are no bigger than bees, and look as brisk and light as when they fluttered over the gardens of Brazil. If you have an opportunity of borrowing the Duke of Argyll's "Reign of Law," read his fine chapter on humming-birds.

Now come the notch bills—the third family of percher. Their food consists of insects and worms, only resorting to grain and berries when the insects fail. To this group belong the song-birds—the nightingale, the blackcap, the wren, the redstart, the wagtail, the thrush, the fieldfare, the blackbird, the mocking bird, the shrike, the redbreast, and a hundred others. There they sit, all dead—on little box perches—a sad mockery

f their aspect when alive. They try to look cheerful, but they have hopped the twig for ever, and will sit as long as their tufted little bodies will last in this motionless form, to be looked at by the holiday visitors of many generations.

Then come the cone-beaked birds—all sorts of crows, from all parts of the world—jays, magpies, rooks, ravens, jackdaws, houghs—the negroes of bird-nature, but certainly negroes only in colour, for these black fellows have “never been in bondage to any man.” They are rather the most impudent and talkative class of birds in existence. Everything about them is long, their feathers are long, their tongues are long, their lives are long, and some of them extend their existence through the best part of a century.

To the same class belong the birds of paradise, the starlings, the finches, the grosbeak, the piefinch, the chaffinch, the goldfinch (who can be taught all sorts of tricks), the linnet (so called from being fond of the seeds of flax or the linen-plant), the greenfinch, the bullfinch (who can be taught to imitate song). Then come the canaries, all kinds of sparrows (common fellows the whole lot—dirty, thievish, and noisy), all kinds of buntings, all kinds of yellowhammers, and, lastly, all kinds of larks—God’s choristers, at morning service in His great temple of the sky. These *cone-beaked perchers* have more genius than any other class of birds. Their talents and power of speech and song are indeed wonderful.

We next reach the *Climbing Birds (Scansores)*. The toucans, with bills so big, nearly down to their feet, that it makes one thankful our noses are not constructed on the same principle; the dozens of species of macaws, clothed in all sorts of gaudy colours; the dozens of parrots and cockatoos; the immense regiment of woodpeckers (who can bore a hole into any tree, and despatch a mahogany table as easily as the food placed upon it), and the cuckoos. The fourth order is that of *scraping birds*—those which we term poultry—the doves, the pigeons, the pheasants, the domestic fowls, the turkeys, the partridges, the quails, the grouse, the ptarmigans, the capercaillies. Here they are in numbers sufficient to stock a dozen farmyards or preserves, and in all their glory of plumage. The pheasants, specially, are resplendent—one super-eminent specimen of the common pheasant and another of the Argus, with extended lames, overwhelming the eye with the magnificence of their colours, flashing in the noonday sun. It was on looking at such as these that Mrs. Schimmel-Pennnick relates that when a child, in her days of Quakerism, she once asked her mother, why was that Providence had not clothed the birds on “Friends’ principles!”

The *long-legged* birds include the ostriches, the herons, the bitterns, the storks, the ibises, the cranes, the plovers, the snipes—some of them, as the crimson ibis, marvels of beauty of colour, and some, as the little egret (called the *Herodias*, fr Athens), marvels in beauty of form. This bird, of spot white, and about 18 inches in height, is kept under a bell-glass and realizes one's utmost conceptions of perfection in outline.

Lastly, there are the *swimming* birds. Geese from every corner under heaven. Geese and men are everywhere: they seem to inherit the earth in joint occupation; but there are many kinds of geese besides those slow-coaches that waddle in a file or a common, like policemen changing guard when half asleep, six in the morning. Some of the geese can fly like any creatures. Here, too, are all sorts of swans, all sorts of widgeon, teal, grebe, and duck. Then come the puffins, and those ugly penguins, all nose and stomach, who sit up on end in a row and eat fish till they are ready to explode with crapulence. Then the petrels—birds of evil omen, mostly black; "Moor Carey's chickens," the enormous albatrosses, mostly white, and able to sail for days in the upper sky; and, finally, the pelicans and gulls. The last, I think, though such greedy creatures, the most beautiful birds in the whole collection. There are some of the larger gulls of a faint dove-colour all over, but with heads and necks of mottled black and white, like ostrich feathers, and mild black eyes, which, both for form and tint, are so lovely that you might stand and look at them for hours. The curve in the outline of their breasts, and the matchless elegance of their wings are alike a study for the artist, and a wonder to the crowd.

I have thus run through the chief divisions; but under each kind that I have mentioned you are to fancy scores and even hundreds of varieties.

What I have to offer to you now are a few hints on birds in general—their hatching, building, flight, and food. And this I shall do in the fewest words.

First, on Hatching. All these birds come from eggs. The number of eggs hatched every year on the globe is quite incalculable. The American pigeons alone will sometimes occur for one swarm a belt of forest four miles broad and forty miles long—"thus numbering," says Audubon, "probably a billion in one company—a million of millions." How many birds there are on earth God only knows: the number defies imagination. All these five thousand kinds represent, each of them, an army—if they could be placed in a row, and then in close lines behind each representative bird in front all the individuals of the same sort—who can fancy where those lines would end, or to what

of the stars the lines would stretch away? The human inhabitants of Hindostan, arranged in rows of thirty abreast, and at a yard apart, would extend from the Land's End across all Europe to the other side of the Caspian Sea; and the whole human race would form a column six times longer. So if we were to arrange all the birds in columns and regiments, some of them would form battalions extending to the other side of the orbit of the moon. The numbers, indeed, stupify the mind. The eggs hatched every year would make, if piled together, a great mountain. The common fowls' eggs, not hatched, but used for culinary purposes in Europe, would make an annual heap much bigger than could be piled up within the railings of St. Paul's-churchyard to the ball and cross.

And now what is it that goes on inside every one of these eggs when it is hatched into a bird—into a lark, into a nightingale, a peacock, an eagle, a common sparrow, an ostrich, a wild pigeon? We know what is inside when the process begins. There is the yolk, and there is the white of the egg; there is no trace of organization apparent in either. The two fluids may be poured out, and your common egg you may, you know, either poach or boil, and then your white of egg becomes a solid white substance, and your yolk hardens; yet when you boil your egg, you do not hatch it. But what takes place when the mother-bird sits upon it and patiently warms it with her vital heat under her downy breast? What occurs can be best represented by some such device as this, suggested by Macculloch. Suppose a large level area of ground, out of which should rise one leaden pipe, laid on by a water company, and that this pipe was full of water. You, by some means or other, begin to warm this water-pipe by applying a small fire to it, just where it comes through the ground. The effect is that it opens at the end, and begins to shoot out just below the surface of the ground other leaden pipes in every direction—which, however, run along of their own accord in a figure suitable to the outline of a church. Suppose that out of these long pipes opened innumerable mouths, through which flows the water, but each little mouth has the power of turning the water into concrete for the foundations, and then into the footings of the brickwork, all round, till at length the walls begin to push through the earth, and go on rising in every direction, the leaden pipes growing up too, and taking the place of bricklayers and masons, and turning the water into brick and stone, working in order, placing the bricks in courses, leaving all the right space for the windows, and so going on till they reached the proper height, where they stopped, except in the front where the tower and steeple

were to rise, and that there they went on lengthening building, and kept to the due measurements of a hexa spire, till they finished at the top. Then suppose that a system of pipes, branching out from the first, shot forth and the timber-work of the building, ran along the floor, conveyed the water into wood, laying the joists, and heron-boning the tween, and fixing the flooring and the roofs. Then that another sprang forth and plastered the walls—first one rough coat, the next when that was dry, and finally the finishing, till the walls and ceiling were complete. Then, lastly, imagine that a fixed set of pipes came forth to execute the decoration—painting, the carved wood-work, the patterns and figures in the windows, and even the frescoes on the walls—and at that time that it came to pass that all these systems of leaden pipes which had done the work should have hidden themselves away in the walls, and floors, and ceilings, so that there was no external trace of them when the work was ended. If you see such a work as that completed in a fortnight, you would say, "Some Mind is certainly at work doing this! *Lead and water could not accomplish these wonders*, could not measure distance, fit communications, adapt materials, plan decorations, appropriate spaces, arrange pulpits, chancels, sittings, and finally enter the eye by works of art in glass, in colour, and in carved both wood and stone. And if a man, however great a philosopher, were to say to you: "My dear fellah, that is old woman's sophistry—that everlasting calling in of sufficient causes, intellectual causes, to account for things. Why it's as plain as politics, it's laws of nature that have done this, you know. The company lay on the first pipe, you know, and then all that follows of course." You would reply, probably, that such an exhibition of power was quite beyond the swell's ability to understand, and that if lead and water were there, Mind would be there as well? Now think what takes place in the egg when the mother-bird sits on it and hatches it. There are the yolk and the white. In the yolk there is one minute speck, which is the germ of life. In a few days this germ shoots out a small artery filled with blood, and from that one blood-vessel shoot out others, filled with blood which proceeds to form the new bony framework, the vertebrae of the neck, of the breast-bone, the clavicles, the "merry-thought,"—which separates the wings apart in flight—the wing-bones, with their joints, the leg-bones, and the feet with their joints. Other arteries shoot out and form the vital organs, according to pattern—the heart, the brain, the stomach, the gizzard, the intestinal canal, the lungs—each of them most complicated and delicate

tures—with all their solid parts and living membranes. Others form the circulatory system of arteries and veins, and the absorbents. Others the muscles, each fastened at both ends where it is required to act, either in moving the head, the wings, the extremities, or the tail. Others form the nerves all over the body. Others the eyes, adapted in the dark to the laws of light, and others form the plumage.

In the skin are sown the roots of all the feathers—each one a structure so organized that when it is grown and extended to its length, like a peacock's plume, each point of the surface shall reflect a particular tint of light, necessary to bring out the complex picture of the hundred burning eyes upon the train,—and what that delicate structure must be those will best imagine who have thought most of the absorption and reflection of rays of light. And this bird, so formed, is not a dead structure, it is alive—alive with how many capacities for pleasure, for action, for flight in the open firmament of heaven, filled with instincts of building, of nestling, of caring for their young and feeding them, and, finally, of song. From this dark little world within the egg springs the lark, the nightingale, the mocking-bird, the humming-bird. Oh, it is wonderful! It could not be, unless one vast Almighty Mind pervaded Nature, and “worked all in all,” and that is the Heavenly Father of the birds, without whom, says Christ, “not one of them falleth to the ground.” Those creatures whose *origin* is so wonderful, and so clearly Divine, may well be believed not to die but under a Divine control. For this is what takes place in hatching, both within the enormous egg of the albatross, the ostrich, and in the tiny egg of the wren and the titmouse; and it is a work of creation wrought in every egg that is hatched around the world.

2. Next as to *building*. *The birds of the air have nests*. If they had not there would soon have been no birds at all, since all the newly-hatched and unfledged young unprotected from the weather, and from vermin, and from birds of prey, would have perished through the severity of the elements, through cold, or heat, or rain. Nests are necessary for the nurture of the young. But they are built before the eggs are laid, much less hatched. What a wonderful instinct, then, is this which impels the birds to build—and the same birds always in the same manner. This subject is but one branch of the wider theme of the history of the constructive animals, including insects, quadrupeds, and birds, and fishes—for the corals are sea-builders too. For the full treatment of this matter I must refer you to the beautiful book of Mr. Wood's, “Houses not made with Hands.”

Of the bird-builders we may say that some are miners, like the sand-marten; some are ground-builders, like the lark; some

are masons, like the swallow; some are carpenters, like the woodpecker; most of them are weavers; some are tailors, and some are basket-makers, like the eagle and the crow. Some work in sand and chalk cliffs, some work in sedge and straw, some in sticks and twigs, some in mud and clay; some bore holes in trees, some work in wattle and dab, some make straw mattresses and feather beds, and some sew leaves together; some weave long-necked bottle nests, passing the threads and long grasses in and out as a perfect weft and woof. In the Museum there is a small room devoted to nests of birds and insects, close at the end of the Bird Gallery, and before you enter the special collection of British birds. There you may see what Mr. Rennie describes in his book on bird architecture. And it is a sight to make you meditate. What should we say if we were to see a baby, before it get to years of reason (when about two years old), take to building a small human dwelling—laying the foundation, building the walls, fixing the floors, plastering and papering the walls, and making the feather beds, and hunting for the materials for each with a perseverance which no obstacle could arrest, and a wisdom on which no counsel could improve. We should consider that a somewhat wonderful spectacle; because it was the work of a creature of undeveloped reason or mind, working by instinct alone. Therefore we should wonder at the inspiration of these Bezaleels and Aholiabs of the woods, whom the Lord has filled with the spirit of wisdom to work in wattle, and feathers, and down, and moss, and grass, and wood-shavings, and straw, and clay, and twigs. And if you wish to see *how* cleverly it is done, the best way will be to try and do it yourselves.

On another occasion I may perhaps continue this correspondence. Meantime

I remain, My dear Jenkins,
Yours truly,

E. W.

REFORM, AND ITS ULTIMATE RESULTS.*

It is difficult in these days, when everybody except Mr. Love has become an intensely zealous reformer, when all fears of the predominance of the working class are laughed at as visionary or

* "Essays on Reform." London: Macmillan & Co.

condemned as ungenerous, when even the *Times* lectures us on our presumption in attempting to form "a right scientific estimate of the qualifications for political rights" of a class of whom we know so little, to realize the fact that not more than three months ago the great cry was for some measure which should save us from the encroachments of an aggressive and dangerous democracy. Then Mr. Bright was a mere incendiary, setting class against class, animated, by spirit so violent, and contemplating designs so revolutionary, that no language was strong enough to describe his wickedness and folly. On the other hand, the Tory Government were the chosen guardians of the constitution, and Mr. Disraeli another Cicero raised up to expose and overthrow the designs of this modern Cataline. To save the sacred ark of British freedom and of right, menaced by violent agitators, they had been called to the helm of government, intellectual Liberals, Adullamites, and aristocratic Whigs sacrificing their party interests and personal predilections out of a purer and nobler love to their country. Now, in Birmingham itself it is proclaimed by one of Mr. Bright's admiring supporters that this Conservative Government has given far more than he could have expected or would even have asked from the most Liberal ministry that was likely to be formed for years to come. Then all the talk of a large class was as to the peril of allowing the present enlightened constituencies to be swamped by an influx of those who have no stake in the country; and the columns of some of our journals were full of propositions for all sorts of checks by which the danger of any concessions that must be made to the force of circumstances might be averted. It is sad to think how much valuable time was thus wasted, how many clever calculations and ingenious schemings on which the salvation of the country was thought to depend, have proved to be nothing better than "love's labour lost." There was poor "W. R. G.," who used to write those long and clever letters in the *Pall Mall*, which were frequently rather hard reading, and must have been very hard writing—who had such clear ideas as to the only possible roads by which the Ministry could travel; and so benevolently pointed out that by which they might best succeed in doing little while they seemed to do much. We should like to know what he and others of his class think now when they find them going boldly into the one path on which, in their view, none but a madman would venture.

Had any one dared to predict, on the first of January, that Mr. Disraeli would now be promoting a measure which means nothing less than household suffrage, and that while thus going beyond what probably even Mr. Bright, in his secret heart, would think desirable, he would still contrive to retain the confidence of his

own Conservative followers, that the *Times* would be replying to Mr. Lowe's arguments against Reform, and that a spirit of beautiful unanimity on behalf of so decided an advance would mark the very classes recently so full of all sorts of Conservative anxieties and fears, his prophecies would have been laughed to scorn as the ravings of a madman. Such a change has certainly seldom been witnessed, and greatly as we rejoice in the result, we must express our hope that it may be long before such extraordinary conversions are witnessed again. The story of the course pursued by the Tory Government since their accession to office is humiliating not only to themselves, but to the nation which is content to accept them as its rulers. We hear a great deal of cleverness; and if the great proof of a statesman's ability is the retention of office even at the sacrifice of every principle for which professedly a party has been organized and office has been sought, then we concede to him the palm of being the ablest politician which this age has known. We are somewhat weary, however, of the incessant praises of a cleverness which manifests itself chiefly in the adroitness with which it betrays a trusting confidence, and contrives so to manipulate both parties and principles as to accomplish its own selfish interests. Mr. Disraeli has certainly succeeded in retaining office, and very probably may pass a Reform Bill, but he can only accomplish these ends by a course of conduct which the leading politicians of this country have always regarded as discreditable, if not dishonourable, by abandoning when in office every object for which when in opposition he contended, by alluring his party into a position from which retreat was impossible, by abandoning the higher functions which ought to belong to the Executive, and leaving the House of Commons to dictate the terms on which it will consent to allow him to remain in a position, whose real prestige and power he has been content to sacrifice.

It is simply absurd to talk of Mr. Disraeli as having triumphed. He has shown considerable art in cajoling his blind followers into a submission to the terms necessary to his retention of office. He has, as Mr. Bernal Osborne put it, with even more than his usual caustic wit, succeeded in lugging up that great omnibus full of stupid—in a parliamentary sense—heavy country gentlemen who must by this time be somewhat astonished to find themselves converted into Radical Reformers; but if he has triumphed, it is a triumph which no high-minded man will envy. The Reform Bill may be nominally his; but so far, at all events, as the borough franchise is concerned, it bears hardly a trace of his influence. We have only to recall the successive phases through which it has passed in order to estimate at its true worth the victory of which his friends boast, and about which even some Liberals are

content to talk very foolishly. First there were the resolutions hardly proposed before they were withdrawn in deference to the unanimous disapprobation with which they were greeted. Then there was the "Ten-minutes Bill," proposed without deliberation, and abandoned as hastily as it had been conceived. Then came household suffrage with its three restrictions, dual voting, two years' residence, and personal rating. The first was sacrificed without a struggle, and then we had household suffrage with two restrictions. For the second a show of fight was made, it was proclaimed a vital point of the Bill, supporters were summoned in hot haste to maintain it. But an adverse vote removed it, and those were ridiculed who had foolishly imagined that it, or indeed anything else, could be vital. We had then Household Suffrage with one restriction, and for that a longer struggle was maintained, and it really seemed as if at last a stand would be made. The compound householder was discussed and re-discussed. Poor Mr. Hibbert was first cajoled, and then abandoned, and English Conservatism hoped that at least this one safeguard to the British Constitution would be preserved. But again Mr. Disraeli yielded to the popular feeling which he had provoked. If this be a triumph we are at a loss to imagine what would be a defeat. Of course, Mr. Disraeli has not been driven from office, but the greatest dishonour which could fall upon him is that he should remain to pass a Bill from which has been eliminated everything for which he professed it necessary to contend.

There is this indeed to be said for Mr. Disraeli that he has never made a great show of adherence to principle, and while making use of the prejudices of his followers, has never spoken as if he was strongly influenced by them himself. But the same cannot be urged on behalf of some of his colleagues. When we recall not the speeches of last year, but those even of the present session, we can only wonder whether political morality has been quietly relegated to the tomb of all the Capulets. The echoes of the pompous platitudes in which Mr. Gathorne Hardy proclaimed his unabated conservatism, and the strong utterances in which Sir Stafford Northcote denied the democratic nature of the measure, and repudiated the idea of household suffrage, have yet hardly died away, and yet we find these gentlemen still seated on the ministerial bench, promoting a measure which concedes the very suffrage thus condemned, and will accomplish a revolution far more serious than even the sanguine friends of Reform would have ventured to propose. However desirable such a change may be, it is too dearly purchased when secured by the sacrifice of that political honour for which English statesmen have always been distinguished, and which is of even higher

importance to good government than any political arrangements. If there be danger at all, that danger is indefinitely increased by the fact that the Derby Ministry have initiated a revolution in the relations of the Executive to the Legislature infinitely more serious in its ultimate results than the most sweeping measure of Parliamentary Reform. If, as some predict, the House of Commons is to witness a larger infusion of a lower class of men, and the administration of affairs is to be placed in the hands of demagogues, they will find an unfortunate precedent for any course of subserviency to the will of the majority in the precedent set them by the last minister of an unreformed House. That a Government, with one of the proudest peers of England at their head, including some of the most powerful aristocrats, the chosen representatives of the chivalry, the rank, and the wealth of the country, should have sacrificed their political consistency, the traditions of their party, and, if their own assertions are to be believed, the interests of the country itself, in order that they might enjoy the sweets of office, is a calamity the full extent of which will only be appreciated in the future. Assuredly it is an example to which appeal may have afterwards be made with fatal effect.

As for the unfortunate Adullamites, they are surely to be pitied. They have furnished a remarkable illustration of the truth contained in the old myth of the Sibylline books. Last year they might have silenced the agitation for Reform by the acceptance of a moderate measure which would have contented all parties for years to come, and which might have afforded time to educate the people for those greater changes which must be anticipated. But they listened to personal pique, to the suggestions of unwise counsellors, to the advice of those who, to use the pithy language of stout old Mr. Henley, would let the pot go on boiling until it overflowed, and brought about a worse state of things than existed before. At the commencement of the present session it seemed as if they had perceived their error, and were half disposed to seek out some place of repentance. It was offered them in Mr. Gladstone's proposition of a £5 rating, but the blandishments of Mr. Disraeli were too powerful. Earl Grosvenor fancied that he had become a political potentate, and would be able to dictate terms to the Government, who encouraged the illusion so long as it was necessary to their own ends. Again they forsook the friends with whom they had patched up a sort of alliance, again they listened to the voice of the charmer, and now they have been rudely awakened from their dream. Not they, but Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright have controlled the action of the Ministry, and given the Bill its distinctive character. Their reflections cannot be very pleasant. The illustrious

avid who was to issue from the Cave with a trusty band of adherents for the deliverance of the constitution from its democratic assailants, finds now to his cost that he has only been made an instrument for the betrayal of the very interests which he had undertaken to defend. Such are the results of a short-sighted selfishness, insensible to the strong tendencies of modern thoughts, blind to the real wants of the country and the times, and sacrificing everything in the vain hope of maintaining the predominance of a class.

But turning now from the mode in which the contemplated change has been brought, it is well calmly to consider the probable results of the democratic innovations which await us. So much has been said and written about the character of the working classes, they have been so freely credited with all sorts of revolutionary designs, such terrible pictures have been drawn of the mischief sure to result from their admission in any considerable numbers to the franchise, that it is not easy now to form a dispassionate judgment as to the future. Mr. Lowe is full of gloomy forebodings, and we must give him the credit due to the consistent loyalty with which he maintains a position which he is left almost alone. He prophesies still to the perplexed and unsympathizing House just as he did last year, when mingling and enthusiastic cheers greeted the eloquent passages which he foretold the ruin which an extension of the franchise would bring upon the country. But Mr. Lowe does not understand his countrymen. They have grave defects, they are very ready to commit some serious mistakes, but they will not fulfil the wild anticipations in which he indulges. No possible changes can, in an old country like this, where there is quite sufficient worship of rank and wealth, neutralize the various kinds of aristocratic and plutocratic influence which will, directly or indirectly, be brought to bear. The House of Lords is not at all likely to be abolished, and will be likely to exercise even greater power in its own sphere when it has ceased to control so largely and improperly, as it now does, the popular branch of the Legislature. But even if the operative class were to obtain a far more complete monopoly of power than is at all probable or possible, we demur to the idea that they would use it in the selfish way which Mr. Lowe expects and so confidently pronounces. We have seen them in relations different from those which he has known them. We have never taken part in an exciting political contest, or been exposed to the violence of an electioneering mob; but we have seen the people of Lancashire in the hour of their dire distress, and witnessed the intelligence with which they met the appeals of selfish agitators, the respect which they showed for the rights of property, the indignation

with which they regarded, and the firmness with which they repelled, the attempts of a few lawless ones, the constancy with which they endured suffering, protracted and painful; and we have learned to cherish for them a feeling of respect which those less acquainted with them may not feel. We have known them as earnest and diligent workers in Sabbath schools and other Christian institutions, where they used such knowledge and talent as they possessed for the good of others, and contributed more to the well-being of society than many of higher position and greater pretension. We do not say that men of this character are a fair type of their order, and that there are not to be found others of a very different; but we do say that there are numbers of this spirit, and that their influence must be widely felt in checking any tendency to "the politics of socialism." To suppose that they will all unite in a crusade against rank and property, that they will abolish all the taxes that press on themselves to lay an unfair burden on the aristocracy, that they will repudiate the National Debt, and perpetrate a number of similar atrocities, is a slander which cannot be too indignantly repudiated. That they will make their power felt in redressing many inequalities that now exist, to the discredit of the class whose power has hitherto been predominant, we do believe, and it will be well that they should. But Mr. Lowe may be sure there is a high sense of honour among them that will hold them back from such acts of injustice as he anticipates.

We are glad to be able to quote with commendation the words of the *Times* on this point. It has suddenly been awakened to a sense of the unfairness of such criticisms, and says very justly:—

"We hope not to be misunderstood when we confess an opinion that too much has been said about classes in the whole of this long controversy. Every year's experience must add to a sensible and observant man's conviction that goodness and sense are not the privileges of one class. There are good men and there are bad men in all classes. Independence, servility; self-command, self-indulgence; courage, poltroonery; gentleness, violence; honesty, knavery; are found in rich and poor—high, middle, and low. . . . Against the vices and weaknesses that pull men down may be balanced other vices, such as selfishness, cunning, and injustice, that sometimes help to rise; and on the whole there really is not much antecedent probability that any class is substantially worse than the class above. There is a taste in these matters, and taste is capricious as well as prejudiced. But it is not to the caprices of taste, or to the prejudices of habit, that we chiefly owe our false estimates of the classes. The many are the million—the immense, multitudinous, rough, squalid, sometimes noisy and violent mass. This is the class that ever puts its worst foot foremost. It exaggerates its own vices, and caricatures its own infirmities."

In the fuller discussion of the many questions arising out of

the relations the working classes ought to sustain in our representative institutions, we are extremely glad to avail ourselves of the aid of the series of "Essays on Reform" which we have put at the head of this article. Valuable at any time, they are specially important at present as the utterances of men of position, high culture, some of them of exalted rank, and all more or less associated with the governing class, in favour of the rights of the unenfranchised mass of their fellow-countrymen. Were it not for the existence of men of this type, men of broad views and generous sympathies, whose intellectual and social advantages have given them an elevation of tone as well as of rank, who have faith in truth, faith in their fellow-men, faith in the generous instincts of the working men, and faith in the power of the more Conservative forces of society to correct any tendency to extreme impulsiveness, we might well despair of the future of our country. The cold and heartless cynicism of such men as Mr. Roebuck, the feeling of suspicion and jealousy which has been so wide-spread in the House of Commons, the eagerness with which assaults on their order have been welcomed, are enough to alienate the sympathies and chill the patriotism of working men, and so to make a breach which will not easily be healed. We therefore greatly rejoice to find men whose tendencies might have been expected to lead them in a contrary direction, eminent members of the Universities, who of all others are most likely to be free from popular passions, who are not exposed to the innumerable seductions that tempt the active politician to indulge in mere "clap-trap," and whose reading and observation must give them some fitness for forming a judgment on such questions coming forward to plead on behalf of a large measure of Reform. There is considerable diversity of opinion among them, but they are all agreed both as to the necessity of laying the foundations of our constitution deep in the affections and confidence of the nation, and in the sentiment of generous trust which they would repose in the people. They look at the subject of Reform from various sides, and altogether furnish us with the most philosophic argument in defence of the proposed changes, and the most triumphant refutation of the innumerable fallacies in which the upholders of things as they are, have indulged. How Mr. Brodrick meets Mr. Lowe's utilitarian argument, and though his essay is not so thoroughly satisfactory as some of its companions, it is a vigorous and earnest protest against what he truly says "is in effect an argument against the first principles of political liberty." Mr. Hutton discusses in an enlightened, candid, and impartial spirit the political character of the working classes. Lord Houghton treats the admission of these classes to the franchise in its

bearing on the subject of "National Unity." Mr. Goldwin Smith, in a short but very interesting paper, repels those charges which have been so lavishly brought against American institutions, with the hope of discrediting all popular movements in this country. Dr. Bryce does good service by presenting the "Historical Aspect of Democracy," a work for which he was especially competent. Other writers take up points of hardly less importance as to the "redistribution of seats," the character of the present House of Commons, the "opportunities and shortcomings of the Government in England," and the history of the Reformed House, in which Sir George Young contrasts with great effect the impetus given to Legislation by the Bill of 1832, with the apathy that has since prevailed, and the barrenness of any great measures of practical Reform which have characterized the last twenty years. Altogether the volume is a most able and important manifesto. It is no light advantage to have these grave political questions discussed with a thoroughness and a calmness which can hardly be hoped for in the arena of parliamentary strife. We need not fear for the future of English politics so long as the best minds of the country devote to them such careful attention, and feel that one of the highest honours to which an Englishman—whatever be his station—can aspire, is to exercise a proper influence on the Legislation of the country.

It is perfectly needless to argue as to the necessity for Reform when Mr. Lowe—like another Cassandra—is uttering his sad prophecies to a generation of sceptics who, utterly unmoved by his appeals, persevere in doing the work which he predicts will ruin the country. Still while we have his extravagant laudation of the Parliament, in which the middle classes are supposed to exercise predominant influence, it is well to see how far that influence is substantial and to what effect it has been employed. Mr. Cracroft's very complete and instructive "Analysis of the House of Commons" may help us to a right understanding of the first point. His great object is to show that the representation of the class may be more effectual when it is indirect than when it is direct; that it is in this way that some of the most powerful interests wield such a mighty influence in the House of Commons, and that the recognition of this distinction is the "key to the whole question of Reform." It cannot be denied that the power of the landed interest is predominant, that it has been able to hinder the carrying out of great reforms, on the importance of which there is a remarkable unanimity of opinion among the middle class, and that when, as in the case of the Catholic Plague Compensation Bill, it is resolved to pass a measure for the good of its own order, there is no possibility of successfully

resisting its rampant selfishness. Yet the aristocracy have no exclusive privileges conferred on them by law, no plurality of votes, no special right to seats in the House. Mr. Disraeli indeed will be prepared with an extraordinary set of figures to prove that the land is very unfairly treated in the distribution of political power, and that the great reform necessary is one which shall more equitably adjust the balance by giving the country gentry an increased number of seats. It requires some hardihood in the face of the known facts of the case to stand up and talk about the injustice done to the representatives of the landed interest, and yet if we look only at direct representation there is a show of plausibility in its favour.

"There is" (says Mr. Cracroft, who goes here to the very core of the question) "no law compelling the constituencies to return any particular class of men to the House of Commons. The property qualification has been abolished." We can all remember the time when that property qualification was regarded as one of the bulwarks of the Constitution, and its abolition opposed as a direct advance to revolution; yet so mighty are the influences of rank and wealth in this country that, so far as any practical result in the admission of poor men is concerned, it might as well have remained on the Statute Book. "How, then" (asks the writer) "do members get there? and when there how is their representation of those who sent them there to be measured and defined. The answer, in the case of the aristocracy, is evident. They get there not by direct but by indirect influence, by the power, in short, of their prodigious antecedent advantages, by their irredeemable start in the race for power. When there they represent *directly* their constituencies, indirectly themselves; yet, from the very nature of things, in such a manner that the indirect representation throws, and must necessarily throw, the direct representation into the shade. It is in the nature of things that a man's self should be nearer to him than his constituency." In such reasoning there is no reflection implied on individual character, purity of motive, and conscientiousness of action. It is freely granted that there are individuals who rise superior to the influence of their order, and strike out an independent path, and that there are numbers who would, so far as merely personal interest is concerned, prefer public to private considerations. "But in the case of classes dealing with class interests, it is a law of their being that they should consider themselves paramount and necessary to the public welfare. Thus an individual landowner may be indifferent to the claims of land, and vote against them where he thinks it right; but a class of landowners, whomsoever else they represent, will have a tendency first to represent them-

selves. That tendency may be checked, controlled, over-ruled—it sometimes is—but it is always there.”

Now the aristocratic element alone includes, as the *essayist* shows, 326, or nearly one-half of the present House, who are “one vast cousinhood.” Nor does even this give a full idea of its power; there are “120 or 130 more belonging substantially to the same class.” Indeed, it is not too much to put down the number of members representing the landed interest at 500, while the rich mercantile men, who are the proper representatives of the middle class, tend more and more to an alliance with this “upper ten thousand,” the grand aim of their ambition often being to find admission into that charmed circle. “The mercantile interest is in itself a hierarchy, in which the little shopman looks up, with not unfounded hope, to the position of the merchant, while the merchant, in his turn, generally has one ambition at least to found a country family. The landowners, on their part, are on the look out for heiresses. Thus the fusion of the two interests is becoming daily more and more complete. The result is that Parliament is, and tends in this country more and more to become, a Parliament of law and trade, not of labour; of employers, not employed; of officers not soldiers; of admirals, not sailors; of railway directors rather than railway travellers.” The working-classes are said to number 128,000 in the constituencies, and if Parliament was anything like a mirror of the nation ought to have considerable power there: but, as a matter of fact, their voice is not heard, and their power is hardly felt there at all.

Bearing these facts in mind, we are not surprised at the want of legislation, or rather of no legislation, for many years past. The classes who rule are too fond of the *laissez faire* policy, too much afraid of anything which might possibly compromise the prosperity which they think it is the final end of all legislation to promote, to give themselves heartily to any of those wise and daring measures essential to the right adjustment of our social system. There are among the middle classes a considerable party of earnest, intelligent, patriotic men, who are fully sensible of the shortcomings of our legislation, and anxious to provide some remedies; but they are overborne by the aristocratic influence of the landed gentry and the generation of snobs who are content to hang on their skirts, and humbly to do their will. Hence we have been doing literally nothing. Ireland, if its condition stood alone, is the reproach of our modern legislation. As Mr. Bernal Osborne wittily told the House, every Chief Secretary for Ireland has three sets of measures, which he introduces. The first is to protect salmon, the second to settle the land question, the third to defend the State from the assaults

rebels. The salmon are happy in having their protection secured by numerous enactments. The Government, of course, must be upheld by any number of representative measures; but the work of allaying popular discontent, by settling the relations of landlord and tenant is passed on from session to session undone. The thirty-fourth Act for this purpose is now before the House. Thirty-three have failed, and this will share the fate of all its predecessors. On the other hand, twenty-six Acts for the curtailment of public liberty have been passed, and the twenty-seventh is now being hurried through all its stages with a decision, a rapidity, and a unanimity that contrast very remarkably with the wretched trifling with all those grievances which keep Ireland in a state of chronic discontent, varied only by the occasional outbursts of rebellion. What is the reason of all this? It certainly is not the unwillingness of the English people fairly to deal with the case of Ireland. It is not owing even to the predominance of sectarian feeling, for poor Mr. Newdegate only the other day called together a number of Protestant Dissenting ministers, to whom, of all people in the world, he chose to unbosom his grief as to the sad decay of Protestant feeling in the House of Commons. Of all his old companions and friends none were left. Spooner was dead, some Dissenters from whom he had hoped better things would not see that it was right to restrain the liberties of Roman Catholics; there was no Whiteside now to dance to his piping: only Whalley was left, and Whalley everybody ridiculed. Surely Catholic Ireland may hope something from such a Parliament! Yet she gets nothing, and for the very obvious reason that the landlords of both countries fancy their own interests concerned; and therefore, whether there be Fenian insurrections or Riband Societies, secret plottings, or open rebellion, that reliance is placed upon a mere coercion which can be reposed safely on even-handed justice alone.

But is England really much better? Look at the subject of Church Rates, which has been awaiting a settlement for thirty-two years, and does not seem much advanced towards it yet. Look at the law under whose operation the land of the country is, to an extent which thoughtful observers cannot regard but with serious anxiety, being accumulated in a comparatively few hands. Look at the miserable way in which the subject of National Education has been neglected, and even the funds which have been voted for the purpose allowed to become another appanage of the aristocratic church. It may be said, indeed, that Nonconformists have themselves to thank for this; but when was an attempt to meet them fairly, to respect their honourable and conscientious objections to the employ-

ment of the national funds for religious teaching of any kind, to lay the basis of what might prove a liberal national system in which they might co-operate without compromise of principles, valued not because of mere sectarian interests, but from regard to far higher considerations? Look again at the Poor Laws, constructed with regard to the interests of the landlord rather than the pauper. Would all these things have remained in their present unsatisfactory condition but for the predominance of a class bent on maintaining its own supremacy both in Church and State. The very atmosphere of the House is unfriendly to the exhibition of any earnestness in the advocacy of measures which threaten to invade the preserves, whether political or ecclesiastical, of the favoured class. There is, in truth, very little more disposition to grapple fairly with the abuses arising out of the unfair privileges enjoyed by the landed interest than there was before 1832. Most thoroughly, therefore, do we agree with Sir George Young, "The same motives which then urged the enfranchisement of some, now urge the enfranchisement of others; the same historical tendency which then carried a Reform Bill will sooner or later carry another; and the same sagacity which has guided the fortunes of England in the hands of all her children who have been called hitherto to her counsels will not cease to guide them still in the increased multitude of her counsellors."

"But," say some, "it is absurd to expect that the working classes will show this political sagacity, or that their introduction into the constituencies will materially improve the condition of things."

We will, in our next article, show why we utterly dissent from such an opinion, and without indulging in any extravagant expectations as to the accomplishment of some great and immediate changes, look forward with hope. Meanwhile let us say that these loud talkers about the selfishness, the ignorance, the tyranny of the working man, who predict all sorts of terrible things as the result of their obtaining any accession of power, have taken but little trouble to examine into the true character and aims of those whom they are so ready to condemn. Their Trade Societies have exposed them to a great deal of odium from those who do not seem to perceive that the workman's desire for high wages is not in itself more reprehensible than the capitalist's anxiety to secure large profits. We cannot defend their system of coercion; but those who take up stones to cast at them ought themselves to be without sin; and we fail to see the difference in principle between the pressure put upon the butcher to keep his meat at a certain price, or the barrister to observe certain professional regulations, and insist on a certain

scale of fees, under pain of severe social penalties, and that which the workmen employ to compel their fellows to aid them in their struggle for what they regard as the rights of labour. No doubt they violate in their laws the first principles of economic science, and act "in restraint of trade;" but there is another side of these organizations to which we shall hereafter direct attention.

We cannot better conclude for the present than by recommending our readers to peruse for themselves Mr. Hutton's admirable essay, the summary of which we quote:—

I believe, then, that while the working class show undoubtedly less intellectual range than the so-called educated classes, they show, partly on that account, a more sure instinct as to which are the great political ideas of the day, and a more unwavering fidelity to them, which will be of the greatest use in increasing the efficiency of Parliament. Further, that they will introduce into our foreign politics an element of more decidedly cosmopolitan sympathy, which is greatly needed in England, and is not at all likely ever to be in excess. Again, that they will raise the popular value felt for the Government as an instrument of organizing our national life, and subordinating individual selfishness to the good of the whole State; and, last, that, so far from diminishing the personal influence of really liberal and able statesmen, the working class will lend them a new power which in our middle-class Parliament they have never yet pleaded.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

ELIAS HOWE, the inventor of the sewing machine, was born in 1819, at Spencer, in Massachusetts, where his father was a farmer and miller. There was a grist-mill, a saw-mill, and a shingle machine on the place; but all of them together, with the aid of the farm, yielded but a slender revenue for a man blessed with eight children. It was a custom in that neighbourhood, as in New England generally, forty years ago, for families to carry on some kind of manufacture at which children could assist. At six years of age, Elias Howe worked with his brothers and sisters at sticking the wire teeth into strips of leather for "cards," used in the manufacture of cotton. As soon as he was old enough, he assisted upon the farm and in the mills, attending the district school in the winter months. He is now of opinion that it was the rude and simple mills belonging to his father which gave his mind its bent toward machinery.

In 1835, with his parents' reluctant consent, he went to Lowell, and obtained a learner's place in a large manufactory of cotton machinery, where he remained until the crash of 1837 closed the mills of Lowell, and sent him adrift, a seeker after work. He went to Cambridge, under the shadow of venerable Harvard. He found employment there in a large machine-shop, and was set at work upon the new hemp-carding machinery invented by Professor Treadwell.

At twenty-one, being still a journeyman machinist, earning nine dollars a week, he married; and, in time, children came with inconvenient frequency. Nine dollars is a fixed quantity, or, rather, it was *then*; and the addition of three little mouths to be fed from it, and three little backs to be clothed by it, converted the vivacious father into a thoughtful and plodding citizen. His day's labour at this time, when he was upon heavy work, was so fatiguing to him, that on reaching his home, he would sometimes be too exhausted to eat, and he would go to bed longing, as we have heard him say, "to lie in bed for ever and ever." It was the pressure of poverty and this extreme fatigue that caused him about the year 1843, to set about the work of inventing the machine which four years before he had overheard somebody say would be "an independent fortune" to the inventor. Then it was he caught the inventor's mania, which gives its victims no rest and no peace till they have accomplished the work to which they have abandoned themselves.

He wasted many months on a false scent. When he began to experiment, his only thought was to invent a machine which should do what he saw his wife doing when she sewed. He took it for granted that sewing must be *that*, and his first device was a needle pointed at both ends, with the eye in the middle, that should work up and down through the cloth, and carry the thread through it at each thrust. Hundreds of hours by night and day he brooded over this conception, and cut many a basket of chips in the endeavour to make something that would work such a needle so as to form the common stitch. He could not do it. One day in 1844, the thought flashed upon him, is it necessary that a machine should imitate the performance of the hand? May there not be *another* stitch? This was the crisis of the invention. The idea of using two threads, and forming a stitch by the aid of a shuttle and a curved needle with the eye near the point, soon occurred to him, and he felt that he had invented a sewing machine. It was in the month of October, 1844, that he was able to convince *himself*, by a rough model of wood and wire, that such a machine as he had projected would sew.

At this time he had ceased to be a journeyman mechanic. His

father had removed to Cambridge to establish a machine for cutting palm-leaf into strips for hats—a machine invented by a brother of the elder Howe. Father and son were living in the same house, into the garret of which the son had put a lathe and a few machinist's tools, and was doing a little work on his own account. His ardour in the work of invention robbed him, however, of many hours that might have been employed, his friends thought, to better advantage by the father of a family. He was extremely poor, and his father had lost his palm-leaf machine by a fire. With an invention in his head that has since given him more than two hundred thousand dollars in a single year, and which is now yielding a profit to more than one firm of a thousand dollars a day, he could scarcely provide for his little family the necessaries of life. Nor could his invention be tested, except by making a machine of steel and iron, with the exactness and finish of a clock. At the present time, with a machine before him for a model, a good mechanic could not, with his ordinary tools, construct a sewing machine in less than two months, nor at a less expense than three hundred dollars. Elias Howe had only his model in his head, and he had not money enough to pay for the raw material requisite for one machine.

There was living then at Cambridge a young friend and school-mate of the inventor, named George Fisher, a coal and wood merchant, who had recently inherited some property, and was not disinclined to speculate with some of it. The two friends had been in the habit of conversing together upon the project of the sewing machine. When the inventor had reached his final conception, in the fall of 1844, he succeeded in convincing George Fisher of its feasibility, which led to a partnership between them for bringing the invention into use. The terms of this partnership were these: George Fisher was to receive into his house Elias Howe and his family, board them while Elias was making the machine, give up his garret for a workshop, and provide money for material and tools to the extent of five hundred dollars; in return for which he was to become the proprietor of one half the patent, if the machine proved to be worth patenting. Early in December, 1844, Elias Howe moved into the house of George Fisher, set up his shop in the garret, gathered materials about him, and went to work. It was a very small, low garret, but it sufficed for one zealous, brooding workman, who did not wish for gossiping visitors.

All the winter of 1844—45, Mr. Howe worked at his machine. His conception of what he intended to produce was so clear and complete, that he was little delayed by failures, but worked on with almost as much certainty and steadiness as though he had a model before him. In April he sewed a seam by his machine.

By the middle of May, 1845, he had completed his work. In July, he sewed by his machine all the seams of two suits of woollen clothes, one suit for Mr. Fisher, and the other for himself, the sewing of both of which outlasted the cloth. This first of all sewing machines, after crossing the ocean many times, and figuring as a dumb but irrefutable witness in many a court, may still be seen at Mr. Howe's office in Broadway, where, within these few weeks, it has sewed seams in cloth at the rate of three hundred stitches a minute.

Like all the other inventors, Mr. Howe found that when he had completed his machine his difficulties had but begun. After he had brought the machine to the point of making a few stitches, he went to Boston one day to get a tailor to come to Cambridge and arrange some cloth for sewing, and give his opinion as to the quality of the work done by the machine. The comrades of the man to whom he first applied dissuaded him from going, alleging that a sewing machine, if it worked well, must necessarily reduce the whole fraternity of tailors to beggary; and this proved to be the unchangeable conviction of the tailors for the next ten years. It is probable that the machines first made would have been destroyed by violence, but for another fixed opinion of the tailors, which was, that no machine could be made that would really answer the purpose. It seems strange now, that the tailors of Boston could have persisted so long in such an opinion; for Mr. Howe, a few weeks after he had finished his first model, gave them an opportunity to see what it could do. He placed his little engine in one of the rooms of the Quincy Hall Clothing Manufactory, and, seating himself before it, offered to sew up any seam that might be brought to him. One unbelieving tailor after another brought a garment, and saw its long seams sewed perfectly, at the rate of two hundred and fifty stitches a minute; which was about seven times as fast as the work could be done by hand. For two weeks he sat there daily, and sewed up seams for all who chose to bring them to him.

Not a tailor encouraged him by word or deed. Some objected that the machine did not make the whole garment. Others dreaded to encounter the fierce opposition of the journeymen. Others really thought it would beggar all hand sewers, and refrained from using it on principle. Others admitted the utility of the machine and the excellence of the work done by it; but, said, "We are doing well as we are, and fear to make such a change." The great cost of the machine was a most serious obstacle to its introduction. A year or two since, Mr. Howe caused a copy of his first machine to be made for exhibition in his window, and it cost him two hundred and fifty dollars. In 1845 he could not have furnished his machine for less than three

hundred dollars, and a large clothier or shirtmaker would have required thirty or forty of them.

The inventor was not disheartened by the result of the introduction of the machine. The next thing was to get the invention patented, and Mr. Howe again shut himself up in George Fisher's garret for three or four months, and made another machine for deposit in the Patent Office. In the spring of 1846, there being no prospect of revenue from the invention, he engaged as "engineer" upon one of the railroads terminating at Boston, and "drove" a locomotive daily for some weeks; but the labour proved too much for his strength, and he was compelled to give it up. Late in the summer, the model and the documents being ready for the Patent Office, the two associates treated themselves to a journey to Washington, where the wonderful machine was exhibited at a fair, with no results except to amuse the crowd. September 10, 1846, the patent was issued, and soon after the young men returned to Cambridge.

George Fisher was now totally discouraged. He had maintained the inventor and his family for many months; he had provided the money for the tools and material for two machines; he had paid the expense of getting the patent, and of the journey to Washington; he had advanced in all about two thousand dollars; and he saw not the remotest probability of the invention becoming profitable. Elias Howe moved back to his father's house, and George Fisher considered his advances in the light of a dead loss. "I had lost confidence," he has since testified, "in the machine's ever paying anything."

But mothers and inventors do not give up their offspring so. America having rejected the invention, Mr. Howe resolved to offer it to England. In October, 1846, his brother, Amasa B. Howe, with the assistance of their father, took passage in the steerage of a sailing packet, and conveyed one of the machines to London. An Englishman was the first manufacturer who had faith enough in the American sewing machine to invest money in it. In Cheapside, Amasa Howe came upon the shop of William Thomas, who examined and approved the machine. Necessity, as Poor Richard remarks, cannot make a good bargain; but the bargain which it made on this occasion, through the agency of Amasa B. Howe, was signally bad. He sold to Mr. Thomas, for two hundred and fifty pounds sterling, the machine he had brought with him, and the right to use as many others in his own business as he desired. There was also a verbal understanding that Mr. Thomas was to patent the invention in England, and if the machine came into use there, he was to pay the inventor three pounds on every machine sold. That was an excellent day's work for William Thomas, of Cheapside. Elias Howe is

of opinion that the investment of that two hundred and fifty pounds has yielded a profit of one million dollars. Mr. Thomas further proposed to engage the inventor to adapt the machine to the work upon corsets, offering him the munificent stipend of three pounds a week, and to defray the expense of workshop, tools, and material.

Amasa B. Howe returned to Cambridge with this offer. America being still insensible to the charms of the new invention, and the two hundred pounds having been immediately absorbed by the long-accumulating necessities of the family, and there being no prospect of advantageous employment at home, Elias Howe accepted the offer, and both brothers set sail for London, February 5, 1847. They went in the steerage, and cooked their own provisions. William Thomas provided a shop and its requisites, and even advanced money for the passage to England of the inventor's family, who joined him soon—wife and three children. After eight months of labour, the inventor succeeded in adapting his machine to the purposes of the stay-maker; and when this was done, the stay-maker required him to do the miscellaneous repairs. The Yankee resented this behaviour, and William Thomas discharged Elias Howe from his employment. From a chance acquaintance, named Charles Inglis, a coach-maker, who proved to be a true friend, he hired a small room for a workshop, in which, after borrowing a few tools, he began to construct his fourth sewing machine.

After three or four months of labour, the machine was finished. It was worth fifty pounds. The only customer he could find for it was a working man of his acquaintance, who offered five pounds for it, if he could have time to pay it in. The inventor was obliged to accept this offer. The purchaser gave his note for the five pounds, which Charles Inglis succeeded in selling to another mechanic for four pounds. To pay his debts and his expenses home, Mr. Howe pawned his precious first machine and his letters-patent. "He drew a hand-cart, with his baggage on it, to the ship, to save the expense of cartage;" and again he took passage in the steerage, along with his English friend, Charles Inglis.

In April, 1849, Elias Howe landed in New York, after an absence of two years from the country, with half a crown in his pocket. Four years had nearly elapsed since the completion of his first machine, and this small piece of silver was the net result of his labours upon that invention. He and his friend went to one of the cheapest emigrant boarding-houses, and Elias Howe sought employ in the machine-shops, which, luckily, he found without delay. The news reached him soon that his wife was

ring of consumption, but he had not the money for a journey to Cambridge. In a few days, however, he received ten dollars from his father, and he was thus enabled to reach his wife's bedside, and receive her last breath. He had no clothes except those he daily wore, and he was obliged to borrow a suit from a brother-in-law in which to appear at the funeral. It was marked by his old friends that his natural gaiety of disposition was quite quenched by the severity of his recent trials. He was extremely downcast and worn. He looked like a man just out after a long and agonizing sickness. Soon came intelligence that the ship in which he had embarked all his household goods had been wrecked off Cape Cod, and was a total loss. But now he was among friends, who hastened to relieve his immediate necessities, and who took care of his children. He was as soon at work; not, indeed, at his beloved machine, but at work which his friends considered much more rational. He was again a journeyman machinist at weekly wages.

Upon his return home, after his residence in London, Elias Howe discovered, much to his surprise, that the sewing machine had become celebrated, though its inventor appeared forgotten. Several ingenious mechanics, who had only heard or read of a machine for sewing, and others who had seen the Howe machine, had turned their attention to inventing in the same direction, or to improving upon Mr. Howe's devices. The inventor, upon inspecting these crude products, saw that they all contained the devices which he had first combined and patented. Poor as he was, he was not disposed to submit to this infringement, and he began forthwith to prepare for war against the infringers. When he entered upon this litigation he was a journeyman machinist; his machine and his letters-patent were pawned three thousand miles away, and the patience, if not the purses, of his friends was exhausted. When the contest ended, the leading branch of the national industry was tributary to him. The first step was to get back from England that first machine, and the document issued from the Patent Office. In the course of the summer of 1849 he contrived to raise the hundred dollars requisite for their deliverance; and the Hon. Nelson Burlingame, who was going to London, kindly undertook to hunt them up in the wilderness of Surrey. He found them, and sent them home in the autumn of the same year. The inventor wrote polite letters to the infringers, warning them to desist, and offering to sell them licenses to continue. All but a few of them, it appears, were disposed to acknowledge his rights and to accept his proposal. That one induced the others to resist, and nothing remained but a resort to the courts. Assisted by his father, the inventor began a suit; but

he was soon made aware that justice is a commodity much beyond the means of a journeyman mechanic.

The person to whom he was finally indebted for the means of securing his rights was George W. Bliss, of Massachusetts, who was prevailed upon to buy Mr. Fisher's share of the patent, and to advance the money needful for carrying on the suits.

Towards the close of 1850 we find him in New York, superintending the construction of fourteen sewing machines at a shop in Gold Street, adjoining which he had a small office, furnished with a five-dollar desk and two fifty-cent chairs.

While he was thus engaged, events occurred which seriously threatened to rob him of all the benefits of his invention. The infringers of his patent were not men of large means nor of extraordinary energy, and they had no "case" whatever. There was the machine which Elias Howe had made in 1845, there were his letters-patent, and all the sewing machines then known to be in existence were essentially the same as his. But in August, 1850, a man became involved with the infringers who was of very different mettle from those steady-going Yankees, and capable of carrying on a much more vigorous warfare than they. This was that Isaac Merritt Singer who has since so often astonished the Fifth Avenue, and is now amusing Paris, by the oddity and splendour of his equipages. He was then a poor and baffled adventurer. He had been an actor and manager of a theatre, and had tried his hand at various enterprises, none of which had been very successful. In 1850 he invented (as he has since sworn) a carving machine, and, having obtained an order for one from Boston, he made it, and took it himself to Boston. In the shop in which he placed his carving machine he saw, for the first time, several sewing machines, brought there for repairs. Orson C. Phelps, the proprietor of the shop (Mr. Singer says), showed him one of these machines, and said to him that, if it could be improved so as to render it capable of doing a greater variety of work, "it would be a good thing;" and if Mr. Singer could accomplish this, he could get more money from sewing than from carving machines. Whereupon Mr. Singer contemplated the apparatus, and at night meditated upon it, with so much success, that he was able in the morning to exhibit a drawing of an improved machine. This sketch (so he swears) contained three original devices, which to this day form part of the sewing machine made by the Singer Company. The sketch being approved, the next thing was to construct a model. Mr. Singer having no money, the purchaser of his carving machine agreed to advance fifty dollars for the purpose; upon which Mr. Singer flew at the work like a tiger.

"I worked," he says, "day and night, sleeping but three or

four hours out of the twenty-four, and eating generally but once a day, as I knew I must get a machine made for forty dollars, or not get it at all. The machine was completed the night of the eleventh day from the day it was commenced. About nine o'clock that evening we got the parts of the machine together, and commenced trying it. The first attempt to sew was unsuccessful, and the workmen, who were tired out with almost unremitting work, left me one by one, intimating that it was a failure. I continued trying the machine, with Zieber (who furnished the forty dollars) to hold the lamp for me; but, in the nervous condition to which I had been reduced by incessant work and anxiety, was unsuccessful in getting the machine to sew tight stitches. About midnight I started with Zieber to the hotel where I boarded. Upon the way we sat down on a pile of boards, and Zieber asked me if I had noticed that the loose loops of thread on the upper side of the cloth came from the needle. It then flashed upon me that I had forgotten to adjust the tension upon the needle thread. Zieber and I went back to the shop. I adjusted the tension, tried the machine, and sewed five stitches perfectly, when the thread broke. The perfection of those stitches satisfied me that the machine was a success, and I stopped work, went to the hotel, and had a sound sleep. By three o'clock the next day I had the machine finished, and started with it to New York, where I employed Mr. Charles M. Keller to get out a patent for it."

Such was the introduction to the sewing machine of the man whose energy and audacity forced the machine upon an unbelieving public. He borrowed a little money, and, forming a partnership with his Boston patron and the machinist in whose shop he had made his model, began the manufacture of the machines. Great and numerous were the difficulties which arose in his path; but one by one he overcame them all. He advertised, he travelled, he sent out agents, he procured the insertion of articles in the newspapers, he exhibited the machine at fairs in town and country. Several times he was upon the point of failure, but in the nick of time something always happened to save him; and year after year he advanced toward an assured success. We well remember his early efforts, when he had only the back part of a small store in Broadway, and a little shop over a railroad dépôt: and we remember also the general incredulity with regard to the value of the machine with which his name was identified. Even after hearing him explain it at great length, we were very far from expecting to see him, one day, riding to the Central Park in a French *diligence*, drawn by five horses, paid for by the sewing machine. Still less did we anticipate that, within twelve years, the Singer Company would be

selling a thousand sewing machines a week, at a profit of thousand dollars a day. He was the true pioneer of the machine business of selling the machines, and made it easier for all his subsequent competitors.

In the year 1864, after a long trial, Judge Sprague, of Massachusetts, decided that "the plaintiff's patent is valid, and the defendant's machine is an infringement." The plaintiff was Elias Howe; the real infringer, I. M. Singer. Judge Sprague further observed, that "there is no evidence in this case that leaves a shadow of doubt that, for all the benefit conferred upon the public by the introduction of a sewing-machine, the public are indebted to Mr. Howe."

This decision was made when nine years had elapsed since the completion of the first machine, and when eight years of the term of the first patent had expired. The patent, however, even then, was so little productive, that the inventor, embarrassed as he was, was able upon the death of his partner, Mr. Bliss, to buy his share of it. He thus became, for the first time, the sole proprietor of his patent; and this occurred just when it was about to yield a princely revenue. From a few hundred dollars a year, his income rapidly increased, until it went beyond two hundred thousand dollars. He has received in all, up to the present time, about seventeen hundred thousand dollars. Before the time the extension of the patent expires, September 10, 1867, the amount will not fall far short of the round two millions. As Mr. Howe has devoted twenty-seven years of his life to the invention and development of the sewing machine, the public have compensated him at the rate of seventy-five thousand dollars a year. It has cost him, however, immense sums to defend his rights, and he is now very far from being the richest of the sewing-machine kings. He has the inconvenient reputation of being worth four millions, which is exactly ten times the value of his present estate.

So much for the inventor. In speaking of the *improvements* in the sewing machine, we know not how to be cautious enough for scarcely anything can be said on that branch of the subject which some one has not an interest to deny. The testimony taken in one of the suits which Messrs. Grover and Baker have had to sustain in defence of their well-known "stitch," fills two immense volumes, containing three thousand five hundred and seventy-five pages. At the Wheeler and Wilson establishment in Broadway, there is a library of similar volumes, resembling in appearance a quantity of London and Paris Directories. The Singer Company are equally blessed with sewing machine literature, and Mr. Howe has chests full of it. There is a useful device connected with the apparatus, the invention of

which is not claimed by more than one person. And no wonder. If to-day the ingenious reader could invent the slightest real improvement to the sewing machine, so real that a machine having it would possess an obvious advantage over all machines that had it not, and he should sell the right to use that improvement at so low a rate as fifty cents for each machine, he would find himself in the enjoyment of an income of one hundred thousand dollars per annum. The consequence is, that the number of patents already issued in the United States for sewing machines, and improvements in sewing machines, is about nine hundred. Perhaps thirty of these patents are valuable, but the great improvements are not more than ten in number, and most of those were made in the infancy of the machine.

The business of making and selling sewing machines, which was not fairly started before 1856, has attained a truly wonderful development. Twenty-seven firms or companies have been engaged in it at one time, a few of which have lately withdrawn, leaving about twenty still in the business. One of these has twenty-four stores of its own, in the large cities of the world, besides a much larger number of local agents. Another boasts that there are thirty-nine cities on this planet where its machines can be bought at all times.

Gentlemen best acquainted with the business compute that the whole number of sewing machines made in the United States up to the close of the year 1866 was about 750,000. During the quarter ending December 10, 1866, the number of machines made by licensed companies, as reported by them to Elias Howe, was 52,219! This is above the rate of 200,000 per annum. Mr. Howe is of opinion that about half as many more are produced by unlicensed makers, including the Yankees, who, driven from the United States by the Combination, have set up their factories on the other side of the Canada line. If his conjecture is correct, the astounding and almost incredible number of one thousand sewing machines is being produced every working day, at an average cost to the purchaser of sixty dollars each. The world, however, is a very large place, and when we hear of single establishments in New England which employ 500 machines, when we learn that the shirt-makers of one city—Troy, are now running more than 3000 of them, and when we consider that there are in the United States six millions of families, most of whom mean to have a sewing machine when they can afford it, we can believe that even so many as a thousand a day may be absorbed.

By means of the various improvements and attachments, the sewing machine now performs nearly all that the needle ever

did. It seams, hems, tucks, binds, stitches, quilts, gathers, falls, braids, embroiders, and makes button-holes. It is used in the manufacture of every garment worn by man, woman, or child. Firemen's caps, the engine-hose which firemen use, sole-leather trunks, harness, carriage-curtains and linings, buffalo-robes, horse-blankets, horse-collars, powder-flasks, mail-bags, sails, awnings, whips, saddles, corsets, hats, caps, valises, pocket-books, trusses, suspenders, are among the articles made by its assistance; but it is employed, quite as usefully, in making kid gloves, parasols, and the most delicate articles of ladies' attire.

Messrs. Wheeler and Wilson have published an estimate which indicates that the total value of the labour performed by the sewing machine in 1863 was three hundred and forty-two millions of dollars. A good hand-sewer averages thirty-five stitches per minute; the fastest machines on some kinds of work perform three thousand a minute. There are in a good shirt 20,620 stitches; what a saving to do them at machine speed! The stitching of a man's hat by hand requires fifteen minutes; by machine, one minute. One girl can do the sewing by machine of as many boys' caps as ten men can do by hand. In the general work of a tailor, the machine saves a journeyman about four hours in twelve. Carriage-trimmers testify that one machine and three hands, are equivalent to eleven hands. In the truss and bandage business, which is one of very great extent and importance, one machine is equal to ten women. In mere hemming, on a machine fitted expressly for the purpose, one machine does the work of fifty girls.

Professor Renwick, who has made the machine a particular study, expressed the opinion seven years ago, on oath, that the saving in labour, in the United States alone, then amounted to nineteen millions of dollars per annum.

THE MAY MEETINGS.

WITH the blossoms of spring come the anniversaries. They are as "seasonable" in May as fine days and hawthorn blossoms; and, as the buds enable us to judge of the vigour of the tree and the promise of the season, so, to an intelligent observer, do the May Meetings afford means of judging of the force and growth of religious life in England. The money subscribed to

great Societies is not the only, or indeed the chief, premises on which an estimate of the condition of the Christian communities who support them might be induced. If there existed an exceedingly devoted person of great zeal and much energy, and omnivorous in the matter of speeches, regularly attended *all* the May Meetings every year, he might attain to something like an accurate notion of the internal healthiness as well as the external prosperity of the Evangelical Churches in the kingdom. The "reports" would tell him something; but the contents and tone of the speeches, and the behaviour of even physiognomies of the audiences would tell him even more. We cannot construct a complete and accurate May Meeting-report for the use of our friends, but we can note a few facts in connection with the Anniversaries just held, which may enable us to judge for themselves how things are going on in the religious world."

The first Exeter Hall Assembly which our imaginary grim would this year have visited was the Wesleyan Missionary meeting. That was something like a meeting. Hours of matrons and lasses in their go-to-meeting clothes have been there to make sure of a good place. Tradesmen for this day have left themselves from their counters, comfortable farmers have come even from the Yorkshire wolds, and country "brethren," the score, have travelled up to town. What a throng; so firmly packed, so ready for the galvanic tremors, the sympathetic excitement which constitutes the great pleasure of a missionary meeting. As the clock strikes the hour for commencing there emerges up the little stairs by the side of the platform the head, shoulders, and finally the whole framework of the Lord Mayor of London, followed by a long train of secretaries, presidents, ex-presidents, returned missionaries, wealthy donors, and popular preachers. What a thrilling moment is that! "There's Mr. So-and-So, and that's the great one: —," exclaims some City damsel to her less favoured country cousin, and then their eyes glisten, a smile breaks over their faces, they clap and cheer, something comes up in their throats, and they feel that they wouldn't have missed that meeting, no, "not for worlds," as they say. This year the Methodists were great in civic functionaries, and the height of the chief magistrate of the metropolis in the chair, with the Sheriff of London and Middlesex at his right hand, gave an air of solid splendour to the gathering which the audience were well able to appreciate. The first spasm of emotion passed, they all settle down to listen with due gravity to the report. The opening sentences are waited for with intense eagerness, for they speak of money. Every one present knows

exactly what sum was raised last year, and what the year before that, and what his own circuit has raised, and all believe that the honour of the denomination is involved in making an advance year by year. "Home receipts," reads Dr. Hoole, "£109,288—(much cheering)—affiliated conferences and mission districts, £32,141; colonial grants for schools, £3,354; repayment of advances to chapels, £3,355—total receipts, £148,140." (Tremendous applause.) The great object of the year has been achieved. Truly it is a noble sum to raise. The Wesleyans are a numerous body, and their rich men give princely sums; but the majority of their members are poor, and to collect that £109,000 it was necessary that each member should, on an average, contribute some six or seven shillings. That sum total represents a good deal of self-denial and very genuine zeal. But what is done with all this money? After reading the report we really have not been able to form any very clear idea. Wesleyan missions include chapel building in Ireland and all the colonies, and chaplaincies on the Continent, as well as genuine missionary stations amongst the pagans of China, Africa, and the islands of the sea; but it would be quite possible for the secretaries to give such a *precis* of the work done in each country or district as would convey a much more distinct and satisfactory impression to the mind. It is gratifying to be told that "the South African field is full of encouragement," and somewhat depressing to hear that "the West Indies continue to present a chequered scene;" but if we knew how many missionaries had been sent to these parts, how long the stations had been sustained, what extent of ground they covered, how many children were in the schools, and what proportion the converts bore to the population addressed by the missionaries, we should feel more interest in Wesleyan missions. For four hours and more did the delighted audience listen to the warm congratulations, the soaring rhetoric, the racy anecdotes and jokes that never fail to bring down the house, the thrilling stories, the serious and faithful appeals which speakers, who well understood the tastes of a Wesleyan audience, poured out with untiring fluency. Mr. Arthur undertook the plea for more money, skilfully playing off Yorkshire against Lancashire, and London against both; sending all his hearers away with the resolve that their circuit should be top next year.

The meeting of the Church Missionary Society was a very different affair. Its friends and supporters mustered in scarcely less numbers than those of the Wesleyan Society, but theirs was a subdued interest and a restrained earnestness; they comported themselves as behoved people who were to be addressed by

bishops and High Church dignitaries. Their respectability, however, is no hindrance to their real concern for the progress and prosperity of their Society. The income this year exceeds £10,000; and the fact that the contributions of the home associations have for each of the last two years increased at the rate of £10,000 a-year, is the most hopeful fact in the present of the Evangelical party in the Church of England. In the Church Missionary Society they have a rallying point, and this large addition to its funds seems to indicate the persistence and influence of the party. For the Society is in all respects an evangelical society; it is kept so by its rivalry with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which everywhere abets the efforts of the High Church in their attempts to bring its missionaries under control. The admirable managers of the Society are inflexible on this point, and are everywhere willing to fraternize with the missionaries of other evangelical bodies. The report gives a very clear idea of the work of the Society. It has 154 stations, the principal of which are in India and Western Africa. Their stations in the West Indies and Sierra Leone have swarmed off, and passed into the form of regular parishes, but the Mission Churches still have nearly 15,000 communicants, served by 285 clergymen, 85 of whom are native to the places where they minister.

As for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and its income of £200,000, if we should form our ideas of what it is out from what takes place at the anniversaries, we should suppose, though this would be an untrue impression, that it was not occupied with genuine missionary work at all, but meddled only with such high matters as sees, bishops, and colonial episcopacy. It is a very high and dry society indeed; nevertheless its annual meeting has great interest. It is a very superior upper class affair. The great ones of Church and State come on its platform, and put forth their best oratorical powers; Mr. Gladstone always makes a point of attending, and is welcomed by his *quondam* friends with great applause, for they hold him as one of themselves in High Church doctrine, though he has parted from High Church practice. Perhaps the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel is destined to be of much service to the Christianity of England, for through its windows a light is streaming upon English Churchmen, as to the relations of Church and State, compelling them to take note of things which they have hitherto been quite unable to perceive.

To finish now with the Missionary Associations. There are the London and the Baptist Societies, both of which have this year to report themselves in debt, the former very seriously so. The ordinary incomes of these societies have not diminished, but

there has been an unavoidable increase of expense at almost all the stations. The London Missionary Society has been drawing on its special funds for ordinary expenses, and now the directors must either call home several of their agents, or the churches must come liberally to their aid. The London Missionary Society reports its income at upwards of £80,000, and the Baptist Society at £30,000. The latter ask for £2,000 a year more to cover the constant expenses; the former require at least another £10,000 a year, and the Congregationalists are very well able to make up this sum annually. The speaking at their meetings was thoroughly good—the addresses of the missionaries were packed with important facts, forcibly and briefly narrated, and the other speakers appealed to none but the noblest and most exalted motives in the hearts of the audiences. The Baptists were commendably exultant over the complete vindication of their missionaries in the island of Jamaica. The new Governor has publicly declared that so far from any wrong being laid to their charge, the hope of peace and prosperity in the island very much rests upon the teaching of the missionaries of all denominations.

The Bible Society, which stands like a patriarch amongst the other religious associations, head and shoulders above the rest, and freely bestowing assistance upon them all in turn, holds on its magnificent way, unaffected by the desertion of bishops and the ill-concealed dislike of certain great ones in the Church, for whom it is at once too Catholic and too Protestant. The balance-sheet shows an increase of £10,000 in the contributions in one year, so that the income now amounts to the wonderful sum of £187,500, enabling an issue of 2,383,000 copies of the Word of God in 170 different tongues. Perhaps the most important work in which the Society is now engaged is that upon the Continent, where, under the superintendence of most able men, innumerable colporteurs go about through the towns and villages selling the Word of God. It is asserted that certain prominent members of the Evangelical party make this meeting an opportunity of launching their thunderbolts at books and writings in which the Bible is handled with freer criticism than they think consistent with reverence. They had better let the Bible alone to win its own battles.

The Religious Tract Society presents its subscribers with a very summary account of books published, periodicals circulated, and grants of tracts made to places all over the earth, even unto the ends thereof. These tracts, they say, are published in Hindi, Urdu, Marathi, Guzurati, Tamil, Singhalese, Canarese, Zeluga, Chinese, Kaffir, Efik, and we know not what strange tongues beside. The Society should induce the Bishop of Oxford for one year to transfer his services from the platform

of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge to theirs, and give them one of his racy essays on dull tracts. The books which the Tract Society publish are excellent, full of information, and well written; but is it impossible to recover the lost art of writing good tracts that you would not be ashamed to put into the hands of a sensible working man? The only Society whose income appears to have seriously fallen off this year, and to be steadily on the decline, is the London City Mission, whose agents have done and are still doing a vast amount of good in the metropolis. The falling off in the funds may, we hope, be partially attributed to the better understanding upon the part of the Christian Churches of the metropolis of the responsibility which lies upon them to put forth direct and personal effort for the instruction and evangelization of their neighbours. They are not so content as they once were to leave all this service to be done for them by city missionaries, of whom they knew nothing more than what they occasionally saw in a stray report or magazine. Partly, however, the deficiency is, no doubt, due to the uncertain position the agents of the Society hold as between Church and Dissent. Lest offence should be given to the clergy, the city missionaries are warned off various departments of labour to which the Dissenters invite them; and while Free Churches thus sometimes lose interest in the Mission, the High Church clergy discountenance a Society which keeps on foot such an irregular agency. Of the other general societies we can only stay to mention the Sunday School Union. The meetings of this body are always enthusiastic, and it is very pleasant to see how heartily and warmly the great body of Sunday-school teachers stick to their work. Though the character of that work may need to be somewhat changed, yet there is every reason for supposing that the work itself will become increasingly important, as schemes of public and secular education are more distinctly organised. Let none imagine that Sunday schools are likely either to be superseded or to lose their value.

The assemblies of the representatives of the Independent and Baptist Churches have been of special interest and importance. Both have uttered vigorous protests against the sacerdotalism which is nourishing and growing up within the Anglican Establishment, to the manifest detriment of sound, honest, and independent religious thought thriving in these realms. The attempt of the Anglican clergy to dominate over the minds and consciences of the people by a revival of the magic and mystery mongering of the Romish Church, and the failure of the Establishment for every one of the ends and uses upon which its existence is justified, were very caustically exposed by the Rev.

A. Hannay and other members of the Congregational Union by the Rev. Charles Vince and the Hon. and Rev. Baptists in the Baptist assembly. The strong and solemn protests these bodies have put on record will not be without use in the crisis of our religious history.

To all the readers of this magazine it must be a matter of congratulation that a real step has at last been taken towards a union of the Baptist and Pædobaptist denominations in this country. It is part of the battle which has been fought on these pages for ten years or more. The admission of the Congregational Union of Churches, in which the modes and subjects of baptism are perfectly open questions, could logically be refused, yet a majority of the Committee on the matter was referred negatively the proposal, in this instance, and to the last a large number both of the ministers and deacons of the Independent Churches, as well as the members of the Union, were strongly opposed to it, because, as they expressed it, it was introducing "the thin end of the wedge." They saw clearly enough that it would lead to the yet further widening of the basis of the Union. But the good sense and catholicity of the leaders of the Independents prevailed, and a carefully worded resolution, guarding, as was proper, against the supposition that any restraint would be put upon the free expression of Pædobaptist views in the Union, was adopted. The admission of Baptist members, was proposed by the Rev. F. G. Rogers, of Clapham, with the Rev. J. Kelly, of Liverpool, and supported by Drs. Halley and Vaughan, the Rev. R. Kennedy, and the Rev. R. W. Dale. The number of those who honestly believed, with Mr. Ashton and Mr. Spicer, that the admission of Baptists would be the undoing of the Union, was very small, while those from less dignified motives, desired that it might be done, and were compelled to hold their peace in the presence of such powerful advocacy, and render a seeming assent by silence. Some very striking conversions were made upon the spot and the resolution passed at last with wonderful unanimity. That, after long and of discussion, the question was fully ripe, is proved by the fact that the Congregational Union was found so ready for the step towards the end, so devoutly to be desired, as soon as it was practically proposed. It speaks well for the intelligence, liberality, and Christian spirit of the Pædobaptist churches, singularly contrasts with the behaviour of some of the members of the Baptist body, who have gone out of their way to declare all union between the two denominations impossible, and have done their best to make it so by their discouraging language.

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Ecce Deus: Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ, with Controversial Notes on "Ecce Homo." Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1867.

MOST thoughtful men, in reading "*Ecce Homo*" have felt that the "*Ecce Deus*" was wanting. Many, like ourselves, have confidently anticipated it from the same hands, and have even ventured to assign that title to the second high argument that should crown the work of the first. Hence may have arisen some pardonable impatience when a different author, of quite another order of mind, and in quite another line of thought, appeared to assume the task; in part correcting and in part completing the unfinished portraiture. We had waited to be led from the human Christ to the divine; we had conjectured with more or less precision the steps of the process; when this new author broke across the line of our speculations, boldly avowing that without the pre-acknowledgement of the divine the human cannot be understood at all! Surely this is true. It is only in the light of the conclusion that we can fully comprehend the earlier steps of the argument. The only difference is that the one writer, by a kind of inductive process, would lead us up from the outward earthly history to the great spiritual reality, the other presents to view at first the full-orbed glory of the Incarnation, that in its light we may forthwith read all the rest. We quarrel not with either method. The former may suit better the temper of our age, with its habit of critical, investigating inquiry; the latter will more fully satisfy the spirit already earnest and devout, waiting in faith for the revelation of the Christ. One thing is certain, neither of the writers can very satisfactorily criticise the other, so different are their points of view. Hence the controversial notes on "*Ecce Homo*" are, beyond doubt, the weakest part of the volume before us.

Our present purpose is simply to call attention to the publication of "*Ecce Deus*." Its argument we hope, on another occasion, more fully to discuss. Meanwhile we will say that it is eminently worth reading. Its form may be in part an accident, springing from the sudden popularity and influence of the earlier work. If so, the circumstance is only to be regretted. Such thoughts as the author has given us should have sought their own grooves, and shaped their own expression. It is easy to see that his views are not of yesterday. Often we meet with a paragraph of startling beauty, often with glimpses of profound truth; yet sometimes there is a crudeness, as though some thesis, long excogitated in its central meaning, were rounded off in haste; while the play of imagination is not seldom perilously near to bombast. Had the writer been left to himself, and taken more time, there would probably have been in his work a richer

completeness, a deeper calm. Yet, upon the whole, the book is one to be thankfully accepted, and to be read with care. The chapters on "the Cross of Christ" are especially valuable, as suggesting the nearest approach which human thought, perhaps, can ever make to a solution of that great Mystery of Love.

The Water of Life and other Discourses. By the Rev. C. KINGSLEY. Macmillan and Co.

Mr. Kingsley here gives us a *fasciculus* of sermons, many of which were preached before the Queen. Her Majesty enjoys great advantages in the department of preaching. No person in the empire "sits under" abler instructors, or listens to a greater variety of pulpit-orators. In this beautiful little volume Mr. Kingsley gives us sermons on the Water of Life—(the discourse which lends a name to the book)—the Physician's Calling, the Victory of Life, the Wages of Sin, Night and Day, the Battle of Life, Free Grace, Ezekiel's Vision, Ruth Friendship, Solomon, Progress, Faith, the Earthquake, the Meteor-shower. Civilized Barbarism, and the God of Nature. It will be admitted that this is a tempting programme. By long practice Mr. Kingsley has acquired the difficult art of writing nearly "pure and undefiled English," and since his mind is alive in all its powers with a vitality which never flags, his sermons produce on the reader almost the effect of sculpture. This, then, is a charming little book, which cannot be read without instruction and delight. But here, as everywhere, in Mr. Kingsley's writings you search in vain for the expressions of the deeper truths of the Christian Revelation. The habit of his school of applying to all mankind that which the Bible restricts to spiritual men, weakens the effect of his teaching, and gives an impression of shallowness to its tone. When "the River of the Water of Life" is spread, by Broad Church engraving, over the surface of the whole world, when its banks are broken down, and it is diffused over the habitable earth, it seems to lose much of its purity by losing all its depth. Not even Mr. Kingsley's matchless simplicity of style and tension of thought can enable him to satisfy the students of St. Paul with his representations of a Gospel, which, as the Apostles taught it, revealed a "goodness" that runs parallel with an awful "severity" of God. But this seems to be the inevitable effect of the "comprehension" effected by the Establishment. If all the inhabitants of a parish are to be accounted as regenerate Christians, then Christianity must be degraded down to the level of their religion. And of all the arguments against an establishment this we believe is the weightiest, that its inevitable tendency is to abolish in public teaching all the specialities of apostolic theology, by generating a system of thought adapted to the actual character of a promiscuous body of good and bad parishioners. Apostolic theology can be maintained, in the long run, only through the preservation of the apostolic church-constitution and discipline.

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ED CONDITIONS, A PLEA FOR FAILURE.

BY THE REV. MARK WILKS.

Time and chance happeneth to them all.—Ecc. ix. 11.

little clause is an explanation of what goes before it, and of the deal in human life, which without it would be very ex-acting. We often hear the former part of this verse quoted at the latter. It is almost a religious proverb among us "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Like most proverbs, it is true only with a reservation. As a the swiftest runner wins the race; and, other things being, "Providence is on the side of big battalions." Certain have been discovered to attain certain results: if these are properly used the end sought will be attained. This teaching of experience, and on this rule we all act. If this the case, then are we the subjects of a capricious fate; an any judge tosses the garland to what competitor he chooses, effort is as often fruitless as successful. The Hebrew her was not a fatalist, nor would he discourage wise work. ds us labour, and labour with wisdom. He would have us e the right means to accomplish right purposes; but he rates our expectation of invariable success by the recollec- hat a wise man may lack bread and a man of understanding . He tells us that we must not think that in having vered *some* of the means which tend to wise results we have vered *all*; and he would have us know that those means are at our disposal are always liable to be deranged or yed by the want of those over which we have no control.

There are two things which man cannot command, time and chance. That is to say, there is a fitting time for every work, but he cannot always choose it, or if he could, he would most likely be too ignorant of what is the best time, and would therefore choose badly. Time is opportunity, and it is given, not made; and being given, it often slips away even from the most watchful. It is needful not only to know when the river will be at flood tide, but also to be ready for it, if we are to launch our ship. The limits of opportunity are very close together, but they seem wider than they are. The time for doing what we believe we can do seems always present, but it only seems, it is not really so. The time of our visitation passes, and comes not back. The importance of the right time for doing our work and accomplishing our wishes is seen in some of the common affairs of life, and, because it is known and is chosen, an additional means is placed at the disposal of the workman, and a more certain result is thereby attained. But this is not universally the case. The correspondence of periods in man's life to the seasons of nature is imaginary rather than real. The times that are fitting for various duties have not been discovered, and, when known, soon flee away. Chance is even less known than time; it covers a very world of its own. It is not within the scope of a man's powers to affect it. It is that which happens irregularly, unexpectedly, only once or occasionally. After it has happened it cannot be placed in order with other events, its causes cannot be determined. It is therefore that which cannot be foreseen by man, and cannot be provided for. It occurs without his co-operation, and is independent of his will; or, if it depends on his co-operation, it may still be a thing of chance, if it seems to him too trivial and unimportant to affect the result at which he aims. This is often the case from our want of knowledge of the value and influence of what is common and contemned. We know so little of the seeds in which lie enfolded the issues of things.

These two, then, time and chance, influence all things and control all men. They are the limits that bound human action. Beyond them we cannot pass. Results are not wholly ours. This is the lesson that experience is ever teaching us. We need to have had some years of life before we find this out to be true. The healthy man is an energetic, vigorous one: he forms his plans, he works on steadily to accomplish them. He often succeeds, and when he fails he does not stay to notice failure, but goes on again. He acquires thus a self-reliant, self-dependent sense, and is apt to shut out the unseen and the incalculable from his thoughts, as though they were not. Mr. Froude says:—"If you see a man happy, as the world goes—contented with himself and contented with what is around him

—such a man may be, and probably is, decent and respectable; but the highest is not in him, and the highest will not come out of him." Such a man cannot be very or deeply religious. His confidence is too strong in himself; if he has faith, it is one which dwells at home. It never rises to an object higher or worthier than himself, and therefore does not purify and ennoble. There is very much that may be said on behalf of our failures where failure leads us out of ourselves and out of the present. Many a man is godless because he sees no necessity for God. He has always managed to succeed without Him in his temporal affairs. His business has flourished, his fortune has grown, his sons have risen to be wealthy men, and to imitate their father's activity; and he does not see how much of all this has been independent of his will, and of his skill and foresight. A few derangements of his plans, a breakdown in his health, or the failure of his banker, might have led him to see that "the way of man is not in himself." He would have gained something, though perhaps only a negative truth, by making that permanently his own. The sense of dependence upon another, and that a higher power, is the elementary truth of all religion. True, by itself, it is as likely to be the source of misery as of hope; but connected with the trust which the soul reposes in the known wisdom and beneficence of its Maker, it is an element of a divine life. There is no religion in the mind that is without it; and anything—failure, penury, or sickness—that confers that upon us should be regarded as a benignant minister of good.

We are all apt to grow conceited with our getting on. The present age is certainly conceited. It has done so much, it thinks it can do everything. There is no necessity to recount here its achievements. They are well known, and have sufficiently often been "said or sung." Science is inflated, it is tyrannical. It occupies every throne, and invades every sphere. When it cannot rule it destroys, and denies that anything is that it cannot apprehend and measure. It seeks to abolish chance, and to conquer time. We think sometimes we shall grow independent of both, though now they happen to all. This surely is the dream of the present: it is not the lesson of the past. All things that have been preach to us humility; great things have been brought low; strong things have been made as tow, and then by the operation of that which the wise man could not foresee and the strong man could not control.

The effect of failure is not necessarily beneficial. Like mental suffering and bodily pain, it is not good in itself. It may be a means of good. Where it arises from want of energy, prudence, and industry, it is the punishment of our sloth and folly, and intended to awaken us from sluggishness. But even when

failure results from causes of which we are ignorant, and from circumstances over which we have no control, the effects of it on the mind of him who has failed are very various. It sometimes unduly depresses the spirit, robs it of energy, by destroying hope, and leaves it a prey to melancholy repinings. This is usually the case where it does not lead up to God, and deeper the sense of His wise providence. It produces fear of the future, a dread of the unknown, and unduly exaggerates the influence exerted by the "time and chance" that happen to all.

It is this feature of the case which renders chance and its concomitants so severe a test of character. Our Lord said it was "by chance" that the priest and the Levite went past the wounded man on the Jericho road. I forget who it was, who first suggested that the incident served to bring out the characters of all the persons connected with it, from the thieves to the Good Samaritan. It is, however, perfectly true, as it is very ingenious. The priest and the Levite might have passed their dying day for very humane and benevolent men, but for the chance circumstance of their coming unexpectedly upon a wounded Jew. Indeed they might have thought themselves to be obedient sons of the law until they found themselves unequal to the demands of their situation. Many of us must have, unfortunately, had occasion to notice the same thing in the course of our lives. We have possibly seen men who, in prosperous circumstances, were distinguished for their piety and certain nobleness of character, in calamity become disheartened, irritably impatient, and peevish grumblers; whimpering when they should strive, and complaining when they should submit. It is an almost sadder spectacle, that of a gentle and tender wife transformed into an irreligious and morose widow, angry with God for a dispensation that might have been the source of untold good to her, and neglecting, in the duties that fall to her, the surest means of acquiring the good that was designed.

There is a passage in one of Mr. Helps' Essays which places an aspect of human life before us which could hardly have occurred to a man uniformly successful, or who had not very carefully observed the failures of others. The passage is as follows—"Frequently it seems as if the faculties of man were not quite adequate, as yet, to his situation. This is perhaps more to be seen in contemplating individuals than in looking at mankind in general. The individual seems the sport of circumstance. When Napoleon invaded Russia (the proximate cause of his downfall), though doubtless there were very adverse and unfortunate circumstances attendant upon that invasion, yet, upon the whole, it gave a good opportunity for working out the errors of the man's mind and system. The circumstances were not

unfair, as we may say, against him. Most prosperous men—perhaps I should say most men—have, in the course of their lives, their campaign in Russia—when they strain their fortune to the uttermost, and often it breaks under them. I did not mean anything like this when I said that the individual seems the sport of circumstances. Neither did I mean that small continuous faults and misdoings have considerable effect upon a man—such as the errors and vices of youth, which are silently put down to a man from day to day, like his reckoning at an inn. But I alluded to those very unfortunate concurrences of circumstances, which most men's lives will tell them of, where a man, from some small error or omission, from some light carelessness or over-trust, in thoughtless innocence or inexperience, gets entangled in a web of adverse circumstances, which will be company for him on sleepless nights and anxious days throughout a large part of his life. Were success in life (morally or physically) the main object here, it certainly would seem as if a little more faculty in man were sadly needed. A similar thing occurs often to the body, when a man, from some small mischance or oversight, lays the beginning of a disease which shall depress and enfeeble him while he sojourns upon earth. And it seems, when he looks back, as if such a little thing could have saved him: if he had not crossed the road, if he had not gone to see his friend on that particular day; if the dark had not been so unpleasant on that occasion, the whole course of his life would have been different. Living, as we do, in the midst of stern, gigantic laws which crush everything down that comes in their way, which know no excuses, admit of no small errors, never send a man back to learn his lesson and try him again, but are as inexorable as Fate—living, I say, with such powers about us (unseen, too, for the most part), it does seem as if the faculties of man were hardly as yet adequate to his situation here."

So much depends on the meaning of the word success, that it might be rash to deny the truth of one statement in the above. But, assuredly, if "success in life (morally)" be taken as equivalent to the eternal life which Christ came to confer on those that believe in Him, then it is the main object here; and for this our faculties are adequate.

Within the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions, which would hide
And darken, so can deal, that they become
Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt
Her native brightness.

This faculty, which was imagination to Wordsworth, is faith to

the plainer Christian man. Without it man is undoubtedly not equal to his situation here. The world is too vast for him. The sphere of his knowledge is too contracted; his memory is not equal to the experience gathered from the past; nor has he prescience of the future. If he be a bad man he cannot reckon upon success for any length of time. He can hope for it only so long as he is unnoticed by the justice of the universe. Once he has (as it were) attracted attention by his bold defiance of right and law he is destroyed. Those expedients that Providence hides in its own keeping are employed against him, as they are resources on behalf of the good. Time and chance, not reckoned upon, slip in as the angels of destruction, and reveal the folly of the calculations on which he has been relying. He finds himself unequal to the struggle against the Supreme to which he had committed himself. But, if he be a good man, he will arrive at a conclusion, similar in one respect, though totally unlike in another. He will find he cannot command success; disappointment waits on hope, and failure on what seems to him his wisest projects. When he succeeds, he is often, as he reviews the causes of success, astonished to find that the means he used to attain his end contributed very slightly to the result; that other means contributed, and more efficiently, to it. Experiences of this kind occur to us all at various times, and especially at certain turning points of life. Of necessity, and in the nature of things, we do not reflect in this way in the earlier years of life; it is as we grow older—as we know more of ourselves, and of the vicissitudes of others. It is then we come to feel the need of some theory of life: one unlike those which the best books of our childhood supplied us with, but which embraces all the facts of our experience, and which will satisfy our feeling of what ought to be. It is in this way that men have come, in the closing years of life, to be more deeply convinced than they were in their earlier ones of a future life, and of its having conditions higher and more permanent than those they have known here. Failure, disappointment, fruitless effort, seem to have in them the promise of another world. But they also correct our views of this. They forbid our regarding this as intended to be the scene of unbroken happiness, while they equally forbid our believing that it is abandoned to a malicious enemy of order and right. Much more certainly they lead us to the conviction that the whole of life is a system of means by which we may attain to that perfectness of being which consists in a devout dependence on God, and in a sense of His all-penetrating presence. This is not the highest state to which the soul of man may ultimately reach; there is a fellowship with God to which this is but preparatory; and this preparation is

carried out partly, at all events, by the discipline of failure. The Infinite Father has been pleased to reveal Himself to His creatures in the Word made flesh—in His Son Jesus Christ. We know now, or can know increasingly, the nature of God. We know, too, through the life of Christ, what is the true meaning of the words, Accept failure. We see the true standard of the one is agreement with the will of God; the latter is apparent conquest of it. The priests and rulers had it apparently all their own way that passover evening that Jesus was taken down from the cross. His disciples also thought all was over; they went to their homes dispirited, and mournfully owned they were mistaken when they said, "We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel." They none of them knew then that Jesus would soon reverse the verdict of His foes and friends, and set the true standard of right and success for us. The whole of our mortal career must be looked at in the light of the incarnation, in relation to spiritual good. The circumstances that surround us are the means of discipline, and the channels of unseen good. The experience of the wise man, who wrote the proverb at the head of this paper, led him to the conclusion that happiness was not his being's end and aim; that wisdom was most needed by man, as wisdom was the true means of reaching good. That good he found to be in the love of God, and obedience to His will. He learnt this through many failures; his failures he attributed to the fact that his wisdom was not equal to the demands of his life. There is a bitterness sometimes in his complaints not quite consistent with true manliness; but it is not inconsistent with his contracted view of the future. For there is a larger view, which lies in the light of the risen Son of God. "We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know Him that is true." We know that to reach this, the true end of our life here, to attain unto this success, we are not competent of ourselves. Here science cannot help us. For this all that experience has accumulated from past generations is of little avail. But a firm conviction that God is in our lives; that His providence is ever about us; that time and chance which happeneth to all are the means by which, at any moment, help can be brought to us; that to those who love God all things work together for good. This will keep us from vexation at failure; will enable us to understand why it happens to ourselves and others in spite of all precautions to the contrary, and will help to form such a theory of life as will exclude vain fears and vain pleasures.

THE BOOK OF THE PROPHET HAGGAI.

(B.C. 520.)

THE FIRST PROPHECY.

I. In the second year of Darius the king, in the sixth month, in the first day of the month, came the word of the Lord by Haggai the prophet unto Zerubbabel the son of Shealtiel, governor of Judah, and to Joshua the son of Josedeck, the high-priest, saying, Thus speaketh the Lord of hosts, saying, This people say, "The time is not come, the time that the house of the Lord should be built." Then came the word of the Lord by Haggai the prophet, saying :—

Is this the time, O ye, for you to dwell
In panelled houses, while this house lies waste ?
Thus saith the eternal God, the Lord of hosts,
Consider well your ways ! Much have ye sown,
And little have brought in. Ye eat and drink,
But are not satisfied. Ye clothe yourselves,
But still ye are not warm ; and he who earns
Storeth his wages in a worn-out purse.
Thus saith the Lord, Consider well your ways !
Ascend the mountain, and bring wood, and build,
And in this house will I be glorified,
And will take pleasure in it, saith the Lord.
Ye looked for much, but little brought ye in,
For it was blighted by my angry breath.
And wherefore ? saith the Lord. Because my house
Is waste, while each doth to his own house run.
For this the heavens above restrain their dew,
And earth withholdeth her fruit. For I the Lord
Have sent a drought upon your plains and hills,
On corn, and wine, and oil, and every crop,
On man and beast, and on their fruitless toils.

Then Zerubbabel the son of Shealtiel, and Joshua the son of Josedeck, the high-priest, with all the remnant of the people, obeyed the voice of the Lord their God, and the words of Haggai the prophet, as the Lord their God had sent him, and the people feared before the Lord. Then spake Haggai, the messenger of the Lord, by a message from the Lord unto the people, saying, "I am with you," saith the Lord. And the Lord stirred up the spirit of Zerubbabel the son of Shealtiel, governor of Judah, and the spirit of Joshua the son of Josedeck, the high-priest, and the spirit of all the remnant of the people ; and they came and

ed in the house of the Lord of hosts their God, in the
y-fourth day of the sixth month, in the second year of
is the king.

THE SECOND PROPHECY.

In the seventh month, in the twenty-first day of the month,
the word of the Lord by the prophet Haggai, saying,
k now to Zerubbabel the son of Shealtiel, governor of
h, and to Joshua the son of Josedech, the high-priest, and
e remnant of the people, saying:—

Who is there left among you all that saw
The house in its first glory? And, behold,
Is it not now as nothing in your eyes?
Yet now be strong, Zerubbabel! Be strong,
O Joshua, son of Josedech, high-priest!
Be strong, ye people of the land, and work!
For I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts,
As once of old I promised, when ye came
From Egypt's bondage. Still my spirit dwells
Among you; fear ye not! Yet once, and soon,
I shake the heavens, the earth, the sea, the land,
Yea, all the nations. That which they desire
Shall come; and I the Lord will fill this house
With glory. For to me belongs the gold,
To me the silver, saith the Lord of hosts.
The glory of this house shall greater be
Than of the former, and within this house
Will I give peace, so saith the Lord of hosts.

THE THIRD PROPHECY.

the twenty-fourth day of the ninth month, in the second
of Darius, came the word of the Lord, by Haggai the
et, saying, Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Ask now of the
ts concerning the law, saying, "If any one carry holy flesh
e skirt of his garment, and with his skirt touch bread, or
ge, or wine, or oil, or any food, shall it be holy?" And the
ts answered and said, "No." Then said Haggai, "If any one
an by a dead body touch any of these, shall it be unclean?"
the priests answered and said, "It shall be unclean."
answered Haggai, and said:—

(E'en as a man who carries holy flesh,
Doth not make holy what his robe may touch,
But he who is unclean, makes all unclean)
So is this people to me, saith the Lord,
Such is their work, and such their gifts unclean.
And now mark well, I pray you, from this day,
Back to the time when yet no stone was laid
Within the house of God, I smote your crops.
For twenty sacks of corn, ye found but ten;

And fifty vats of wine, but proved a score.
 With blight, with mildew, and with hail I smote
 The labour of your hands ; but yet none turned
 To serve me, saith the Lord. Mark from this day,
 From this ninth month and four-and-twentieth day,
 Back to the day when first a stone was laid,
 Consider ye ! Is not the grain unsown ?
 The vine, the olive, pomegranate, and fig,
 Are fruitless now,—I bless them from this day !

THE FOURTH PROPHECY.

And again the word of the Lord came to Haggai on that twenty-fourth day of the month, saying, Speak to Zerubbabel, governor of Judah, saying :—

Behold, I shake the heavens, I shake the earth,
 The throne of kingdoms I will overthrow,
 The strength of heathen kingdoms I will break,
 And chariots, and those that ride therein.
 Both horses and their riders shall come down,
 Each by his brother's sword. Yet in that day,
 Thus saith the Lord of hosts, I will take thee,
 Zerubbabel, my servant, saith the Lord,
 And make thee as my precious signet ring.
 Thee have I chosen, saith the Lord of hosts !

H. C. L.

AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

"The American people, if not the most highly educated, yet certainly are the most generally educated and intelligent people on the earth." "Compare the political knowledge and the mental activity displayed by a New England farmer or mechanic with that possessed by an Englishman in a similar social position, and the contrast would be ludicrous."

SUCH is the testimony of the Rev. J. Fraser, an English clergyman, who has recently visited the United States for the purpose of reporting on the Common School system of America. "The Americans are emphatically a reading people." They read newspapers incessantly. To an American the morning journal is as indispensable as his morning meal. He eats his breakfast with his eyes all the while fixed upon his newspaper. The number of newspapers published in the States is something wonderful. A town of 10,000 inhabitants, in the Northern States, without its one, two, or three daily papers, is a rarity ; and the Americans

ly understand how Englishmen live without their local er. Hackney coachmen waiting for a fare, storekeepers or a customer, travellers by rail, by boat, by 'bus, are g newspapers. A necessary appurtenance to every rail- is a boy traversing the length of the cars, now with rs, now with periodicals, now with yellow covered But Americans do not only read newspapers. Every s its library, and "standard" books are not standards elves. Mr. Fraser tells an anecdote hereanent. A student, home for the vacation, wished to finish the ume of Motley's "History of the Dutch Republic." search of it to the township library—the scene lies chusetts—he finds it in use; and pursuing the inquiry earns from the register that it has been taken out by er's washerwoman. He goes to the woman's house, her, "Is she through with the book? or, if not, can she o him for just two days?" "Well," said the good , "I can't just do that, for I am mightily taken with ; but I'll tell you what I will do: I'll just put off my ll to-morrow afternoon, finish the book in the morning, I'll send it to you." And newspapers and books are not educational appliances and stimulants which the Ame- oy. Lecturing is quite an "institution" in the States. ief New England towns all through the winter season of a high class draw large audiences, and bring large se who deliver them; in many a village winter courses s are organized, the expenses of which are defrayed local subscription and partly by money taken at the l these are the means of generating a sort of intellectual re, and of bringing farmers and storekeepers and me- ce to face with some of their most distinguished living en. In Rhode Island a sum not exceeding 500 dollars y appropriated for providing suitable lectures and ad- the several districts upon the subject of schools and ; and in Massachusetts there is a special public officer ice it is to give lectures and awaken an interest in edu- ut people cannot read newspapers, nor enjoy books, nor e lectures unless they have been to school, and it is the School system that is at the bottom of all the intelligence i of the prosperity of America. It is one of the most institutions of the Northern States, and it is their

more than twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrim om the *Mayflower*, the general court of the colony of setts enjoined upon the municipal authorities the duty that every child within their jurisdiction should be

educated. The "select men," or, as we should call them, "town councillors," were required to "have a vigilant eye over their brethren and neighbours, and to see that none of them shall suffer so much barbarism in any of their families as not to endeavour to teach, by themselves or others, their children or apprentices so much learning as may enable them perfectly to read the English tongue and obtain a knowledge of the capital laws, upon penalty of twenty shillings for each neglect therein." Other five years having passed, in 1647 an Act passed the Massachusetts legislature which laid the foundation of the present system of free schools. By this law every township containing fifty householders was required to appoint a teacher "to teach all such children as shall resort to him to write and read," and every township containing 100 families was required to set up "a grammar school," whose master should be "able to instruct youth so far as they may be fitted for the University." Penalties were attached to non-compliance with these requirements—penalties which were increased and made heavier from time to time by successive enactments, and the forfeitures appropriated to the maintenance of public schools. When the first educational law was made the population of Massachusetts did not exceed 21,000 souls; now it contains a million and a quarter of inhabitants, and it has 334 townships, every one of which has its common school, a great part of them a grammar school, and 99 of them a high school as well. It is imperative on every township, however small the number of families it contains, to keep a common school open for at least six months in the year, which every child in the township shall have a right to attend, and in which shall be taught, beside the three R's, English grammar, geography, the history of the United States, and good behaviour. Algebra, vocal music, physiology, and hygiene, may also be taught by lectures if the Committee think fit. Every township containing more than 500 families shall also maintain a grammar school, in which instruction is given in general history, book-keeping, surveying, geometry, natural philosophy, chemistry, botany, the civil polity of the American Commonwealth, and the Latin language; while in townships of 4,000 inhabitants there is also to be a high school, in which Greek and French, astronomy, geology, rhetoric, logic, intellectual and moral science, and political economy shall be taught. If any one supposes that the education given in these schools is slight or small, let him read the samples of examination papers to be found in the appendix to Mr. Fraser's report, and he will be undeceived. In Latin and Greek the boys in our public schools would no doubt beat those of the American high schools hollow; but how many of them would be able to "frame a de-

structive conditional syllogism," to "give an outline in full of the method employed in calculating the duration and number of digits eclipsed in the next eclipse of the moon," to "define the calculus of variations, and state the principles on which it is based," to "describe the special effects of mania on each of the cerebral functions," to "explain the ways in which a man can 'die of his own hands' without committing suicide," to "give the true test of moral responsibility in cases of homicide," to "state Hume's sophism and refute it," to "state what are the special circumstances by which, irrespectively of the influence of capital, the wages of labour are affected," to "define isomorphism," to "describe the trigonal trisoctahedron, and show how it is obtained from a cube," to "explain the principle on which Bourdon's metallic barometer is constructed," to "define catalysis," to "describe the physical conditions in a locality which are attended by the lowest mortality from phthisis," or to "mention the functions of the first, third, seventh, and ninth pairs of cephalic nerves." By training of this sort the Americans are made a practical people with a general understanding of the universe, while they are not left without real mental training, and solid instruction in the higher branches of learning. It is said that sometimes a Western farmer will stop his plough to discuss a theorem in differential calculus with a passer by.

The interesting question for us is, how these schools, in which the operatives, tradesmen, professionals—nay, all the inhabitants of the North, except the very rich, whose foolish vanity is now leading them to take their children away from the common schools and have them taught in private "academies," obtain their education, are supported. In every State of the Union in which the system of common schools prevails, there exists a State School Fund, in most cases primarily received from lands which have been set apart as an endowment. In all new States one of every thirty-six sections into which each township is divided, is set apart as "the school section;" this is afterwards either sold or let, and the proceeds capitalized. In New York this capital amounts to four millions of dollars, yielding for schools about 165,000 dollars annually. In other States it is, of course, not nearly so large, and this fund nowhere defrays a very large part of the expenses of the schools. In a financial point of view this subsidy is little worth, but it has been so administered as to prove a great stimulant to the general interest in the schools, and its distribution enables the legislature to enforce returns which keep the public informed of the exact condition of the schools. They are mainly supported by local taxation, for school fees are almost unknown. The amount of this taxation varies greatly in the different States, and in different

parts of the same State, for the voters greatly vary in their notions of what is necessary to constitute an efficient school. One township contributed at the rate of eighteen dollars annually for the education of each child in it between the age of five and fifteen, while the other contributed less than two dollars a year. As a general rule in the Eastern States the ratio of the school tax to the whole sum raised for local purposes is about one-third. In New York two millions of dollars were last year appropriated out of the taxes for schools out of eighteen millions raised altogether. In Boston more than an eighth of the whole amount of taxation is devoted to schools. That these heavy taxes are borne so generally without complaint, and, indeed, that the amount appropriated to public schools keeps growing considerably year by year, is, remarks Mr. Fraser, "a proof, if proof were wanting, of the value which Americans attach to their system of education, and of their determination that it shall be efficiently maintained." The management and control of the schools are placed in the hands of a school committee elected by ballot at the annual meeting of the townships. The committee choose the teachers, visit the schools every month, choose the books, and provide all things necessary for the good working of the schools. They appoint a paid superintendent who acts under their instructions. The system certainly results in obtaining for the American children a cheap education, whatever else it may do. The only burden is felt in the tax on the householder. So far as can be ascertained the average cost of the education of a child in the common schools is about £2 10s.; in the high schools about nine guineas; but this is an outside estimate, and in some places the education of a scholar does not cost more than twenty or twenty-five shillings a year.

Mr. Fraser was particularly struck with the adaptation of the American teachers for the work. They do not stay long at their posts generally, for they are poorly paid, and Americans are aspiring and like to change their occupations. "They certainly have," says he, "the gift of turning what they know to the best account . . . classes are not likely to fall asleep in their hands . . . they are a very fine and capable body of workers in a noble cause." "An American teacher may be immoral, ignorant, and in many ways incompetent, but he, and particularly she, could hardly be dull. I saw in America many inefficient teachers, but the drowsy dulness of the teachers, and the inattentive habits of the children, which characterize so many an English school, I never saw."

The school committee are obliged to see that "no book calculated to favour the tenets of any particular sect of Christians

all be purchased or used, and to require the daily reading of some portion of the Bible in the common English version." Mr. Fraser evidently thinks that this is a very poor substitute for the teaching of the Catechism in Church schools in England. He is "painfully" struck with the fact that in America "identity in religious feeling or unanimity in religious habits or opinions appeared to be very little estimated as a constituent of domestic happiness," and it was not therefore likely that he would be pleased to find everything like dogmatic teaching forbidden in the schools. "The disjointed, inconsecutive way in which the Bible is read—to-day a psalm, to-morrow a section from a Gospel, the day after a paragraph from one of the letters of St. Paul—in all cases unaccompanied by a single word in the shape of note, explanation, or comment—cannot and does not amount to anything that can be called systematic religious instruction." The prayers, too, with which the schools are opened, might be expected, were not to Mr. Fraser's taste, but he owns that the scholars were always decorous and reverential during these opening "exercises," and he stands up stoutly against calling the American system irreligious, though he says that it is sending men out into the world without any such knowledge of the Bible and of Christianity as is essential to preserve them from infidelity. The following sentences are but samples of the good sense and candour which characterize Mr. Fraser's report throughout:—

A most important fact has to be borne in mind. It is to the discredit of Christians, and not to the irreligiousness of education, that this, which is considered to be such, I admit to be the capital defect of the American system (i.e., the absence of dogmatic teaching) is due. It is a remarkable circumstance that the schools from which the reading of the Bible is wholly excluded are just the schools where the heat of religious controversy, or, at any rate, the heat of religious feeling, has been the intensest, and the exclusion is charged to the objections of the Roman Catholic clergy alone. Not in America, at any rate, has a belief in the power of Christianity to touch the heart and guide the life ceased to possess many minds. The problem that vexes the minds of all these enlightened gentlemen—I believe I might say of all far-seeing American educators—is how to infuse more of the influence of religious motive and of the indoctrination of religious truth into the system without compromising, without surrendering, without breaking it down. And I am afraid that so long as Christians maintain there is no common platform of belief and obligation on which they can meet and consent that their children shall be taught, so long as there are keen and jealous tempers, quick to detect the first attempt to lift young hearts to a consciousness of a Father who made, a Saviour who redeemed, a Spirit who sanctifies them, and to brand it as "secularism," so long must the American Common School system labour under the reproach—however ill-deserved—that it shuts out religion from its walls.

Yet Mr. Fraser elsewhere says that, sorry as he should be to give

up the denominational system in this country, he should not be in the least frightened at the introduction of the secular system; he would be quite ready to depend on the Sunday-school and other agencies for the instruction of the children in religious truth. He does not see that any other system is possible in America than the one which actually exists, and most readily owns that it is in entire sympathy with all the institutions of the United States, and habits and thoughts of the people. He says :—

Sorry as I should be, with all its imperfections, to give up the denominational principle of education—because I believe it to be the best possible for us *here*—I should consider myself to be tendering a most fatal piece of advice, if, with all its advantages, I recommended its adoption *there*. The safer hope is that American Christians—less trammelled by articles, confessions, subscriptions, rubrics, formularies, than we Christians of the Old World—may be brought to take larger, broader views than they now do of their common faith; may dismiss from their minds that everlasting nagging and unworthy suspicion of sectarianism; may believe that religion may be taught in schools without the aim of making proselytes; and that all “who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity” may unite in one earnest endeavour to bestow upon their schools the one thing lacking, and permeate the morality which they profess to teach, and desire to promote, to be built upon the one only sure foundation—the truths, the principles, the sanctions of the Gospel.

To which let all the people of England as well as of America say Amen!

A large party of speculative educationalists are desirous of introducing the Common School system of the United States into this country, and something of the kind is already aimed at in the Bill for establishing public schools to be supported by local taxation, which Mr. Austin Bruce, the late Vice-President of the Privy Council Committee, has laid on the table of the House of Commons this Session. It is impossible, at the fag end of paper like this, to discuss the possibility of importing such a system from the New World, or to discuss its value if it were imported. We have merely endeavoured to give our readers an opportunity of coming to some conclusion on these important questions for themselves by trying to give them a clear idea of what the American system really is, and how it works.

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN ENGLAND.*

It is natural, and, to a certain extent, reasonable enough to attach some importance to the observations of the "intelligent foreigner" upon our national character and institutions. We have criticism free enough among ourselves upon everything and everybody, from the Archbishop of Canterbury down to the members of the St. Pancras Vestry; but it is the criticism of those who are themselves partisans, and unable to form that unbiassed and dispassionate judgment to which we attach weight. But the "intelligent foreigner," of whom many are fond of talking, under the notion that being unprejudiced he will be sure to support their view, is supposed to bring all the force of a fresh mind free from all the disturbing influences of party attachments or personal associations. It seems indeed to be the nearest approach to the realization of the verse,—

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us ;

and is valued accordingly. It is quite possible, however, to form a very unfair and exaggerated estimate of the worth of such a judgment. If the foreigner has less prejudice, even the most intelligent must also have less information, and must be more or less dependent upon others whose ideas he unconsciously adopts, and gives as his own to a greater extent than he himself suspects. We have often heard men professing to give the result of their own impartial observations in the Southern States, which we were asked to accept as the testimony of credible witnesses, who had themselves seen that of which they spoke. They forgot that they had been entertained at the boards of slaveholders who had shown them just what they thought right and no more, who were not at all likely to draw their attention to the more unpleasant features of their "domestic institution," and would have resented any inquiry on such subjects as a piece of gross and unpardonable impertinence. No doubt they gave just the impression that had been made on them, but they were unconscious how far they had been seeing with the planter's eyes,

* "Religious Life in England." By Alphonse Esquiros. Author of the "English at Home," &c. London: Chapman and Hall.

and hearing with the planter's ears. So everywhere a visitor must be affected, however fair and creditable may be his own intention, by the sympathies and views of those into whose hands he falls, and from whom he receives attention and kindness. Besides, though he may not have our prejudices, he has his own, which may be quite as strong, quite as unreasonable, and quite as likely to disqualify him for the formation of a perfectly impartial opinion. While therefore his notes may be full of interest, and may bring out some peculiarities which, from our familiarity with them, may have escaped us, we may well hesitate before we give his judgment any more weight than we should attach to that of a man of equal power of mind and extent of observation among ourselves.

Especially is this the case as to the subject which M. Esquiros has treated in his new and very interesting volume. It is written, indeed, not only with great kindness of feeling, but with great intelligence, and an anxious regard to accuracy in the statement of facts. It is evident that the writer has taken great pains to make himself acquainted with all sorts of particulars relative to the various churches and their work, and has sought, as far as was possible to one in his position, to understand the phenomena of a religious life which, to him as a Continental, was in many respects so strange and almost unaccountable. We must add, too, that he has been remarkably successful, and has given us what is, on the whole, a very fair picture of what would present itself to one who, from the very circumstances of the case, could not penetrate very far below the surface. The homeliness and simplicity of some of his sketches interest and amuse us; but when he comes to discuss the graver questions as between the Church and Dissenters, or between different parties in the Establishment itself, we feel how little he has appreciated the real difficulties of the subjects of which he treats. If we may judge of his own opinions from this book, we should say that his sympathies are in favour of thorough freedom of religious thought, and his leanings to the more "advanced" schools of theology, but we are bound to commend the impartiality which he displays throughout.

His experiences of clerical life in the country appear to have been uncommonly pleasant. He was domiciled in a parsonage where the rector, in the enjoyment of moderate competence, was evidently a little lord of the district. We judge that he and the rest of M. Esquiros' friends must have had more or less sympathy with Low Church views, for he takes it for granted that the Anglican Church has no sacrifice, and therefore no altar. But whether High Church or Low, the worthy divine whom M. Esquiros visited gave him the idea of a very com-

fortable church, and showed him that the "English clergy have not taken as literal the advice of the Evangelist as to the fowls of the air and lilies of the field." (We might have expected, perhaps, that one writing on the religious life of a nation would have known that the advice was given by a higher than the Evangelist.) His picture is a very true one of the life of the more favoured among the beneficed clergy; but, of course, he understands that it does not fall to the lot of the majority even of the Established clergy to live in the style of the country squire, stroll up and down the road with his gold-headed cane, receiving the humble obediences of the parishioners whom he may happen to meet, exercising a kind of semi-paternal authority, and dwelling in a mansion and amid surroundings as agreeable as those of which our author gives the following graphic sketch:—

The vicarage, surrounded by walls and gardens, is naturally at a very short distance from the church; the entrance is through a gateway opening on to a lane, which, beginning among the dwellings, soon loses itself among the trees and fields. It is a building which certainly never proceeded, as a whole, from the brain of any one architect, but which has been formed by successive additions, just as the needs of domestic life became more extended and refined. An epitaph inscribed on one of the mossy gravestones in the churchyard tells us that a vicar of this parish, long since deceased, had added to his other merits that of building a kitchen to the parsonage at his own expense. The domestic offices, half hidden by a screen of foliage, the stables, and the coach-house, all seem to indicate a rather later origin than that of the main body of the house. Be that as it may, the whole of the dwelling seems to breathe a quiet air of comfort—nay, even of sober luxury—which presents a striking contrast to the humble and slovenly abodes of our *curés de campagne*. Clusters of climbing plants cover nearly half of the front of the house; and in the course of time they have shot up so high, so thick, and so vigorously, that it takes all the exertions of an old gardener, perched up on a ladder, either to prune them, or to nail their luxuriant branches to the wall. The other side of the house is fitted up with a long greenhouse, full of beautiful flowers, under the transparent roof of which twine the festoons of the vine, supporting here and there bunches of Muscat grapes.

The centre door opens into the *hall*, a sort of square vestibule, communicating on one side with the drawing-room, and on the other with the dining-room. The vicar works during the day in his library, also on the ground-floor. Folding-doors hide the staircase, which, divided into two branches, leads up to the bed-chambers. The latter are all separate, although joined by a long corridor, and are quite sufficient in number to accommodate the family, and at the same time to enable all the duties of hospitality to be fully exercised. From the windows of the first floor we can see a green lawn by the side of the flower-garden, bordered by lofty trees, among the summit of which the gray church-tower stands out in bold relief; its summit was formerly topped by a weathercock, which has been destroyed by lightning. There is also belonging to the parsonage an excellent kitchen-garden surrounded by walls, and a couple of large fields, the property of the church, where some sheep are peaceably feeding.

It need hardly surprise us that a gentleman accustomed to such excellent clerical society, should have failed to realize the exact position of Dissenters. He has shown commendable diligence in seeking to understand the distinctive characteristics of the different sects, but he has had to depend upon his friends for information as to the relations they at present sustain to the Establishment, and in this he has sometimes been misled. Still there is truth in the following account of the parochial struggles :—

The rector or vicar is entirely the master of the church ; but it would be a mistake to look upon it as placed under his absolute authority. There is nothing of this kind in England. On the contrary, each parish is like a little commonwealth, governed by itself. The due division of power, duties, and work, is no less strictly defined there than it is in the national constitution itself. In the first place, at the very side of the church there is often a Methodist chapel. There are then here two centres at least to which may converge some of the nobler sentiments of social life. There may very often be in some obscure corner of the village a meeting-house for Quakers ; a small antiquated cottage, cleanly whitewashed, and festooned with honeysuckle and vine ; and looked after with sedulous care by some aged sister of the sect. The divisions between the Established Church and the Dissenting congregation in the country do not so much rest on any very grave differences in point of faith ; not the less, however, do they all make a point of following out the usages of their worship with a fidelity which one might call the *point of honour* of conscience. Most of these sects have taken their rise in some old theological dispute, which would not perhaps have arisen in these times ; but they now form the inheritance handed down from a past age, which the English will not easily get rid of. Some of them certainly supply a want ; different minds, as St. Paul intimates, require different nutriment, and these chapels have been founded in order to satisfy this variety in spiritual tastes. All Dissenters are, however, compelled to pay church-rates, and they murmur at it, for in this way they are condemned to pay twice, first to the church which they do not attend, and then to the particular chapel in which they worship. The abolition of church-rates has been several times proposed in the House of Commons, but hitherto without success.

As the law actually stands, this impost constitutes a charge on Dissenters which is very difficult to justify ; but, at any rate, it gives them some privileges. One of these privileges consists in the right of attending at *vestry meetings*. In these meetings, which take place several times in the year, and are announced by notices on the church-doors, all the questions are discussed which relate to the necessary expense of public worship, and to the repairs of the church itself. The head of the local opposition is usually some wealthy farmer or shopkeeper, an obstinate-minded man, bred up in all the principles of Dissent, and proud of pitting church against chapel. The self-esteem of the clergyman may often be wounded by the freedom of speech which takes place ; yet who would wish to do away with it ? One good reason why the English manage their national affairs so well is that they have been wise enough to place the right of contradiction at the very base of their social edifice.

A few other extracts will give the reader a fair idea of the style and contents of the volume :—

LAMBETH PALACE.

Lambeth Palace has been styled the British Vatican. And, in fact, how many reminiscences are crowded under those stern arches, haunted by all the ghosts of history! Mary Tudor, Elizabeth, nay, almost all the Kings and Queens of England have come there to consult the Archbishops of Canterbury on affairs of Church and State. Peter the Great has been there also; Latimer, Thomas More, and the Catholic Archbishop Fisher were, in turn, imprisoned there on account of their religious opinions; for this palace was once a prison also, and former archbishops were in the habit of combining with their office as primate that of an inquisitor also. The sinister glory of having been the first to commence religious persecutions belongs, it is said, to Archbishop Arundel, who in 1401 caused a priest named William Sawtre to be degraded and burnt in Smithfield. Chicheley, who succeeded Arundel, did not wish, as it seemed, to be in any way behind his predecessor, and ordered the building of the Lollards' Tower.* This was the portion of the palace I had not yet visited.

The way to it is through the *Water Tower*, at the base of which is a vaulted chamber called the *post-room*. There is, in fact, in the centre of it a wooden post, which, as firm as a tree, partly helps to support the mass of the tower. Tradition will have it that it was to this post that they used to tie heretics when they wished to inflict on them the torture of the lash. This chamber communicates at one end with the chapel, where repenting Lollards might, if they wished, pronounce their recantation, and at the other end with the tower, the rough stone steps of which I mounted with some degree of emotion. All has remained intact in this portion of the palace,—the gaoler's room, the cells, the dungeon, the platform, and the niches ornamented with Gothic sculpture, among which, on the outside, figures the statue of Thomas a Becket. Going up the spiral staircase, we reach the first floor of the tower through a heavy door, studded with large-headed nails and strengthened with large pieces of oak. Opening this door, groaning on its rusty hinges, we find ourselves in a small dungeon, measuring about thirteen feet in length and eleven and a half feet in width. This chamber is now lighted by two small windows; but formerly, if I may believe my cicerone, its only means of light was a small aperture in the form of a loop-hole, and it was consequently wrapped in obscurity. The walls and flag-stones are furnished with thick, ill-planed planks, on which may be seen iron rings riveted in at intervals, and on these rings there still hung, some forty years ago, the remains of chains. To each of these rings—I counted seven of them—used to be fastened a prisoner, tantalised by all the charms of life and nature outside. There seemed to be a refinement of cruelty even in the elevated position of the prison; the captives could hear

* The name of this sect, which took its rise in Germany at the commencement of the fourteenth century, has very much exercised the learning of etymologists. Some derive it from the German word *tullen*, *tillen*, or *tallen*, signifying *to sing*; others from the Latin word *lolium* (tares), in allusion to the parable of the Evangelist; and others from Walter Lollard, or Lolhard, one of the chiefs of the sect. It is certain that the epithet of *Lollard* was subsequently used in England to designate all classes of heretics. It was applied in the latter sense, in England, to the followers of Wycliffe.

from the Thames the ripple of the water stirred by the oar, the song of the birds, and the rustling of the leaves; for the tops of the tall trees nearly touched the sides of the tower. A place for a chimney seemed to open on one side of the cell; but the chimney itself is nothing but a deceit; there is no passage for the smoke, which beat back into the room and suffocated the unfortunate victims. It was, doubtless, one way of dealing with intractable heretics. There is still a trap-door in the floor, lifted up by an iron ring, communicating with the river through a gloomy-looking hole; down this they used to throw the dead bodies. The wooden lining hiding the walls of the prison is covered all over with almost illegible characters, scratched with the point of a nail or cut with a knife. They may be looked upon as hieroglyphics written by the hands of the dead on the walls of their sepulchre.

THE WORKING CLASSES AND PUBLIC WORSHIP.

For some years past the clergy have been much engrossed in trying to draw the working classes into their churches. Have these efforts, however, been crowned with much success, at least in large towns? Most assuredly not; and they have still to seek out the causes for an absence which they so rightly deplore. Dr. Pusey attributes the absence of the working classes from public worship to the old system which still rules in the internal arrangement of Protestant churches. The seats are let by the year, or occupied, in right of seniority, by parishioners of the upper, or at least the middle classes. In both cases the poor stand but a bad chance. "Is this," cries Dr. Pusey, "what one has a right to expect from a religion which proclaims the equality of all in the presence of a common Father?" The eloquent professor goes further, and cites facts. Some years ago a church was provided with pews only, and these pews were always empty; they were done away with, open free seats being substituted for them, under the same clergyman the same church was then filled from one end to the other. This experiment appears decisive; and yet is it quite certain that the arrangement of the seats is the *only* cause which drives away from the churches the most numerous class in England? There is room for doubt on this point. On Sundays, persons in easy circumstances delight to display with a certain emulation all their best attire; how would it look for the poor to come there and expose their rags? This objection has appeared so serious a one, that the idea was started in 1850 to establish in London *ragged churches*, on the same plan as the *ragged schools* which already existed; but there was something ungracious in the epithet itself, which prevented this attempt from meeting with success.

The truth always remains the same, that, in the very edifices where the voice of the Gospel is so loudly raised against the worship of Mammon, the humble city workman feels himself oppressed under the weight of an entire social system that appears to him to be in direct contradiction of the words of the great Master. All in vain have they softened down the sense of certain texts; in vain, thanks to a miracle of scholastic subtlety, have they succeeded in passing the camel through the needle's eye; but the question is still unsolved, how we can reconcile the excessive distinction of ranks with the spirit of a book which preaches self-denial and humility in all. The Reformation desired to bring the priest nearer to the people, in order to bring men nearer to God; but birth, education, and fortune still create a gulf between the Protestant minister and the most humble portion of his congregation. As to the bishop, he is too great a man, and is too far removed from the people, to exercise any very lively influence over them. And then also, behind this ecclesiastical hierarchy, there is a civil hierarchy

well, forming a double Jacob's ladder, very high and formidable to him who is on earth. Poverty acts as a means of isolation, and this isolation seems still increased amid the gilded crowd which frequent many of the churches. We have sufficient reasons here to explain why it is that a large portion of the working classes either entirely refrain from taking any part in public worship, or else, on Sundays, attend the chapels of some of the dissenting denominations.

MR. SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.

The interior exactly resembles a concert-hall : it contains a pit and two tiers of galleries, one over the other, round which rows of light run, whilst jets of gas encircle the capitals of the columns supporting the roof, and surmount them like a crown of fire ; no religious symbol, however, unless you consider as such the dial of a clock, intended no doubt to remind Christians of the rapid flight of time. At seven o'clock Mr. Spurgeon made his appearance on a balcony, or platform surrounded with a balustrade. He was clothed in black, and wore a white cravat. The most profound silence reigned amid the three or four thousand attentive hearers who filled the vast hall, even now too small for the reputation of the preacher. A short reading out of the Bible, one or two hymns, and a prayer—such were the preliminaries to the sermon. Mr. Spurgeon has much that belongs to the actor both in his face, voice, and gestures ; he is by turns grave or comic, falling sometimes from the sublime to what is grotesque and trivial—"sometimes Ezekiel, and sometimes Scaramouch ;" still he has undoubtedly founded in England a new school of sacred eloquence. Other preachers try to imitate him, but with very little success. They want the vigorous and pure enunciation, which controls and sways at its will the impetuous passions of the crowd ; that pungent energy which gives to religious controversy all the interest of a debating club ; and, above all, that art which fascinates the imagination by bestowing on the pulpit all the attractiveness of the drama. Mr. Spurgeon has become the subject of caricature on more than one occasion, and he has not been spared by the pencil of the English artists. Like Socrates, he has had the honour to have been put on the stage while yet alive. These arrows of criticism are always directed against talents which may be odd, but yet are real ; why, therefore, should he have shown the weakness of taking notice of them ?

Mr. Spurgeon is distinguished by his liberal views. On a recent occasion he assisted with his great influence the election to Parliament of Mr. Thomas Hughes, the celebrated author of "Tom Brown's School-days." There was nothing to astonish in this interference of a dissenting minister in public matters, and nothing contrary to conventional ideas ; for it must be remembered that civil institutions in England have been moulded out of the same metal as the forms of religious belief.

A WHITSUNDAY MEDITATION.

[JUNE 9, 1867.]

THE feast of Pentecost was associated by the later Jews with the giving of the law. Reckoning fifty days from the middle of the first month, we are brought to the beginning of the third month, the time when (Ex. xix. 1) we are told the children of Israel came into the wilderness of Sinai. At this day the Jews call the feast of the Pentecost the feast of the law; "some of them adorn their houses with flowers, and wear wreaths on their heads, with the declared purpose of testifying their joy in the possession of the law. They also eat such food as is prepared with milk," in symbol of the purity of the Divine law, "the sincere milk of the word." Some Christian commentators, devoted to rabbinical lore, have adopted this interpretation, and associate the giving of the old law with the constitution of the Christian, with its new and diviner precepts. Under Sinai, they say, Jewish national life began, the law being the bond of the people's unity. At Pentecost began a larger fellowship: the Holy Ghost is the bond "which, amidst all outward differences, is to unite for evermore the souls of all God's believing children." The Church, with its larger life and holier order, dates back to the first Christian, as the Israelitish nation to the first Jewish Pentecost.

This interpretation is not found in Jewish writings till long after the dispersion; nor does it receive any countenance from the Bible. The day of Pentecost was the feast of first-fruits—the day when the earliest wheat was made into two leavened loaves, and brought into the temple, with lambs and drink-offerings, to be first presented and then eaten before the Lord. The idea of the celebration is simple enough; it was an expression of gladness and gratitude to God for His bountiful gifts to His people. It was an act of natural worship; the Jews within the temple were mindful of what God was doing without, on hill-sides, and in valleys. They first acknowledged the care and bounty that fed them, and then they did eat of His fruits "with gladness and singleness of heart."

There is a Christian as well as a Jewish year; we cannot be, or ought not to be, unmindful of the changes around us, all of which illustrate God's holy counsel, His tender conduct of the lives of His children, and the history of mankind. God speaks to us in rain, and sunshine, and fruitful seasons; the author of natural and spiritual life is One, and His works are One. Pic-

f His hidden operations lie all around ; He gives many a many a memorial of His gracious purpose in the changes year, and has taught us to see in seed-sowing a symbol Cross, and a call to Christian sacrifice. The one great life out of death, fruitfulness out of self-devotion, is illustrated in the "corn of wheat," that, "except it die, abideth alone, it die, bringeth forth much fruit." The harvest, the fruitful autumn-time, reminds us of the end of the year and has its strangely-blended influences of mournfulness and hope. Spring is a type of the resurrection ; life bursting out of the grave ; life fuller, fresher, better than that which has been buried. Of all beautiful, blessed symbols of the Christian year, early summer-time is the most blessed. Calm as these early and not yet sultry days ; peaceful as early June morn- fresh as the dews and showers ; rich as the verdure of our landscape, it is given us sometimes to feel, and always to know that Christian life is under the silent energy of the Holy Spirit and of God. God is making all things new ; the new world speaks of that gracious renewal of humanity which, though it sometimes, and apparently proceeding slowly, we can yet have followed on the winter of the Cross.

Western summer is, indeed, not so early and so rapid as our Eastern summer ; neither is our moral and spiritual life so rapid in progress as that of Eastern men. There are no harvests to-day wherewith to deck English churches ; we must wait many weeks for the leavened loaves of the first-ripe wheat. The trees are clad with verdure, and the scent of roses is in the air. The pinks and pansies are bearing their first and fairest flowers ; the first crops, freshest and daintiest, are in the markets and on our tables. A tender life is working all about us ; more tender than the Eastern summer, if also more rapid. There is here symbolized the soft and genial Christian God who is giving an annual lesson to us who, amid the sorrows and troubles and temptations of the world, so soon become stern and gloomy and despondent. We should be thankful for this beauteous early summer. We should listen while He speaks from the Bible and the land. He will enjoy the summer more, will find it a holier season to him, who can feel the teaching of the gracious energy of the Holy Spirit, breathing through nature and the renewed, the Christian

The Passover and Pentecost were intimately connected. The feast of Pentecost was reckoned from the time of the Passover. The conjunction to keep the feast of first-fruits concludes, "and thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondman in Egypt ;"

the rejoicing followed the commemoration of the deliverance. The Jews call the day of Pentecost "the concluding festival," *i. e.*, the festival that concludes the Paschal celebration; and the intervening days are regarded by the superstitious with peculiar dread. The association is not difficult to trace. The national life of Israel was the sequel of their deliverance from Egypt. It was not enough for them to be set free from the yoke of their masters; to be led into the desert was not the road God had in view when, with terrible signs, he brought them out of their bondage. In the wilderness, the careless and ungodly among them, appalled by the dreary barren tract around, lusted after the flesh-pots of Egypt, and craved to return; and the godly were sustained by the hope of the promised land where they should dwell in peace. God did not deign to keep them in the wilderness; He had prepared a country for them, a "good land and large," a "land flowing with milk and honey," a land of "corn-fields," whose hills were covered with "vines and olives," and crowned with "cedars of Lebanon;" a land needing greater labour and more careful cultivation than Egypt, but yielding better fruits; a land where they should cut,—not the rank leek and onion, the "herb of the field,"—but corn and wine and oil that should give them a tougher sinew and a more healthy vigour. The feast of Pentecost was their memorial that God had fulfilled His promise. They carried the fruits of their own land before Him, the land which He had given them; they remembered year by year that He blessed their toil, that He made the land bring forth abundantly, and was nourishing the men He had redeemed.

The Passover was the symbol of redemption; the feast of Pentecost commemorated the life into which they had been redeemed. Spiritual life is the sequel of Christian redemption, the gift of the Holy Ghost, God's purposed supplement to Calvary. Spiritual history begins with the Cross, but it does not end here. A man's conversion is the signal period in his experience,—his deliverance from the gloom, the curse, the bondage of his sins,—but God's purpose is not accomplished till the man abounds in all the energies of a holy life. It sometimes happens that the first gladness and gratitude of a forgiven soul are followed by a strange restlessness and dissatisfaction. For a while, the sense of a freedom from guilt, from the old distracting consciousness and care, is all-sufficient; the man can breathe who scarce dared breathe before; to be rid of the terrible burden of the past, to behold the exceeding grace of God, to know that the awful sacrifice was paid for his redemption, is to him sufficient joy. But, gradually, as life resumes its former current, and the solemn agitations of fear, passing into joyful trust

abate, there is a sense of something yet wanting. There is a strangeness in his efforts after the Christian activities that are to prove his thankfulness: the formalities of a new profession are not enough for him, and the man may be moody and fitful. His friends look on in wonder, and with some anxiety; cheerfulness seems to have fled from the face of the convicted one; his desires are vague, he behaves as one who knows not what he would be at, and perhaps the scoffs at the oddness of his doings, at his want of Christian geniality, may not be pointless. A little while, and another change is gradually wrought upon him. Formal restrictions are seen passing into the beauty of a well-ordered spirit. Faith is a rest to his soul, and hopes are blooming in his path, and love is putting itself forth in kindly consideration, and the man settles down into a beautiful meekness, and truth adorns his speech as with sweetest flowers, and tastes and habits form themselves at the bidding of gracious impulses; and a fulness of joy is his, infinitely peaceful to himself, and very attractive to all about him. His Paschal time, of haste and scarce-quelled anxiety, of girded loins and unleavened bread and bitter herbs, has been succeeded by the peaceful Pentecost. God's gift of life has been received by him; the passion-ransomed soul is rejoiced in the freedom and fulness of spiritual life.

It is not till this divine life is formed within us by God's Spirit—strong as the forces of summer that clothe the earth with summer beauty—that we can fully commemorate the death of Christ which is our redemption. The loss is illustrated by the gain; the anguish and the love of Christ are only known by him who is partaker of the life of Christ. Not till then do we consent to the doctrine of the Cross; at first we submit to it, then we accept and glory in it. Not till then do we see the love that utters itself in the law; the awful constraints, the "necessities" of righteousness are dear with unutterable sanctity to him who "walks in the Spirit." We keep our Paschal feast in "sincerity and truth,"—our hearts consenting to the sad realities of condemnation, and accepting redemption through Christ's blood, with infinite gratitude and infinite delight in Him,—when our Passover is followed by the Pentecostal gift; life imparted and sustained by the very Spirit of our God.

The Holy Ghost was needed by the men who were to be preachers of the Cross. He not only unfolded to them its meaning; He dwelt in them an energy tender, earnest, and strong, like that of the redeeming Christ himself. How without the Spirit and the life of Christ within them could they have proclaimed as a message of salvation, and God's good news of forgiveness, the fact which was the utter condemnation of the

men who heard them? If Peter did not take his sword longer aiming at the ear, but in frantic efforts seeking the slayers of his Master's murderers, it was because a better mind was in him. If James and John did not wish to call down fire from heaven on the city that crucified their Lord, it was because they had received another spirit than their own. It is very true to think of these men remaining among the people they were to be so guilty, urging them to repent, and promising them forgiveness; to think of these going out with joy and hope, the fulness of the life in them pouring itself out in service upon the cripple, and healing to the sick—the very men but a little while ago, had been contentious, and hot-tempered and angry. It was the life within them, divinely given, and duly nourished, which made their demeanour so like the Lord's demeanour, and their influence attractive and holy like His. Whence their heart, their power to labour in Christ's name? The Spirit of Christ revealed to them the mind of God, and was in them an overflowing joy and confidence. The full, genial Christian life was the inspiration of their courage, the source of their patience, their energy to suffer and to be crucified up in the dungeon where, with scarred backs and washed wounds, and feet fast in the stocks, Paul lay and prayed at midnight, and sung praises to God. It made them rejoice that they were "counted worthy to suffer shame for Christ's name;" it bound them to one another in an all-embracing brotherhood; it sent them out "everywhere preaching the word;" and it won multitudes to penitence and to the obedience of the truth. They had life in them, and nothing could oppress their faith, their gladness, or their labours. They were full of life in them; and by all the genial force of life, men were converted by their influence, and drawn into their communion. If Christian teaching is ineffective, it is because it lacks the life of the Christian life! And by life is meant not conduct, not good works, not efforts; but the inward life which gives tone to our character and temper to our association with men, and character to our ends. Our doctrine may be scrupulously orthodox, yet very cold and repellent; our teaching carefully accurate, yet very colorless; our efforts may be unencumbered, and our plans most judiciously organized; yet, without the love, the earnestness that only life can give, they will be all in vain. Is the meaning of the Pentecost sufficiently understood,—that there was sent down the Holy Spirit to abide with us, who has never left us? There is something for us besides to pray for the divine life, it is to live it. Christians sometimes ask that "the Spirit be poured out." He has been poured out, and they will not recognize Him, and submit themselves to Him, find Him

m and in them still. The Spirit of Christ, which is the Christian inward life, will give force to all teaching, and holy energy to all effort. This will subdue, this will win men. The hard and humbling lessons of the Cross—and we must not see them one jot less hard and humbling—will melt the heart; when life compels their utterance and lends them earnestness. The tenderness of the Eternal Father, the sacrifice of the beloved Son will constrain, when there are in us, not mere elements, but one Spirit, and one life. Full of divine charity, of faith and hope and joy, we shall also be full of power. The life of the Spirit will be seen in the fruits of the Spirit; joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance—the power that produces these in us will add to our souls as “first-fruits” to God and the Lamb.

At Pentecost was a memorial of God's constant presence and power. The feast was ordained to remind the Jews who gave in their corn and wine and oil. They were not permitted to eat of the year's harvest till the first sheep had been waved before the Lord and the two loaves offered to Him, lest they should think that the earth brought forth fruit of itself; lest they should be undevout, and gluttonous, and drunken in their feasts. This was the consecration of the “first-fruits” which should hallow the “whole lump” of which they were daily taking. It was to remind them that the same Lord who had delivered them out of Egypt, was watching over them still, year by year putting life and fruitfulness for them in wheat and wine and olive. The Jews, like Englishmen, were prone to practicalism; they, like Englishmen, only recognized God in signal events of their history, unmindful of the care that was daily bestowed on them, and the bounty which daily made them glad. True piety decays when we forget that the “Father” is “ever with us;” to connect God only with certain events in experience and history, is to lead a life that, on the whole, will be less. It is to deprive ourselves of the consolations that will comfort, and the sanctities that will hallow our daily toils, our work and drinking, and our pleasures.

God would have Israel live in Canaan as men who had been redeemed. Christians, too, may learn to associate Christ not only with times of conversion, with sacraments and public worship, with special seasons in experience, special revivals of religious feeling, and special periods of consecration in life and effort, but to be ever living in Christian gratitude and Christian duty. “Do this in remembrance of me” were Christ's words at the last supper. “Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the

Father by him," is the injunction of the Apostle Paul; and then immediately follow counsels to wives and husbands, children and parents, servants and masters, how they are to live. Body and soul, as well as spirit, have been redeemed by the blood of Christ. Food and raiment, house-room and friends, have been given us by the same Father who gave us His Son. The power that quickened the world from the Cross is ruling over it still; the love that shines in the Cross gives summer flowers and autumn fruits. By the same energetic presence, the same personal activity that awakens men into spiritual life, is the earth made to bring forth and bud. Bread and wine are holy things, to be received with thanksgiving; the strength derived from them, the very feeling with which they are taken, cause them to be holy, "as becometh saints."

Men who see nothing more than forces of nature in the power that clothes the hill-sides yearly, and makes the valleys fruitful; nothing more than an "order of things" in the benign and beautiful laws which regulate all growth, see, too, in the Christian life nothing more than human nature under new developments. It is the influence of certain ideas, they say, that affects men to new modes of thought and feeling: amendment, reformation, improvement, are the words they use instead of restoration, renewal, sanctification. Of course the truth as it is in Jesus is adapted to God's purpose in its revelation. God deals with us as reasonable beings; He speaks to us as to "wise men." The special message of the Gospel produces its fitting effect upon us. Of course the spirit of man obeys the laws of its constitution; Christian life is not a vague and wayward set of impulses, obeying no eternal law. We are not true to the nature God has given us till the new life of Jesus unfolds within us. But, just as under the order of the universe, it is the Father who is ever working out His kind purpose towards all His creatures, so is it His power that imparts the very life to which alone the truth is perceptible, and it is He who is ever giving us the Spirit whereby we live. The day of Pentecost is the witness of a divine person abiding near us, and working in us all the comforts and influences of a Christian life. It tells us how He came down from heaven, who wrought in men a mighty change, putting within them a new life, so that they felt differently because they were different, and thought differently because of the change in their feeling. The new ideas followed the new life, not the new life the new ideas. Changes of thought are much more the creatures than the authors of changes of being. It is a most blessed truth this of the Holy Ghost coming down to abide with men and in them; coming near them, influencing them, drawing them to truth, to Jesus, and to God. If it takes away our self-com-

agency, it takes away the loneliness which must belong to any man who thinks that he alone teaches, and guides, and amends himself. It prevents our falling into that despondency which must be our lot if we have none to trust in but ourselves. It gives us the blessedness of dependence on an unchangeable person, ever wise, ever strong, ever gentle, when we fall into folly and become weak, and find our hearts very hard. It is the hope of our deliverance, for it is from self, with its depraved tendencies, and wild longings, and unholy habits, that we need to be delivered. It gives us the sense of a blessed companionship and watchful, tender guidance, which sanctifies our being with love and adds the constraints of personal regards to duty. And it is our joy to know that when our words fail, and the truth itself is denied or misconceived, that when we see in men an evil state, the secret of all their misbelief, a blind heart as the real cause of their indifference; there yet is the energy of a Holy Spirit moving in the depths of human souls, who changes the evil state, and opens the blind eyes, and gives life, which is ever the great healer. The human spirit is needed for the knowledge of human things; and a spirit that is of God, for the knowledge of divine things. Where we are powerless, He imparts life; and then truth becomes plain, and motives are felt that we could not waken; and that life shall yet unfold itself in all Christian works and ways, in all Christian gladness, and godliness, and strength.

Earnest Christian people need the teaching of the day of Pentecost. There are many who connect the Holy Ghost only with their conversion, with periods of high-wrought emotion, with sudden impulses of wisdom, sudden changes of feeling, sudden flashes of light on God's truth. To trace these to God's Spirit is often most proper; but not to suppose that where these are absent there is not the Holy Ghost. In quiet household duties, and long and patient watchings, that often have their issue in events that seem sudden in their coming; in the calmness of devotion and the peace of self-denial; in labours that pass unheeded, and efforts to be good; in the whole range of Christian life, however varied to our feeling, the Spirit, the source of life, is working. Yes, and in hearts that have not yet yielded themselves to Jesus; in souls that He is seeking to quicken, and with which He is at strife; in children born into godly households, and abandoned ones listening wonderingly to new words of hope and love; in providential circumstances, and marvellous transformations of thought and habit long concealed but one day to be made known; by words of kindness and deeds that flow from a heart of love, by scattered stories, and from the pages of the dispersed Bible—in everything that

has a Christian tendency, in every influence that comes from Christ and moves towards Him, worketh that one and the same Spirit whom God has divided to all men even as He will.

A few weeks ago, and though we knew, we did not feel that summer was nigh. The snow was falling, and the keen northerly winds were nipping the too early buds. The trees were bare, and the earth was hard, and we cowered and shivered beneath the chilling blast. But God was working; the spirit of life was moving in the sluggish sap, the sun was gathering force, and the western winds were on their way to us with refreshing showers. And lo! the summer is here; and every tree is a bower gladdened with the song of birds; and the earth is gay with colour, and the air is laden with perfume. We remember to-day, as we have remembered with humble gladness before, that though now there is winter, there never is a time when the loving Father is not preparing food and ministering life to His creatures.

Toil we on, dig still the ground though barren, and labour though in ungrateful soil. Let us bare our hearts in preparation for the sunshine, even if the clouds are overhead. Let us sow the seed; let us cultivate habit, and study truth; let us be faithful to duty and to precept. Let us work according to God's will among ungracious men, and on our most ungracious selves. And we shall one day see the glad and genial life that the Divine Spirit is accomplishing; for He is near us and in us still. "I have planted, Apollos watered, and God giveth the increase."
A. M.

RECENT WORKS ON CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE

"THE controversy with unbelief," says Mr. Plumptre, "has brought to the issue whether Christendom has a Christ. Unbelief having done its best in weakening the outworks, strikes now at the citadel itself. In one sense the enemies of the Gospel are wise in raising this issue, even though there be no contest in which their own weakness could be made

* "Christ and Christendom" (the Boyle Lecture). By Rev. E. Plumptre, M.A. London: Alexander Strahan. "Ecce Deus" (Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ). T. and T. Clark. "Libri Librorum: its Structure, Limitation, and Purpose." London: Longmans Green.

apparent and the difficulties in the way of their success greater. Many who care but little—far less than they ought—for attacks on the authority of the Old Testament Scripture, and would almost be prepared to surrender it to its foes, regard in a very different light the Gospels and the life of Jesus. Whether or not Moses was the author of the Pentateuch; whether the difficulties in the arithmetic of the story of the exodus can be removed; whether we are to accept all the books found in the Old Testament canon as divinely-inspired, appear points of little importance to many who feel that all that they hold most precious and sacred is bound up with the marvellous life-story of the Son of Man. Assaults, therefore, upon the records in which it is contained, whether directed to an absolute overthrow of their authority or to such an elimination of the supernatural element which is in them as would materially affect their entire character, awaken a very different feeling from that excited by mere speculations that do not at first appear to the superficial observer to touch the vitals of the Christian faith. The unerring instinct of true and loyal hearts, much more than any strong logical reasonings, have caused many to feel the impolicy of such a mode of procedure, and taught them the impossibility of breaking the link which binds the Old and New Testament together. They have judged wisely who have felt that though revelation has been progressive, the Bible is essentially one book, and that the foundations of the Old Testament cannot be shaken without those of the New being seriously undermined also; but there are many who have not so clearly discerned whither all the assaults on the authenticity of the Pentateuch, the credibility of the Jewish history, and the divinity of the old dispensation, as a whole, were tending. Such men have been somewhat startled when they have found that the issue of the calculations by which Dr. Colenso sought to prove the story of the exodus impossible has been a depreciation of the work of Christ; and, while they did not disturb themselves much about the former, under the idea that the truth of the Gospel was unaffected by any conclusions to which they might conduct, they shrink back with indignation and horror from these later developments of Dr. Colenso's spirit and teaching. They fancied that they could retain their knowledge of Jesus and their trust in Him, though compelled to confess that the story of Moses and his works was little better than a mere fable; and now that they find this stronghold of their religion threatened, are prepared to do earnest battle in defence of that which they feel to be dear to them as life itself.

Still we hold that our adversaries are wise in the course they are now pursuing, formidable as is the work they have under-

taken. The life and character of Jesus have taken so deep and strong a hold on human hearts that it will not be easy to disturb it; but, until it is disturbed, all that may be done beside will avail very little. They may show that there are some statements that seem irreconcilable with the facts of history or the truths of science, and others that are contradicted by something in the sacred writings themselves. They may insist on the difficulties of the chronology, or the still more serious difficulties of the morality of the Old Testament; but they have really accomplished nothing so long as they leave the narrative of the Gospels unimpeached, and our faith in the Christ, as there exhibited, unshaken. They are only, therefore, bowing to the inevitable necessity of the case when they concentrate their strength on the one point where success will enable them to achieve their purpose. The Book and the Man are indissolubly linked together. "These things were written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God." Without the Book we can know nothing of the Man; without the Man there is nothing worth contending for in the Book. The Book was given to be the revelation of the Man Christ Jesus, and now the strength of the Book is to be found in the fact that the Man, to whom it testifies, is beyond all others whom the world has ever known dear to human hearts. Since that time the power of the Man has been to some extent developed. The despised and rejected of the Jews has become the most wondrous and powerful name in all the world's history. It is the dividing point of the world's history. We divide the ages by their relation to the date of His advent; we separate the whole world into Christendom and Heathendom. The days we observe as sacred, the rites we preserve and celebrate, the name which we bear and feel it an honour to bear, all testify to its influence. The mightiest intellects have owned the spell which resides in the story of Jesus of Nazareth; the saddest hearts have rejoiced in the comfort derived from Him; the most godlike deeds ever done on this earth, except His own, are those which have been done under the inspiration of faith in Him, with love to Him as their motive, His life as their exemplar, and His glory as their aim. He, therefore, is now the strength of the Book, and while His glory continues, the power of the Book must continue also. So long as men feel that Jesus is the Christ, so long will they cling to those Scriptures which testify of Him; and if they once renounce that faith, they must cast aside the Book as the record of a past superstition.

We cannot, therefore, too much rejoice that the intellectual strength of the Church of Christ is being put forth in vindication of the truth, and exhibition of the beauty of the divine life of

Jesus. To do the latter, indeed, is to do the other also. The more the character of the Lord is examined, the clearer the understanding of His marvellous wisdom, the more the beauties of His career are realized, and the deeper will be the impression that the Gospels are true. Mere historic arguments to prove their antiquity; careful attempts to remove the apparent discrepancies by which some are staggered; appeals to the testimony of Fathers and Churches on their behalf, are nothing when compared with the force of the argument derived from the life itself. In the full view of its glorious revelations of a virtue passing not only what men ever realized, but also what man ever imagined, how paltry and unworthy the cavil by which men have sought to prove that this Jesus was but the creation of myth, or that, if He existed at all, He was but a poor dreamer, carried away by the intoxication of His own enthusiasm or the excited fancies of His miserable and deluded adherents. To Mr. Plumptre and the author of "Ecce Deus" alike we owe a debt of gratitude for the clearness with which they have brought out some of the more remarkable features of the narrative, and the earnestness with which they have insisted on the conclusions to which they point. Looking at the subject under different lights, and exhibiting great variety in their mode of treatment, they have both shown how any of the theories which represent Jesus as anything less than the Son of God, fail to explain the phenomena of His life, and how that life, in its divine beauty, remains the unanswerable argument on behalf of that religion of which He is the Alpha and Omega.

Christendom has yet to learn the power which belongs to her in the presence and influence of the living Christ. She has been too apt to trust in the careful definitions of her creeds, and the elaborate argumentation by which their articles have been defended; in her powerful organizations and the agencies they have been able to employ; and has sometimes forgotten that it is in Christ himself that her strength is to be found. It is only too certain that theological teaching has often served to obscure great spiritual truth. The schools, in their anxiety to reduce the revelations of Scripture relative to Christ and His redemption to a formal system which might be set forth in a series of propositions, and defended in the most approved logical method, have run no little danger of obscuring that which they have sought to explain, and enfeebling the defence which they sought to strengthen. Theological disputants formed under their influence have regarded with special favour the dogmatic teaching of the Epistles, forgetful that even the powerful logic of Paul is not so convincing as the life and teaching of the Lord himself. It is true that the distinct statements of doctrine

rative of the Gospels. In this way, these Gospels have an important place to fill than has been generally ascribed to them, awakening in men that kind of feeling which was expressed by the Samaritans, "Now we believe, not because of what they say; for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that He is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

It is the nature and power of this spiritual force which men are almost unable to realize. They employ it in careful criticism of the text; they do battle about the meaning of particles and phrases; and not unfrequently see into the service passages that, to say the least, are doubtful, and meanwhile they are weakening that impression of our Lord's divinity which is to be derived not so much from isolated declarations as from the entire representative character and work which is given by the Evangelists. The Christian doctrine, which is completely built upon a certain number of texts, and therefore in its foundation if the application of any of them is set aside, taken possession of by many that they regard any criticism of the orthodox interpretation of these passages as a proof of heresy. Thus it is only recently that the doctrine derived from the celebrated passage in the 1st Epistle of John relative to the "three witnesses" has been given up as untenable, and there are doubtless many still to be found who make the admissions which scholars have been compelled to make in relation to it as a grievous departure from the faith. They do not see that they are really sacrificing the interests of the faith by arguing it on so narrow a basis, and suffering it to be weakened by that any kind of verbal or textual criticism could do.

not only all human achievements, but all human conception that we recognize at once the special dignity belonging to Not only is it true that "Never man spake like this man," but never man lived like this man, but, still further, that the brightest imaginings of the purest spirits of the race, such as the ideal of humanity never presented itself. We cannot too strongly insist upon the distinctive features of this portrait, its surpassing beauty, its essential difference from every type of humanity or excellence to which man has ever done reverence, the very idea of man even now to appreciate, much more to reproduce its most characteristic traits. There, at all events, is the question: how came it into existence? If not a copy from an original, to whom are we to attribute a conception so sublime? Serious as the story is, it would be still more marvellous were we to believe it false, and to suppose either that the result of the deposits of mythology was a creation so perfect, or that the men who did not hesitate to impose upon the world a fraud so colossal were yet men of spirit so elevated and pure, who alone have set before the world, in their fiction, an example of a goodness, unapproachable in every point, but in no way more remarkable than the breadth of its sympathies and the absence of those prejudices belonging to the people among whom the inventors dwelt, and by which, on the showing of their record, they were themselves largely influenced.

Regarding these points very strongly, we wish very heartily to commend the service Mr. Plumptre has rendered in his "Boyle Lectures" on "Christ and Christendom." Regarded purely in an artistic point of view, his book has a great charm. The minute and careful examination of the contents of the Gospels; the clearness with which every hint, however slight and incidental, is laid upon; the wondrous skill shown in grouping scattered facts together and looking at them in their relation to each other, and the general narrative, give these lectures a remarkable freshness, and ought to make them as popular with the ordinary reader as they will be peculiarly suggestive and valuable to the scholar and divine. But he has a higher aim. He feels that no contribution can, in the present time of confusion and discussion, be more valuable than anything which would lead to a more perfect understanding of the Christ: that in the Bible is to be found the answer to the sceptic's doubts on the one hand, and the solution of the perplexities and difficulties which arise on the other. What Episcopal consultations, Evangelical Alliances, carefully-prepared terms of compromise and friendship, reunions of great ecclesiastical bodies cannot effect, may be secured by the common attraction exercised on all by

ON CHRISTIANITY IN DOYLE'S OWN TIME, and those against
has to contend now, and shows how, though "the
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His Father, in which He saw the lineaments of His ow
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followers as much deceived as himself, and we are left "in the dreary darkness of a life without hope and without God." But "if the life leaves on us the impression of being not only the loftiest ideal, but the most real and living of all human lives—if we learn to believe that He was neither deceived Himself nor the worshipper of a *Deus quidam deceptor*—will it not help us to endure till all things shall be made clear, seeing in all laws that we can trace, the finger-prints of a Divine Will, owning a law above this law, as we see star beyond star and glory beyond glory, but believing that there is one Supreme Will, which has determined all from the beginning, and that from that centre and source of all laws the natural and the supernatural are seen, as are the spiritual and the material, as necessary complements of each other and working as He wills?" We must refer our readers to the volume itself to learn how admirably Mr. Plumptre has fulfilled his own purpose of showing how in the life of Christ is to be found one of the most powerful vindications of Christianity. In the course of his lecture many of the objections that have been made to the Gospels on internal grounds pass under review, and are dealt with in a very skilful and discriminating manner. We should have been very glad to justify our observation by examples, but our space will not allow us to do more than bear our very distinct and hearty testimony, not only to the spirit of the book and the weight of the general argument, but also to the great value of his criticisms, which are almost invariably marked by singular delicacy and justice.

"*Ecce Deus*" has been already noticed by us, but requires also to be regarded in the present connection. It is a very remarkable book, and would undoubtedly have been thought more so had not its title, the fact of its appearing anonymously, and the strictures it contains on "*Ecce Homo*" all challenged comparison with a work to which, so far as literary excellence is concerned, it is certainly much inferior. We suppose that when an author preserves his incognito, it is anticipated that his work will excite more attention, just as the mystery around the Black Knight, who fought in the lists at Ashby, invested him with a special interest. Certain it is, however, that it leads to some extraordinary and rather inconvenient guessing as to the authorship. We have heard "*Ecce Deus*" put down to two or three ministers of some eminence, and in one case have been assured that the hearers of the preacher in question remembered some of the passages in the volume. Despite, however, such strong testimony, we must doubt whether any Christian minister is the author of the book containing, as it does, descriptions of the sect-churches, as it calls all denominations, utterly inconsistent as coming from one holding such a position. Of course there

are many ministers who feel with the writer that great re-
 needed in all our ecclesiastical organizations, that there
 an "undue (may we not say criminal ?) protrusion of the
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 been regarded as a transaction between man and man," i
 being, as it is, a transaction between the soul and i
 Lord, and that the terms of admission adopted by man
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 understanding by the term organized sects) is, "human
 ing, the most despicable institution which men are now to
 Even this fierce assault does not content him, for, as if d
 with his language as too moderate, he says, a little lov
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 these "sect-churches," he is surely in his wrong place, a
 at once to shake himself free of all connection with an i
 that, on his own showing, is rotten at the core. We sa
 of some of the theological opinions expressed in this v
 we know not what latitude men may claim in these day
 should hardly expect to hear a minister of an Evangelic
 treating the doctrine of regeneration as an esoteric do
 Christianity not to be inculcated on the masses of
 "Take the matter of being 'born again.' Christ did not
 words to the common multitude, but specially to a 'I
 Israel.' He never used them again, so far as we can l
 the narrative, yet because He used them in such an ex
 case, thousands of preachers perplex promiscuous cong
 with them every Sunday." We hardly think that tl
 to whom the book has been so confidently attributed,
 very grateful to those who credit him with such views.

It is to be regretted, indeed, that the course which tl
 has taken in these cases, and especially the extrav
 some of his censures, should mar the beauty of a book
 marked by real force and originality. The title indi
 general design. The author believes that any theo
 does not recognize that Jesus Christ was God inc
 inconsistent not simply with a few facts, but with t
 phenomena of His life, in which there is throughout re
 unity and consistency. From this he proceeds to arg
 the author of 'Ecce Homo,' having overlooked or igno
 conditions (the unprecedented conditions, that is, un
 Jesus Christ became incarnate), has worked from a wro

and reached several sophistical and untenable conclusions." No doubt there is a great deal to be said in favour of this view, more than some who, captivated alike by the freshness of thought, and fascination of style which secured the book such a widespread popularity, were loud in their praises of "Ecce Homo," will be ready to admit. Unquestionably, the difficulty of pursuing such a line of inquiry meets us at the very first stage. "If (argues our author with great force) a biography is to be traced from point to point, how can it be done without referring to the birth, if not to the ancestry, of the person whose biography is to be traced? Suppose that a writer should undertake to trace from point to point the biography of the author of 'Ecce Homo,' would the author, or would the public be satisfied if the writer did not open the narrative earlier than the time of the appearance of that book? Yet this is what the author of 'Ecce Homo' does with the biography of Jesus Christ, and with this disadvantage on his part, that he overlooks a fact without which all the succeeding facts never could have transpired." All this is true, but then it forgets that the author of "Ecce Homo" does not profess to give a complete survey of the life and work of Christ, but, on the contrary, plainly intimates that the work will be incomplete until supplemented. Whether it was wise to publish such a work in detached portions, whether there is any probability that the second part will, or, indeed, if it is to be consistent with some of the utterances of the first, can effectually supply its deficiencies, is one thing—whether the author might advantageously or fairly occupy the position he has taken, and construct an *argumentum ad hominem*, is another. It may be that the latter is not the correct view of his intention, but if it be—and till we have the fuller light which his own promised book alone can give, we have no right to assume that it is not—there is no logical objection to it. Standing alone, as it does now, the book is eminently unsatisfactory, but on the other hand the author of "Ecce Deus" has pushed his arguments too far. But his reasoning for the divinity of our Lord is clear, lucid, and irresistible; and were the book freed from some little excrescences which have no bearing on its cardinal object, it would have even higher value.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of the last book on our list, which, as the production of a candid, devout, and liberal mind, dealing with one who had been betrayed into scepticism, and seeking to clear away some of the mistakes by which his intellect was beclouded, deserves careful attention. The writer is a sincere believer in the Bible, but he does not accept it in the way that a great many orthodox people deem essential. By many he would be esteemed a heretic, but he is

a heretic who holds fast by a great part of Christian truth, and believes that he holds it all the more clearly and strongly because of what may be regarded as his heresy. The spirit and design of his book may be judged from the Preface, in which, speaking of the class to whom it is specially addressed, he says:—

The secret of the success which now attends publications intended to advance a destructive criticism is that they speak to men already perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds, who received with their first instruction in Christianity statements of doctrine which in the time of mature reflection appear to contradict the Divine instincts of justice, mercy, and truth—the image of God's own eternity in the heart of man. These doctrines taught as necessary inferences from, or as identical with, the facts of Christianity, were once acquiesced in as the creed of Christendom, but now in not a few cases repulsion follows the attempt to read and understand them by the light of reason and conscience. That it may be very difficult to render service to such persons without paining or perplexing timid and anxious spirits is but too probable; but everything of a merely personal character ought surely to be risked by Christians on behalf of men and women who, even in the unbelief, have not cast off the reverential feeling for Scripture which they acquired in youth, and who are always willing to allow that to a Bible training they mainly owe the light and life in and by which they now see.

The book opens with an imaginary correspondence, in which on the one hand the case of the reluctant sceptic is treated with great ability and impartiality, while in reply the author brings out the view which appears to him to relieve revelation of the difficulties which the inquirer has found in it. Especially does he grapple with the objections drawn from the conduct of the Jews to the Canaanites, explicitly denying that there is any warrant for the common notion that the massacre of these people was divinely commanded, and maintains that in this, as in a great many other points, we get free from a great many perplexities by drawing a distinction between what God clearly commanded and what men actually did. His theory is that while the Bible contains direct revelation it has also a large element that is human and uninspired. To discriminate between these two parts is the work of the verifying faculty. But this opens a subject too important to be discussed at the close of an article. We hope to find some opportunity of entering upon it fully before long. Meanwhile we thank the author of "*Liber Librorum*" for the earnestness, the moderation, and the ability with which he has stated his views. We cannot feel that he stands on very solid and certain ground, but his book is marked by great thoughtfulness, and is full of interest from first to last. It is intended to counteract a spirit which is only too widely spread, and of which he writes in the following strong and earnest terms, adopting in the first sentence the language of a distinguished Catholic writer:—"Externalism is superficiality; superficiality is frivolity

frivolity means manageableness by a strong spirit and will. What England has chiefly to dread in the present advancing love of ritualism is the scepticism it hides and the frivolity it engenders and encourages ; each, in its own way, fatal to the civil liberty which arises out of religious individuality and its accompaniment—a claim that the supremacy of conscience shall be acknowledged."

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

BY THE REV. R. H. SMITH.

"I HAVE just come in, and have not much time to spare. Will you tell me what pictures are most worth seeing?" It was in this way that we were accosted the other day by one of our clerical readers at one of our visits to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. For the moment we paused for a reply, being naturally somewhat taken aback, knowing that anything that is worth looking at, and especially a work of art, can never be seen if it be looked at only for a moment, and that the spectator, if he be in a hurry, will never be able to receive the impression it was intended to convey. Our questioner being only a casual acquaintance, we were ignorant of the character of the eye that he brought with him,—what it could and would see ; so we were obliged to leave him in the forest of visitors and pictures with the unsatisfactory suggestion to go round the rooms and look at what he found hanging on the line of sight.

Having been followed for a couple of hours in our pilgrimage through the exhibition by two Catholic priests, who were evidently possessed with some of the knowledge and spirit of art, which has ever been one of the characteristics of their church, we were reminded of the contrast which is ever and anon forcing itself upon us by the architecture, music, and pictures of Protestant Dissent. Giving up, as we have done, so much of our Puritanism as led our predecessors to abjure art as profane, and using art both in our sacred buildings and our service of song, and also adopting, at times, pictorial methods of propagating our creeds and representing the facts of our history, it would seem to be worth our while to recognize what we are doing and what it involves.

It would be out of place here to notice our attempts in archi-

ture or psalmody; but we are glad of this opportunity of going to two pictures of Protestant Dissent which are now on at the West-end, and which are to hang on our walls in the shape of engravings and photographs, if the pushing put are left to do with us what they would.

The first is a composition called "The Noble Army of Ministers," and, though said to have been designed after a picture in which there is a fictitious gathering of poets, it seems rather to have been the result of a visit to Madame Tussaud's. Protestant Dissenters of the past, coming out of a classical build, and in which there is no drawing, into a landscape in which there is no nature, are here brought together to be purchased by the Protestant Dissenters of the present. They stand waiting, their faces copied from old prints, and their bodies and clothes painted from the lay figure. We have looked in vain for any faith or any feeling, and are shut up to the conclusion that they are merely collected to be sold, and the only unity among them appears to be a common consciousness, somewhat supplied by the fate that is before them. The least knowledge of the grain of the faith by which these elders obtained a good will be enough, we opine, to save any one from this exhibition.

The other canvas claims to be "An Historical Picture." Were it not for this pretence, which, judging from intention, seems to be that of the publisher of the photographs rather than of the painter, we should have been silent. The quantity and labour and love, which have been bestowed upon this production demand respect. The scene it is supposed to represent is one that no Dissenter would willingly forget, and if taken historically, he would be only too glad to have hanging before him, stirring his mind by way of remembrance. "Disruption of the Church of Scotland" is a fact which is sacred by the free churches of Great Britain. But a collection of portraits is not a picture. Quantity is no apology for it. Four hundred and fifty faces, placed together after the manner invented by some country contributor to a local bazaar chapel, where the portraits were taken from old *Evangelical Magazines* and pasted on cardboard, must not be sold as works of high art. Many of the heads are good likenesses, and the articles on the table are well grouped; but Mr. Hill, the Free Churchman, is a landscape painter, and does not know how to treat the human face and the human form. The table where the Deed of Demission was signed was low pitched; doubtless, much of the fresh air must have been exhausted by the multitude, but some air of some kind must have been there. There is no air in this composition; and air is an element

picture. 'Every thing and every one are on the same plane. Obviously, the copies are more like pictures than the original. The heads of the upper tiers have been somewhat reduced in size, and photography has been kind enough to take notice of this fact and make us aware of it.

The old collectors, who possess the two well-known Baptist, Independent, and Wesleyan productions, may care to add these fresh failures in art to their galleries; but we trust that in the general body there is a rising race who have a better knowledge of art and a greater respect for themselves and their principles.

There are two pictures in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy in which the subject of Protestant Dissent is taken, and treated with something of the force that belongs to faith, and a skill that is essential to art. We have in 271 "An Incident

Luther's Monastic Life at Erfurt," by H. O'Neill, A.R.A.; and in 304 "The Dawn of the Reformation," by W. F. Yeames, R.A. This passage, taken from D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, is the text taken by Mr. O'Neill: "One day, overcome with sadness, Luther shut himself in his cell, and for several days allowed no one to enter. His friend Lucas Edemurger, uneasy about him, took some young choristers and looked at the door of the cell. As no one answered, Edemurger, still more alarmed, broke open the door, and found Luther etched on the floor. After vainly trying to rouse him, the choristers began to sing a hymn. Their clear voices acted like a charm on the poor monk, to whom music had always been a source of delight, and by slow degrees his consciousness returned." The terrible struggle with doubt, difficulty, and dogma, which belongs to the fight of faith, is here represented in all its agony and danger. Any one who here passes by Luther, may see that he is not acting a part. Having swooned and fallen, he lies across the picture half-raised by his friend, forming a line which once attracts and guides the spectator. You look at him, and you find by the marvellously-painted return of speculation to his feet, that he is coming to; and you are thus led to turn round for the cause; and hearing the tender, touching tones of the boys' voices, the tale is told. The animation in their look and gesture repeated with a strange unearthly glow of enthusiasm in the face of the Reformer. The one is connected with the other. The colour and lines of the picture are in keeping with the character of the subject. Black and white, and brown, prevail throughout, and the comparative hardness of the handling helps to express the verity of the scene.

In 304, Wickliffe stands at the door of Lutterworth Parsonage. His church is in the middle distance, and a row of chestnut trees tell you by their half-opened leaves, that it is early

spring. It is, by the light, the beginning of the day, as well as of the year, and the freshness that is found in both seasons, has been taken to typify the new thought and feeling which is expressed in the face of the Father of the English Reformation. A fresh era has opened for the Church and for the world. Other things have already passed away, at any rate in the scene before us. Wickliffe looks like a leader, and he is represented in the act of distributing copies of the Bible amongst some of his followers, and adjuring them to take it as a lamp to their feet and a light to their path, as they go everywhere and preach the Gospel. His disciples seem to be as ready to undertake the commission as he is to give it. They are like-minded, and the fellowship of faith and feeling gives the unity to the picture. Mr. Yeames has been obliged to lower the tone of his colour and to express the intensity of his subject by departing from his usual style, and giving a greater hardness to his faces and figures. He has, of course, prejudiced his popularity by his truthfulness.

There is another picture (570) where Luther and Melancthon are found in a room, leaning over a desk and consulting together about some passage of Scripture. A woman and child (Luther's wife, we suppose), very imperfectly painted, occupies the foreground. We know what is meant to be understood, but we refuse to listen to Mr. Wallis. Two things cannot be done at once. We are obliged by the painter himself to look at the clever reproduction of the old glass in the panes of the window and at the cat and the kittens in the foreground.

M. Tourrier, in his "Matins" (433), looks at the superstitions which have led so many to protest, and finds, as many before him have done, a subject for the display of humour. After touching wood engraving, he has taken again to his brush; and we have the solidly-painted Westminster Cloisters and the friars of Capuchins (all feeling the cold, but each in his own way) going barefoot through the snow. The figures, pictorially, are too much of the same hue with the building which forms the background. The *Times* attributes the thorough and well-understood workmanship, the labour that is never obtruded, the keen sense of character, and the subtle feeling for quiet colour to French training. The artist is not a Frenchman, and has never studied in France.

Mr. Graham, in 659, follows *en suite*, and gives us what might be called "Parsons at Play." Some monks are in a meadow amusing themselves with a game at bowls. The forms and features of the holy fathers are treated for the purpose of ridicule, and the bowls are so placed by the painter as, on the one side, to form with the lines of the figures a pyramid, and, on the other side, the triangle which is so effective in a picture.

There are other reasons for being at the Academy by eight o'clock in the morning, besides the one which is so well known. One may so manage as to escape the crowd of people, but we cannot avoid the crowd of pictures. It will be wise, therefore, to reserve ourselves every chance, and if we come before we have time to think or thought about anything we shall be likely to leave less rested and bewildered by the thousand and one appeals which have been made to the eye and the mind. We shall need both eyes and all our wits, if we are to see anything where there are so many things to look at, and we may as well use our eyes and our sense when they are at their brightest and best. No one, however great a connoisseur he may profess to be, can see a single picture as it really is, when it is hung in the midst of others. Its individuality is lost in company. Works of art, as well as human beings, are different in society from what they are alone, and sometimes, like guests, they are very uncomfortable in their neighbours.

Only one with ordinary common sense and a little consideration can understand the points of a picture; and if we make annual visits to exhibitions opportunities for study we shall finally be able to find out these points for ourselves, and be able to criticise the criticisms which others may pass upon them. The world of art, like everything else that is human, is subject to any and all. A man may understand anything that is true for men, provided he uses the necessary means. Of course the same is true in art, as in religion and other things, that there are authorities who have constituted themselves, or have been established as authorities; but there is no necessity laid upon any man to accept a canvas as a picture because it is hung on the line, or more than to believe a dogma is a truth because it is found in a creed. We may retain and use, if we will, the right of our own judgment.

We need not, for instance, receive the authorized version of the picture of Jack and Jessica (312) and read the passage from Shakespeare henceforth in the light of Mr. Cope's rendering. Horsley, R.A. (338), may introduce two English girls in a Spanish scene, and paint the one that is looking at the other with curly hair; a large space in the best part of the Middle Room may be allotted to 378, and it may be honoured, in addition, by half a page in the Catalogue, but neither of these pictures, hung in high places, have any right to speak to you with authority. In the latter, "The Submission of the Emperor Charles V. to Pope Alexander the Third," the background is a badly drawn building, completely out of drawing. The Catalogue states that it accurately represents the actual scene in which the event took place; but this attempt at correctness has not,

and never could have, any of the witchery of Roberts's in He found that it was necessary to do wrong if he w right, and adopted, of course incorrectly, two points (one for the sake of the effect of his groups, and the otl the groined ceiling might appear to be far above them, in the middle of his picture with that art which hides a

A story is told of the present year the truth of whic be authenticated by either of the foregoing pictures, an which, had we space, we might admit as witnesses. Th bringing in a picture and omitting to mention the nam artist, and placing it before the judges, was told at once all, to consign it to the lower regions. This, that, and t glaring fault was simultaneously pointed out, and it wou have been where it is but for an after discovery that it of the works of the elect. We happened to have to pass the cellar a day or two before the opening, and the sheet stood in serried rows, hiding their faces, though havi some of them on their easels we knew that they had n to be ashamed, and that they could not have been jus demned.

All our readers will have heard by this time that th bition is above the average,—that is, of the few past y is not what it was. Many will have seen for themsel the tide of Pre-Raphaelitism has gone down, but has traces. Some will perceive that an unsettled feeling j the artistic, as well as the political and religious worlds. for instance, gives an admirable portrait of a boy (236), hair cut short in front to keep it out of his eyes. Look as you are obliged to do, for he is looking at you, you no Millais has found that he cannot improve on the old principle of graduating everything toward the face, and toward the eye. There is no reproduction here of t clothes, and so you can see the boy. In his "Jephth there is a mingled handling which may perhaps accoun unsatisfactory effect of this picture, and the divided j upon it. The father, like Agamemnon at the sacrific daughter, hides his face, and you are beginning to feel for him, when you are led away by the imitation of por the pillar on the one side, and on the other by the lai face of the nurse, painted to the very life. Raphael c supported his principal figures in this way, and Mr. Mil have noticed the plan in his recent studies in Italy, great master of composition used his perpendicular line the eye of the spectator to the chief object in the stor telling, and having done this he kept it there. Mr. shows us the lion skin and the buckler just as he shov

bedsteads and the bedclothes in his "Sleeping" (68) and "Waking" (74). The expression of sleep in a child is happily caught, and we imagine that it was through fear of painting it out that the face is not finished more highly. The consequence is that you cannot see the child, however much you would like to do so, you are obliged to notice the pattern and the fringe of the counterpane. A birdcage hangs over the foot of the bed of the waking child, and it has been supposed that he is looking up at it. The eyes of the boy are, however, turned another way. He must be listening to a morning song.

We are sometimes twitted about the divisions in the Church, and the different handling that the same truth has received is often urged as an excuse for its rejection. Judging from what we see in this Exhibition, there is no act of uniformity in force. Sacred art is understood in different ways, and each artist has his own opinions. In the boneless and impossible St. Edmund (158) you have the embodiment (if we are justified in using a word that is so suggestive of substance) of those emasculated minds which ignore the existence of flesh and blood, and cause and effect. Mr. Dobson, A.R.A., has painted his "Christ" (298) from Blair's Sermons, and Mr. Armitage, A.R.A., with his wooden hand and the face in keeping with it, must have been inspired by the hard and ignorant representations of our Lord which we are sometimes fated to hear. The old subject of "Rebekah at the Well" (8) is given by Mr. Goodall, R.A., with a new reading, and we are reminded as we look at it of Dr. Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine" or "The Jewish Church." We listen with fresh interest as he tells the old story. We see nothing of the conventional well. The strongly-painted pitcher in the foreground is a sufficient hint. The pitcher is repeated again and again, smaller and smaller, and you are taken out of the picture on the one side toward a city. You feel the air of the desert, and the worn limbs of the camels in the middle distance tell of travel. All the figures, even that of Rebekah, are in harmony with the country and the climate. It may be only fancy, but we seem to detect the craft and calculation of her family in the countenance of the woman. She is no girl. Her eyes are open, but she sees nothing. You are soon quite sure that she is not looking at you. It is one of those moments when the mind works with a fearful velocity. She is woman enough for the occasion. Her hand tells you that she has made up her mind. This is the moment chosen by the artist, and he has made you feel it by the strength that he has put into the delicate modelling of her wrist, which is outstretched that the bracelet may be fastened upon it that binds the agreement. "Eliezer" is full of holy

gratitude, and you travel out of the picture, helped by the lines back again to the place from whence he came.

There is no object, smaller or larger, of equal interest to the human countenance; hence portraits are always being painted and if they be likenesses they are attractive to strangers as well as to friends. A portrait must be something more than a likeness to be a picture, and it is priceless when it is both. We have to thank Mr. Watts for our introduction to the Dean of Westminster (207). The painter has evidently intended his work to be characteristic and biographical, and gives the spectator, whether he has seen Dr. Stanley or not, the impression that he has attained his purpose. Had he wished to produce merely a picture, he would not have suffered the Dean to take what we suppose to be his accustomed seat and to sit in his accustomed manner. The drooping hands, hanging somewhat helplessly on the same line and in the same way, the shoulders thrown up by the elbows resting on the arms of his study chair, are as suggestive to us as the feeling that is found everywhere over the whole face. Exploring this new world, we find amongst other discoveries, an explanation of the difference in the minds and characters of the disciple and the master. Fraught as the Dean's features are with thought and conscientiousness, bearing visible traces of the great and good service he has rendered to his day, we miss the fire of the genius that glows in the eyes of Dr. Arnold, and the set mouth and the standing position which indicate the naturally resolute man.

Mrs. Seymour Egerton (82) has been, according to the Catalogue, represented by Mr. Watts as singing. It is perhaps impossible, apart from accessories, to render this effect in a solitary figure. You can paint a chorus, but not a solo. The likeness must necessarily be lost in the contortion of the facial muscles, and you are apt to wonder, as you hear no sound, why the portrait has its mouth open. The portrait of the lady that hangs in the same room (East) over Frith's masterpiece, and that of the other lady with the dogs grouped into a pyramid, are pictures. There is another portrait of a lady which seems to be both a likeness and a picture. Arresting our attention from our first entrance, we found ourselves obliged to turn to it whenever we passed through the room. We thought of the lines—

I do believe that
I saw her heart in her face,

and wondered how it was that she could so lift up the light of her countenance on her portrait painter. The mystery was solved as we consulted the Catalogue, for we read:—"499, Lady Rose Weigall. . . . H. Weigall."

Now, there is nothing new or old in the idea that a picture should have a story, and as we can hardly admire anything which we do not understand, it is not too much to require some amount of perspicuity in those who address us. There are other principles to which we shall have presently occasion to refer; but, before doing so, we wish to notice the impertinence of Mr. Whistler, who, with American modesty, has sent three canvases (233) (243) (670) to this Exhibition. These are said by some critics to be very clever, and we are told that if you were in the artist's company he would himself tell you so. It would appear, however, as if he had not been able to explain his meaning, for he has adopted the humiliating contrivance of putting his idea in words at the bottom of his canvas. Now, pictures must speak pictorially. They must keep to their own tongue. The parts of speech in the language of painting are lines, colour, and light and shade. The laws of art forbid the use of letters. We dare say Mr. Whistler is trying to say something with his brush; we are certain that he has nothing to say with his mind. We listen to him, as he speaks, as if he were a barbarian, and the barbarism "Symphonies in white," proves that we are not far wrong.

The greatest *work*, using the term in its ordinary sense, of this year is Mr. Poynter's "Egypt Under the Pharaohs." We had "the labour question" touched awhile since by another artist, and treated much in the same manner. This picture has been so often and so fully described, that it will, by this time, be as well known to those who have never seen it as it is to those who have stood before it amongst the daily crowds. Preachers, politicians, and painters are alike turning their attention to the working classes; and we shall need light and help from every quarter, for a thousand difficulties beset the relation of master and man. We are here reminded that the greatest wrongs in the past as well as in the present have arisen out of this relationship. The crack of Mr. Poynter's long, biting thong tells us that it is nothing new for a man who has the whip hand of others to use it, and to use it cruelly. Caught by the sound we turn, and begin to look and listen. We are, however, confused and bewildered. The artist seems to have lost himself in the labyrinths of this great question. We can see nothing because there is so much to look at. He has evidently commissioned himself to investigate the condition of the working classes in the time of the Pharaohs, and we cannot but admire the pains which he has taken, and the industry and ability which he has shown; but we are lost in a maze. The multiplicity of detail reads like a blue-book. The picture has no breadth. There are no leading lines, no masses of colour, no concentration of light and shade; and the result is

that we have only a vague impression produced that some great work is being done, and some great wrong is being suffered. The origin of this picture was, we understand, in this wise. It was produced in the shape of a slight drawing at a sketching club, where the subject "work" had been given as a common topic. The sketch was the foundation of a version in water-colour, and this was afterwards enlarged and translated in oil.

Pictures are never silent, and it may be well for purchasers to remember this, or they may find they have made a great mistake. It is one thing to be pleased with a picture as it is held in the hand of a picture-dealer, or as it hangs on the walls of another man's house, but before we spend our money, we had better be-think ourselves whether we shall like to be always hearing its tale. Mr. Calderon, A., has painted a picture (356), with a story; the story is worth telling, and it is so well told that nothing more need be said. Anywhere, at any time, it would be a word in season to any one. Tried by standard rules, "Home after Victory," is one of the best pictures of the season. We all understand its meaning and are touched with its sentiment; for there are none among us but in our time we have taken our part in such a scene as is here enacted. We may not have been heroes ourselves, but we have been connected in some way or other with those who have gotten victories, either as near relatives or humble dependants. We have heard the shout of triumph and helped to increase its volume, and are therefore able at once to sympathize with, to understand, and discriminate the fulness of joy that rolls into this picture on either side. There is a method in its madness. There is a suggestiveness in its temperance and reticence which is in striking contrast with Mr. Poynter's verbosity. We see, comparing the two, that half is more than the whole, and that they are wise who remember that a word to the wise is enough. The "go" of the picture is given by a plan always adopted by Raphael, when he wanted to produce the effect of motion. A figure is split in half by a doorway, or thrusts its head and bust only into the side of the canvas. We believe that this plan is not orthodox; but true art is not only under, but also above law. There are many things to see here, and you will never tire of looking at them. The handling as well as the subject will bear the test of time. The art of the artist, for instance, places the bounding dog where you find him. He was wanted, and wanted where he is. The steps explain the increase of life that would have been given to his motion by a jump; and their parallel lines, by the contrast which they make with the curves of his limbs, develop force and grace. We are so often beaten in the battles of life, and so apt to be faint-hearted if the fight seem to be going against us, that we shall do well to remember the triumphs of bygone days.

from picture to picture, just in a hurried way, to see some of the secrets of the successes and failures we see around us, we observe the absence of detail in Frith's "Treason" (322), and perceive its value. There is no time to catch the eye before it looks on what was intended to be seen, and nothing to distract its attention. It immediately settles at once on the point of the picture, which is directed to a comparatively small portion of the canvas. It leads to go up to the figures who are turning their heads to look over their shoulders. The lines, the colour, the chiaroscuro of the picture all are used for this purpose. A positive red leads you to the chief figure, and, when it is seen to be a cardinal, suggests the idea of a plot. The forms and the features of his companions make upon them as confederates, and, as you catch their faces, you see the desperateness of the men and the danger of the undertaking. The light which enables you to do this, the darkness of the background, confirm your suspicions. Into that darkness, you trace the repetition of the subtle dim outlines of the figures on the faded arras.

There is a picture of Frith's "Charles the Second's last Sunday" (132), and the music, and the gaiety and the gambling, is seen in the tilted bell in the steeple of the church that is seen through the window in the distance. You hear that the bells are ringing for church. You find that some of the company, at least, remember what day it is. You know this from being directed by a line of the arm to look at the laughing figure which is out of the picture. The calibre and character of the picture may be argued from the calibre and character of the artist. He does not need much wit to trifle with sacred things. The picture, the church, and the bell take you away, and you forget that day week.

The use of *light* is felt, perhaps, as much in Mr. Wynfield's "Fromwell the Night before His death" (494), as in any picture in the present Exhibition. In the picture, as well as in nature, the light is shining in darkness, and the darkness makes it more noticeable. There is no blackness of darkness here. The picture is transparent. Both the room and the ante-room are lit by artificial light. The tone and colour of candlelight is seen. The day is darkest before the dawn, and the darkness of the dead hours of the night are added to the gloom and stillness of the death chamber. The night-light is shining through the curtains of the bed, and is so placed as to define the outline of the sharpened features of the Protector. It is in his hand, and as you listen hard, you find it beating his heart, for you catch "divers holy expressions im-

plying much inward consolation and peace." The light flickers, and you listen, and hear "some exceeding self-debasing words"—the dying man is "annihilating and judging himself."

There is a picture by D. Maclise, R.A., "A Winter Night's Tale" (216), in which the skill in the form and grouping of the figures is lost for the want of atmosphere and a proper tone of colour. The old crone, whose expression would do well enough, has been persuaded to break silence and tell some terrible secret of the old house to a large group which seem to be sitting on a winter's night round a winter's fire. They are sitting and looking right enough; but yet something is wrong, something is wanting. That something is a Rembrandt effect of darkness and lurid light.

Going out of doors, as you will easily by looking at Mr. Elmore's picture (184), you may listen to the tale of a talebearer. The artist raises you by his art at once to the roof of an Eastern house, and reminds you of one of the sayings of our Lord. Crowds of women are flocking together; you see them gather, but you are not lost in the multitudes, for the story is put strongly in one part of the picture and kept there. It is told by three figures; they are figures of woman who know nothing, and have never heard, of the charity that covereth a multitude of sins. You have before you the scandalmonger, the scandalized, and the one that is rejoicing in the iniquity.

There are plenty of other pictures worth notice, but space forbids; the reader must be left to exercise his own discrimination, and find them out for himself.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE most triumphant moment in the life of the Emperor Napoleon was probably that in which he greeted the Emperor of all the Russias at the Paris terminus of the Northern Railway, and drove with him down the magnificent Boulevard of Magenta to the Tuileries. For sixteen years he has been scheming for full recognition on the part of the Royal families of Europe. During the first years of his reign our own Royal family alone extended to him their personal courtesies, and though his Government has been formally recognized by the other Continental Governments, yet the Sovereigns of the great empires long looked coldly upon

Much was required before they would receive a successful adventurer into the charmed circle of kings who reigned by the divine. Now, however, that the Emperor of all the Russias and the Emperor-designate of Germany have accepted Louis Napoleon's hospitalities, the Empire must be regarded as having passed its probation, and must be looked upon as one of the great institutions of the European world. Yet the visit of the Emperor brought its dangers as well as its pleasures. Berengowski's bullet might have lighted where it was not meant, or if it had winged its way to the heart of the Czar, for whom the Pole intended it, the Paris *fêtes* would have had so disastrous a result that their author would have wished they had never been imagined. The assassin's shot, since it failed, has, however, subverted Napoleon's purposes. The community of interest between the two Emperors seemed to be increased by their having been under fire together." The Czar became more confidential with his host, and the evident sincerity with which the Parisians rejoiced over his escape, the popularity which he seemed to acquire, and the cordial feeling for his enterprises, and the impression produced upon his mind was just what which Louis Napoleon must have desired. It is unnecessary to inquire whether the Czar was displeased that no invitation was given him to visit England after he had so handsomely entertained the heir to the English throne; he was probably well pleased to hurry home; he knows that Berengowski is but the one of hundreds scattered about Europe, while he was out of his own well-watched dominions. At any turn of the road he might find himself confronted by some blind fanatic who had devoted himself to avenge the stamping out of Polish liberty. Such a congress of kings and statesmen as Paris witnesses this summer was never before heard or dreamt of. The Emperor of the French has proved himself a magician indeed. All the sovereigns of Europe, and even some Eastern potentates, are flocking to his capital to see the great sight, and, incidentally, to glorify the glory of their host. Nor does the New World refuse to lend him some of its celebrities; if the President of the United States will not visit him lest even Republican institutions should seem to minister to the triumph of Imperialism, has Brigham Young, the chief of the Mormons, been showing the wonders of the Exhibition to a few of his wives? Yet Louis Napoleon's tenure of power is no more stable, and his hopes of establishing a dynasty are fainter than ever since the poor child to whom alone he could transmit the glittering diadem, which it cost him so much trouble to win and wear, is hopelessly wasted. But if the gathering of crowned heads in the French capital can but yield a momentary splendour to Napoleon's reign,

it may, perhaps, permanently contribute to the peace of Europe, and if it do this the Paris Exhibition will deserve to be remembered.

Meanwhile, since the only scintillation of all this splendour which will be suffered to fall upon these barbarian isles, will come from a brief visit of the Sultan, Englishmen are devoting themselves to the dull work of discussing politics. The process of transforming the Reform Bill still goes slowly on in the House of Commons. Every day it becomes more and more unlike the measure which Mr. Disraeli introduced three months ago, and every day Mr. Disraeli gets up to declare that the changes which the House of Commons makes are but the complements of his own ideas, the fulfilments of his own wishes. If it is so, then we have a measure of the greatness of the imposture with which he has imposed upon the Conservative party, and induced the Tory squires to assist him in working a political revolution. The Bill is now one of simple household suffrage,—nay, the inclusion of a lodger franchise takes it a long way on the road to manhood suffrage. That part of it, however, which relates to the redistribution of seats has been so cleverly manipulated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the Conservatives have a hopeful prospect of being able to secure a majority in the new Parliament, in spite of the large extension of the franchise. And this it is that perhaps reconciles the rank and file to follow their leader over bush and brake, moor and fen, blindly trusting that his wonderful skill at hocus pocus will somehow make it all right for them at last. Some of them have been at no pains to conceal that they intend by this Bill to break the power of the middle class, which has given such an impetus to liberal measures, and henceforth rule the country according to Tory principles by the help of the “residuum.” All the provisions of the Bill look towards an attempt to get a majority by the votes of dependents, by the creation of faggot votes, and by working upon the prejudices of the most ignorant classes, whose appearance on the register Mr. Bright himself regrets; and the Liberal party are so disorganized, have so little confidence in themselves, and pay so little fealty to their great leader, that they (the ministry) are able to triumph over them and defeat the most reasonable amendments honestly proposed for the purpose of securing good representation. Thus, Mr. Laing’s proposal to give an additional member to each of the six great towns having more than 150,000 inhabitants was rejected by a majority of 00, while the monstrous suggestion of the Government to leash together the University of Durham and the University of London, that they might return one member between them, was with the greatest difficulty set aside, after two days of hot fighting, and a number

3, all of which, except the last, went in favour of the Bill. The clauses of the Bill have now all passed through the House, but on the schedules another attempt will be made. The members for the large provincial towns, if that is not done, are not expected to be ceded by the Government, as there is a hope it may be possible to get the Bill in the Upper House. It is possibly it may be made a little worse there, but that will throw it out need not be anticipated.

mission now engaged in an inquiry at Sheffield into outrages which have for years past lent so bad an aspect to that town, have succeeded in dragging to the light a tale of villany ; and in the light which is now flashed on the iniquities perpetrated in the name of the rights and the operatives, the system which has begotten them must perish and expire. Under the searching cross-examination

missioners, backed by an indemnity for all who make true disclosure, a variety of witnesses have detailed lars of a series of violent interferences with employers not comply with the demands of the Trades Unions stealing hands and other essential parts of their

ham-stringing horses, blowing up houses, and, rders. They have had before them the contriver, if stigitor, of all these crimes in the person of the o the Saw Grinders' Union, and from him they have exact price which has been paid for each atrocity. ld operatives now receive the men who have admitted licity in this villany with yells of execration, and the it, Broadhead, when he had made full confession, said, t of tears, that he knew he should now be execrated le nation ; yet, unless public opinion among the Shef- ives had not sustained the secret tribunals by which ges were directed, it is impossible that they could conceived, much less concealed. Combinations of

for trade purposes are not, in themselves, unrighteous, not to be made illegal ; but the idea of the supporters of laws that their decisions must be maintained by force is itself justly and justifiably to outrages like these. A bad system will bear its fruit sooner or later in the acts of individuals. The men who have stood with the working out of the principles of the Trades Unions felt as little compunction in planning the destruction of their victims as the Spanish inquisitors did in the application of the principles of Popery to the poor creatures in their power.

It may be hoped that the revelations of the Sheffield mission will bring both men and masters to revise the manner in which the delicate relations between them should be adjusted. The sad story has lessons for all.

REMONSTRANCE.

Daughters of Eve! your mother did not well:
 She laid the apple in your father's hand,
 And we have read, O wonder! what befell—
 The man was not deceived, nor yet could stand;
 He chose to lose, for love of her, his throne—
 With her could die, but could not live alone.

Daughters of Eve! he did not fall so low,
 Nor fall so far as that sweet woman fell;
 For something better, than as gods to know,
 That husband in that home left off to dwell:
 For this, till love be reckoned less than love,
 Shall man be first and best for evermore.

Daughters of Eve! it was for your dear sake
 The world's first hero died an uncrowned king;
 But God's great pity touched the grand mistake
 And made his married love a sacred thing!
 For yet his nobler sons, if aught be true,
 Find the lost Eden in their love to you.

From JEAN INGELOW'S "*Story of Doom*" and other Poems.

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Reign of Law. By the Duke of Argyll. London: Alexander Strahan.

The Duke of Argyll has produced a really valuable work on a subject of the highest importance. We certainly do not say this because he is a duke, or because he has been, and we hope soon will be again, a member of a Whig Cabinet, with, as it was understood, Liberal proclivities decidedly more prominent than those of his order. We rather think, indeed, that these considerations are likely to prevent the book from receiving its fair share of attention. The world is very reluctant to give a man credit for excellence in an entirely different department from that in which he is accustomed to employ his talents, and may, therefore, very probably scrutinize with considerable jealousy this venture of a politician into the department of religious philosophy.

Then the duke is not a general favourite; a dead set has been made upon him in certain quarters, where probably his Liberal notions, not relished in any one, but regarded as specially unbecoming in an aristocrat, have brought him into disfavour, possibly there may be in him a little of what, for lack of a better term, we call "bumptiousness." On the whole, therefore, we think the book is not likely to gain much from the position of its noble author, and that the high commendations it has obtained are not more than is fairly due to its intrinsic excellence. Exercising, as we think we can, an unprejudiced judgment, we can heartily endorse the general verdict. We do not suppose that the duke can boast of any original and independent researches which would enable him to enlarge our knowledge of the world of nature and its laws; but he has read extensively, and, by means of a sound and vigorous intellect, has turned his knowledge to the best account. The great object of his book is to contend against the tendency in a certain section of the scientific world, to substitute mere law for the personal will of God. "The notion (he says) that the uniformity, or invariableness of the laws of nature cannot be reconciled with their subordination to the exercises of will, is a notion contrary to our own experience. It is a confusion of thought arising very much out of the ambiguity of language. *For let it be observed that of all the senses in which the word law is used, there is only one in which it is true that laws are immutable or invariable, and that is the sense in which law is used to designate an individual force.*" Very ably has our author worked out and illustrated this point, showing that science itself, instead of weakening the reasonings of natural theology, confirms and strengthens them. We cannot enter more fully at present into the duke's argument, to whose force it would be impossible to do justice without very carefully following out its course. The book is an important contribution to one of the grand controversies of our day, when perhaps more than in any other, a distinct, decided and yet intelligent stand should be taken by the believers in revelation. It is all the more valuable because coming from one who is not a professional theologian. Among the gratifying signs of the day is the fact that so many of the higher minds among the laity are directed to the great religious questions that are agitating the world, and doing battle so vigorously on behalf of the truth often so rudely and contemptuously assailed. Their words will penetrate where those of ministers of the Gospel cannot reach, and must have a weight which is not given to those who are supposed, however unjustly, to have looked at the subject from a prejudiced, if not an interested point of view. The duke has an honourable place in the land, and deserves high commendation for the thoughtful and earnest manner in which, despite the pressure of other duties, he has executed the important work he undertook.

Memorials of the Clayton Family. By the Rev. THOMAS W. AVELING.
London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

THIS book contains biographies of men who filled a prominent position and did a good work, in their days, and whose names are still held in affectionate remembrance by many who gratefully confess the

happy influence which they have exerted on the course of their lives. To all such this volume will be very acceptable. It will for them revive the memory of old scenes, of works in which they took intense interest, of men for whom they will always cherish unbounded respect. To others—to those to whom the Claytons themselves were unknown, but to whom they are the representatives of a certain type of Nonconformity which was once very influential but has hardly a place at all among ourselves—these sketches of dissenting life in the last generation have a different but scarcely less powerful attraction. The life of the father is more interesting and instructive than that of any of his sons, but all of them are distinguished examples of the power resulting from sincere piety, loyalty to their own views of duty, thorough devotion to the work to which they had consecrated their lives. None of them were great men, or even great preachers. The father had most of intellectual power, and perhaps the greatest nobility of character, but all of them were energetic, useful, successful, and what is of higher moment, conscientious men, though very starched and pompous in their demeanour. That they were moderate Dissenters is well known, but it is not generally understood that their Nonconformity, though very mild and guarded in its utterances, was firm and decided in its convictions. It is greatly to the honour of John and George that they declined the offer of a valuable living in the Establishment, and the special circumstances under which the latter arrived at the resolution to refuse a very tempting offer make it extremely creditable to him, and leave no room to question the strength of the convictions under which he acted. They were men of a particular order, with peculiarities arising out of the circumstances of their position, who did important service in their own sphere, and whom we respect for what they were, while at the same time we differ from many of their views, and should be very sorry to see Nonconformist ministers occupying the same position now. To us it seems singular how men should see so much evil in the Anglican church that they could not conform, although evidently anxious to do so, and yet should be content to remain silent themselves as to what they felt to be so unscriptural, and in truth to disapprove the conduct of those of their brethren who felt that their own sense of duty compelled them to bear their testimony against the errors which they alike condemned. The biographer quotes, unfortunately as we think, without the strictures which it deserves, a remark of Mr. Percival Bunting's, the Methodist champion of Church-rates, that they belonged to "a school which, by its steadfast loyalty to the old theology, and to those essential principles of Protestant Nonconformity which *modern politics have, perhaps, tended somewhat to obscure*, long retained the Puritan hold upon the middle order of society in this country." This statement implies a slander upon the present generation of Congregational ministers which cannot be too strongly repudiated. We are perfectly willing to give the Claytons their fair meed of honour, but we are not content to see them exalted at the expense of others who are just as hearty in their attachment to evangelical truth, and are rendering it quite as sincere and con-

ous service. The book would have been bettered if it had less into details of personal history, many of which are extremely unimportant to the general reader; but this is a fault which all biographers are apt to fall, and to which religious writers seem especially prone, but which is certainly not speciallyinous in the present work. It has been executed with great and affords a very true and impartial view of those whose it relates.

nia: Containing Tunes original and selected, for the Psalms Hymns of Dr. Watts, the New Congregational Hymn Book, New Selection of Hymns, and for Psalms and Hymns generally in both Churches and Chapels. Also an Index of the first of every Psalm and Hymn in those books appropriate for ic Worship, with a suitable Tune for each. To which is added index of the first line of every Psalm and Hymn appropriate Evening Family Worship. By JOHN EIVES. London: ello and Co.

the new tune books which are being offered to the choice churches, the above claims separate notice, with a cordial ition of the ability, skill, and care which its compiler has dis- . To some extent the work is a not unwelcome reaction from excessive severity, and even coldness, which characterize much of dern psalmody. Mr. Eives plainly thinks that cheerfulness is ment of praise; and accordingly while he has carefully excluded ing vulgar or ranting from his collection, he intersperses with strains many of those lively melodies which, to tell the truth, e sorry to begin to miss from our popular compilations. "Is erry? let him sing psalms." And if exuberantly glad, why he not sing them to *Ashley* (with the chorus at the end) or *Denmark*?

volume contains two hundred and twenty-six tunes, including number of original compositions. Mr. Eives has in no ordinary the gift of melody; and many of his tunes are fitted to become r. One peculiar feature of the work is the frequency of double adapted to relieve the monotony arising from setting every verse ing hymn to the self-same strain. We well remember the ing effect of a sentence in the preface to Watts's Psalms and . "Do not," the good doctor wrote, "always confine yourself *stanzas*, but sing *seven* or *eight* rather than confound the sense, use the hymn or psalm in solemn worship." True, there were ing clauses afterwards, as to the fitting speed of melodious ce; but these were too often disregarded; and illimitable was the tive opened up to us by the "seven or eight stanzas," L.M., all forth to one monotonous strain! A "double common metre," double short," was quite a godsend to us then, though most Mr. Eives has been kinder, and provides an abundant choice doubles for the lovers of long hymns. Then there are not a our sacred songs, in which the tune that well befits one verse

is altogether unsuitable to another. Who, for example, would choose to sing the couplet,

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,

to the same music with that of the lines, in the same hymn,

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold?

Yet this is what most choirs expect us to do. The compiler of "Harmonia" has clearly seen this anomaly, and accordingly some of his most successful efforts have been in the composition of tunes for hymns marked by such transitions of sentiment, and requiring, for almost every stanza, a variation in the strain. We may instance "Gilead" (No. 35), a three-verse melody, adapted to Watts's hymn,

Salvation, O the joyful sound!

The Index of First Lines, which occupies but a few pages at the end of the volume, is evidently the result of immense and discriminating labour. The editor's purpose has been to select the most appropriate tune in his collection for every psalm or hymn ordinarily likely to be sung in public worship. For this purpose he has taken three books as typical of all the rest—viz., Watts, of course; the New Congregational Hymn Book, and the Baptist New Selection. Then, striking out all which appear inappropriate for worship (a list, we confess, which we should have considerably increased), Mr. Eives has carefully chosen a tune or tunes for every one of the rest. We have in many instances tested the choice, and have always found it to have been carefully and judiciously made.

On the whole, we welcome Mr. Eives' volume very cordially, as a valuable help to all who study to sing with the heart and the understanding also. It should be added that the book is printed in full organ score, with interludes to many of the tunes. For use in the pew there are also two handy editions, one containing the tenor and bass (on the same stave), the other the soprano and contralto. In convenience and beauty of appearance "Harmonia" is unsurpassed by any book of tunes that we know.

Words Spelled in Two or More Ways by different Authors; with an Attempt to Settle their Orthography. By ROBERT SULLIVAN, LL.D. Dublin, 1867.

DR. SULLIVAN has given us a serviceable tenpenny manual on a puzzling, but not unimportant subject. Our observation leads us to conclude that spelling, even more than "reading and writing," comes "by nature:" yet even nature may be improved, or made to work methodically; while some of the caprices of English orthography have before now brought to a stand those in whom the natural gift is most largely developed. In general, where etymology points the way, there can be little hesitation. For instance, the double *s* in Arch-

Whately's *premiss* is plainly right (*præmissum*), and in the *Times* newspaper plainly wrong (*δοίκτης*). There is doubt, again, about such adjectives as *confident*, *dependent*; while we are asked why we write *attendant* and *confidant*, the answer is we take these substantives not directly from the Latin, but through French. So we write *purify* and *rarefy*, because the French tends to have *i* and *e* respectively from similar Latin roots. About *hypothenuse* transferred from the classic languages there is even less doubt. What educated man, for instance, ever writes *Sybil*, *Syren*, *phynx*? Too many, we fear, who ought to know better, many do know better. We have recently read two distinct leading articles in the *Spectator* newspaper with "Sphynx" from beginning to end. No doubt in some derivative words corruption has modified spelling, and use has set its seal upon the change. So we are obliged to find mathematical books treating of the *hypotenuse* instead of "hypotenuse" (*ὑποτεινούσα*), although the latter is happily passing into wider use. But *trance*, *offence*, *defence*, are fixed, we notwithstanding the late Archdeacon Hare and our American friends. By the way, do the latter write "transe" as well as "ense, defense"? On their own principles they should do so, undoubtedly; as the word is from *transire*—a passing out of one state of consciousness into another. While speaking of the Americans, we protest against their *labor* and *honor*. We have even seen *or!* The correct principle to apply to words of this class (including exceptions that have crept in) is that the older nouns, introduced into our language through the French, retain the *u*, the *ones*, taken directly from the Latin, omit it, as *actor*, *captor*, *actor*, *victor*, &c.

Now we again to represent the Latin æ α (Greek αἰ αἰ), by the vowel *y* by the diphthongs? The question here depends upon the thoroughness of incorporation into our language. When the word is realized it drops its alien form. Thus we write *ether*, *edifice*, *my*, but *pæan*, *ædile*, *æcumenical*. This last word, when more recognized, will no doubt be spelt with simple *e*, as also *æsthetics*. "cyclopædia" is still open to either way, but "enigma" is fixed. Many other words.

Next, further, the case of words beginning with *en* or *in*. Why do we say *enclose* but *inquire*? The answer given by Dr. Sullivan is, the former comes to us through the French, the other direct from the Latin. Some of these words are spelt in two ways in different connexions. [By the way, should we have written *conmens*?] Thus we act so as to *ensure* success, but we *insure* against fire.

Several other words, we are reminded, in like manner, though originally identical, vary their significance with their spelling. Not to mention the variation between nouns and verbs, as *practice*, *practise*, and, for instance, *ton* and *tun*, *stationery* and *stationary*. ["The of Derby's great want," says *Punch*—borrowing a hint from Mr. Parkins and Gotto's shop-window—"is a Stationary Cabinet."] We speak of a chemist's *phials*, but of *vials* of wrath; we sail with

canvas spread, but conduct the *canvass* at election time;* *w* corn, but Tom Brown *thrashed* the Rugby bully; a *wreck* i under a gathering *wrack* of clouds; we may *wave* our handker a departing friend, but we *waive* a privilege; Tom Thumb i but junior judges of the realm are *puisé*; a doctor pres *drachm* of Epsom salts, but his patient prefers a *dram* of v We omit other words of the kind, in haste to correct our ap that pleasant but deleterious spirit last-named. *Whisky*, s Sullivan, is the correct form; and sure an Irish gentleman c know.

Use and convenience have plainly very much to do with but etymological considerations ought to decide in all doubtf Thus, in the last syllable of *ecstasy* the *c* is plainly wrong, x in the first would obscure the derivation. *Cotemporary* i slightly perversion, too current in contemporary literature; *hai* ought to be *harebrained*, for all who have read "Alice's" c "Adventures in Wonderland" know how mad a hare can be! ought to be confined to Cockneys; and *syloan* shades sh *silvan*, as in the old English poets. By the way, there seems a tendency to use the *y* and *z* where they have no business. Of *Syren*, we have spoken; there is also the equally blundering while *analyze*, *apprize*, *enterprize*, *frenzy*, ought all to ha the last syllable.

We were present once at a discussion as to whether "sani "sanatory" measures should be the term employed. This question of spelling, but of words. Dr. Sullivan, however, the two adjectives, and very properly decides that *sanitary* to that which promotes health, *sanatory* to that which heals "Sanitary measures" prevent what "sanatory measures" otherwise be requisite to cure.

We have given but a taste of a very correct, useful, and little book, which we heartily commend. For some anom reason whatever can be assigned. Thus, why should anyb have written *shew*; why should *resin* be sometimes writ always pronounced, *rosin*; who invented *sate* for *sat*; Lord Byron write *redde* for *read* (past tense); why d sellers, and they alone, announce a strap as a *strop*? Such larities were perhaps accidental in their origin, and we have demy to correct them. It is singular that in one of the book "Gospels"—and only there, so far as we know—the wor is throughout spelt with one *n*. We refer to that of "Sept Sunday:" "*They received every man a peny.*" Dr. Sullit not notice this; but there must be a reason for it, if any o but find it out.

* Canvas, used for *straining*, and sifting: hence for *searching af* and soliciting them.

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THE EXPEDIENT DEPARTURE.

BY THE REV. EDWARD WHITE.

It is expedient for you that I go away.—JOHN xiv.

JESUS at the last supper had broken it to his disciples that He was about to leave the world and go away into the unknown realms of heaven. The immediate effect was that *sorrow filled their hearts*; and it is easy to understand how this should so be. There are, even on our human level, some persons whose living presence seems to be like the pleasant daylight to all their friends—an ever-enlivening boon. For true and transparent goodness never wearies; it charms as long as it endures. Some such are the strong—who have fought for us, led us into battle, thought for us, brought the distant near, made the dark transparent, the entangled plain, who have given a new life to our understandings, a new impulse to our character and purpose, a new vigour to our principles, in whose rich life we seemed to live anew, who brought us into sympathy with other ages and elder worlds, and caused us to feel our younger brotherhood with all the saints; or who unfolded to us divine mysteries, and opened to us the scriptures, so that there flashed on our hearts from theirs the light of a supernatural revelation. And some such are the gentle and the meek—whose sweet influences were like those of the Pleiades, or the soft dews of the dawn; natures so finely strung that their souls resembled harps over which no breath of sorrow ever swept without producing sweetest harmonies of compassion; hearts so sincere that the very expression of their countenances solved your chief perplexities of religious thought,

assured you that goodness and mercy must be at the foundation of all things, must hold the sovereignty of the world; their smile a manifestation of the divine purity and benignity which formed them, their voice an utterance from the depths of the tenderness which is eternal.

And when such saints as these have been taken away, the strong and the gentle, according to their worthiness has been the vacancy which they left behind. What, then, must have been the sense of vacancy caused by the departure of Jesus Christ? What was the sense of impending loss when it was the Son of God who was to die, to rise again, and soar away to worlds unknown? It was such a feeling as would be caused when the strongest and the gentlest are both taken away at once. Far more; for we must add together many indeed of our losses to make up that of one Jesus Christ. Probably His presence produced a sensation of life never experienced by any on earth except by His companions and apostles. We know very well what a different thing life is according to its companionships. But can we even imagine what was the charm of a life spent under the beam of *that* dazzling yet compassionate eye,—of a life spent under the glow of that countenance which seemed always ready to shine forth “like the sun in its strength,”—of a life warmed by the fires of a heart which burned like a furnace with love to God and man,—a nature so great and so holy that it lifted you beyond the stars into communion with the third heavens, so calm that it seemed to spread around it the repose of eternity, and stilled the very winds and the waves with a word,—yet so affectionate that it seemed to find no rest for itself but in works of healing or in words of love? Looking back upon that life, what was there that was not beautiful? What week or day had not its record of deeds or sayings which broke up the fountains of the great deep, and made you think of Him with inexpressible tenderness and affection? If other natures, to which infirmity clung, have possessed the divine gift of winning all hearts, of old men and children, of young men and maidens, of making goodness appear irresistibly beautiful, what must have been the effect of the presence of Jesus Christ, and what the sorrow at His going away? Yes, the apostles were about to pass under the shadow of a true Gethsemane, and when Jesus told them that He was to leave them, all their hearts sank as it were to the very ground. Life without Him seemed scarcely worth having. “*Let us go and die with Him,*” said they one and all. It is no slight testimony to the worth and moral refinement of these disciples that they were capable of such a sorrow, capable of grieving so bitterly over the prospect of losing Him, to accomplish whose death was the chief object of the majority of the educated classes of the

2. Men who were capable of grieving over the departure of a person as Jesus Christ were incapable of deliberate blood. Untruthfulness does not dwell so deep down in the

Those who were capable of a friendship so divine were not guilty of collusion. The love that bound Jesus and His disciples is a sufficient evidence that God was "with them" all. I would now mark the comfort that He gives them. He says, *abide in me; that ye in God; trust also in me.*" In the original, the forms of the second person plural of the indicative and of the imperative are alike, and hence has arisen a doubt as to the proper way of translating this passage. Tholuck, in his elaborate commentary, prefers to adopt the two imperatives here, and I find this affords by far the most natural and pathetic significance to our Saviour's words. "Here is the remedy for your grief at my departure. Let your faith unite you with the Father in the Father's regions, whither I am going, by taking hold of that Father's Presence which is common to all worlds, by resting in that 'shadow of the Almighty,' which is as near to the Father on earth as to the saints in heaven; and by firmly grasping the Divine purpose of grace which will never rest until it has made you as stars to shine in the firmament for ever and ever. *Abide also in me.*" You have had sufficient proof that my Father is the word of God; gather up all that confidence in my Father which now fills you with sorrow at losing me, and direct it into resting in my distinct assurance that this is not the only inhabited world,—that the universe of God is, at it were, a vast temple with many chambers, and that the object of my departure from the earth is to 'prepare' for you a place in the heavens, in the glory of the Great King.' At a certain fixed period I shall come, and, raising you from the dead, receive you to myself, that the visible splendours of God's manifested reign. Let your trust in your Father's unchanging presence, providence, and promise, and your equal trust in my solemn word of promise, stay the double of your hearts and support you under the dreadful and threatening scenes of my death, and the saddening prospect of my departure."

For these are the words of the one and only voice in the darkness to which we can turn with any hope of comfort in the darkness which sometimes overshadows us.

When to the verge we follow what we love,
And on the insuperable threshold stand,
With cherished names the speechless calm reprove,
And stretch in the abyss the unclasped hand,

Is any answer from the darkness except the voice of that voice which John heard in Patmos, saying, "I am

leed, impossible language if he were only a Man, but appropriate if he were the Incarnate Word, who "upholds all things the word of His power." Imagine Isaiah or St. Paul saying, "Trust in the Lord for ever; trust also in me." Thus, the rarest evidences of Christ's personal Deity are not even those passages which most expressly attest it, but those which imply

Trust also in me. The whole of the life and ministry of Jesus Christ had for their object to produce this trust in a truthfulness which would never deceive, and in a grace which would never forsake them. "You have been able to trust me up till now, and now trust me when I am going away. My departure part of the plan of redeeming mercy, of which you have seen my life only the opening scenes. It is expedient for you that I go away." It is hard to believe this, but sometimes it is subtler true that the ends of the spiritual providence are best answered by such removals. If by a sudden termination to a beautiful life and a holy, more attention can be drawn to its principles than even by its utmost prolongation; if those principles can be rendered dearer to many by the tenderness which apparent calamity awakens; if some wanderers can be softened to repentance by the thought of a life which disarms the hostile criticism of irreligion, and renders the thought of heaven itself more delightful, and of the "tabernacles of the Lord of hosts" more "amiable" as the home of the saints,—then it is worth while for any one to die. The departure of Jesus was the highest example of these expedient removals. He drew after him to the heavens myriads of hearts who otherwise would have rested in earthly things. "They gazed steadfastly as He went up." No cloud could receive him out of the sight of the spiritual eye. To that eye He was still visible, and their hearts still the abiding influence of the Comforter whom He sent down. He did not leave them orphans. He came to them by a spiritual visitation, and in a joy which the world could not take away:—

An inner light, an inner calm,
Is theirs who trust God's champion arm,
And, hearing, do His will;
For things are not as they appear,
In Death is Life, in trouble cheer,
So faith is conqueror still.*

Let us end this meditation by noting the son-like familiar tone of Christ's reference to the Infinite Realms. "*In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you.*" This was the utterance of a living WORD who was "for

* The "Rivulet."

ever settled in heaven," of one who rejoiced in the presence of the Eternal Cause of all things before the morning stars sang for joy; of a Spirit which was diffused throughout nature in all its heights and depths, of a Mind whose comprehensive knowledge encircled and pervaded the "heaven of heavens." "If it were not so, I would have told you." This earth is not alone in space. It is but one of innumerable "places" of God's dominion. There are "many mansions," and some of them far better than this one. This one is not without its excellence. Here there are scenes on which the eye lingers with speechless joy; here there are sunrises among the mountains where the brotherly summits seem to rise above a sea of glory, and the snowy crest of Lebanon burns like a furnace against the opal firmament; here are flowers which beam almost with the beauty of the lost paradise; and here are sunsets where the sail-covered lakes and oceans and the green pasture-lands gleam under a sky of purple and gold in a light so tender that it might seem as if God Himself were already unfolding the hidden beauties of Beulah; but there are brighter mansions than these; there are worlds where "their sun shall no more go down, nor their moon withdraw her shining," where the Eternal Beauty shines through the material veil of nature, and the brightest suns grow dim under the noon of the Divine Glory. There are mansions where souls refined by sorrow and by heavenly grace shall find "all they desired or wished below;" where souls that have tasted the bitter waters of the desert shall drink their fill from Heaven's central spring of water turned into wine of Paradise; where wearied hearts shall rest in the embrace of the Everlasting Arms; and the affectionate spirit that panted after the Living God, and mourned over an imperfect revelation of His countenance, shall bathe itself in the ocean tide of everlasting Love. There are mansions where there is "no more curse," "no more pain," "no more night," "no more death," where "the griefs of God's sending" have all "found an ending," where "faith is lost in vision," and "hope in fruition," and "sorrow and sighing have fled away."

"Trust thou in me." "I go to prepare a place for you." The final destiny of redeemed man is beyond the firmament. The heavens have not been shown to the senses, only to mock the soul with distant gleams of a glory from which it is debarred. All your highest thoughts of glorious life shall be exceeded by the reality, all your aspirations after an undying existence in joy and strength and holy service shall be answered by the revelation of the "fulness of God." There are many mansions there for there are many inhabitants. The creation is alive with spirits everywhere, and *above* these innumerable companies of good, are angelic, are divine. Now, often you see angels in

human form, not sinless, not faultless, but so good, breathing an air so pure and so beneficent, that it renders it easy for you to believe in angels beyond. And there are "legions" of such there! The deathless companies await your coming to welcome you to the heavenly home. They "speak of your decease," and anticipate your arrival. "I go to prepare that place for you," to present before God's High Throne that sacrifice through which alone entrance into immortality becomes possible for mortals. "I am the door," the "gate of Heaven." "By Me ye shall enter in." Infinity will welcome you within its illimitable extension, "to go no more out," and eternity will smile upon you as you enter its portals. There is but a vail between this and that. All is my Father's House, and you who are at home here shall be also and for ever at home in the heavens: For death is but a translation; and as when at night a mother changes her nursing child from one side to the other, and it is still enfolded in the embrace of an unspeakable affection, so when the soul departs, it is but a change from one to the other of the Everlasting Arms, and it shall awake in the embrace of Him who hath said, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

HEBREW DIDACTIC POETRY AND THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.*

THIS is the most extensive and important class of Hebrew poetry, as will appear from an enumeration of its specific forms.

I.—PROPHETIC ORATIONS.

1. *Ordinary prophecy*.—Though the prophets were not poets in the strictest sense, the object of their addresses being to teach others rather than to give relief to their own spirits, yet they spoke when their spirits were inspired and agitated, and in no common prosaic mood. The elevated poetic rhythm, therefore, was well fitted to be the vehicle of their words. Yet prophetic poetry assumes a somewhat different form from lyric. There is

* "Die Dichter des Alten Bundes erklärt von Heinrich Ewald. Ersten heiles erste hälfte. 2te Aufl.," and the second part of the same work, namely:—"Die Salomonischen Schriften." 2te Aufl. Göttingen, 1867."

the ebb and flow, the rise and fall of the rhythm, but the verses are longer, slower, and in all respects nearer to prose.

2. *Patriarchal prophecy*.—The Pentateuch contains prophetic orations of the ancient venerated fathers and founders of the nation; Gen. xlix.; Deut. xxxiii. In these the style is more poetic than in the ordinary prophetic orations.

3. *Lyric prophecy*.—After David had worked so mightily upon the people by his lyrics, the prophets sometimes availed themselves of the powerful aid of song to give efficacy to their teaching; Ps. cx.; lx. 8—10; Amos v. 1 f.; Is. xiv. 4—20; Ps. l.

II.—PARABLES.

Some things may not be said save in "parables" and "dark sayings," and especially to some hearers. They can only be hinted at, left to the hearer to infer, think out, and apply. Such parables may be taken from all nature; Judges ix. 7—15; 2 Kings xiv. 9; 2 Sam. xii. 1—7, &c. But the Hebrews have not clothed their parables in the adornment of verse.

III.—PROVERBS, GNOMAI.

A proverb is the clear, definite, rounded expression of an important truth. The expression of a newly-found truth is of greatest value, for he only discovers a truth who expresses it. In its expression the mind makes it its own, and secures it; the hand is laid upon the bird in the bush; the nail is fastened in a sure place. Further, the mind loves brevity, smoothness, and beauty. The form of expression is next in value to expression itself. A great truth lodged in a compact, smooth, well-sounding sentence is like a fine soul in a well-formed body. Hence the best proverbs are always well expressed, either in the compactest and strongest prose, or in the briefest and smoothest verse. Besides, the coiner of proverbs rounds and polishes them not only, or chiefly, for his own pleasure, but rather for the public good. He gives them a fair form, that men may look at them for their beauty's sake; he makes them round and ringing, that they may be easily remembered, and pass from mouth to mouth.

Proverbs have their special period in literary history. They are not the first nor the last born of man's spiritual children. They come when the mind begins to reflect upon its experiences and discoveries, and before it has attained to a system of philosophy. They are our first *opinions*, *γνώμαι*, *sententiae*, from the observation of some facts, not our ultimate generalizations from the observation of all facts. They are also essentially practical, not in the least speculative, being rules for human life and not

speculations about the universe. Proverbs are the commencement of philosophy, the dawn of reflective thought.

The Bible contains a large book of proverbs, as well as single proverbs scattered through other books. Their common name is *similitude, comparison*, every proverb being a general truth in which the man to whom it refers may see his conduct reflected.

The Bible proverbs, however, are not the common proverbs of the field and the market, "the wisdom of the many," "the hobbled philosophy of the masses." They are laboured, artistic inductions; the philosophy of educated thinkers, expressed in classic poetic form. As proverbial expressions, they may be due in part to their compactness and brevity to the common proverbs of the people, but as poetry they are clothed in the refined rhythmical verse.

The proverbial verse, in its primary and classic form, is exceedingly brief and simple. It consists invariably of two members of equal length, each containing 3—4, rarely 5, rather than 6 words. In Prov. x.—xxii. 16, there is no verse with more than two members, xix. 7 being anomalous.

Further, a proverbial verse is complete as to its meaning. It conveys a full and independent sense. It is a clear, finished expression. This law does not exclude the grouping together of verses relating to the same subject, as Prov. x. 2—5; for though a number of verses may exhaust what is to be said as to one thing, each may contain a complete assertion in reference to it.

Lastly, since brevity with fulness is the aim of a proverbial sentence, the antithetical verse is a favourite form. Everything is made more clear and striking by contrast, and proverbs generally are often expressed antithetically. The nature of the proverbial verse, the contrast of its rise and fall, also favours antithesis. We find, therefore, this artifice largely used in the Hebrew proverbs, esp. x.—xxii. 16.

The requirements of a good proverb affect also the grammatical structure of sentences. Whilst the general law is for the subject to follow the predicate, the order is reversed in most proverbial sentences, and the subject precedes. By this arrangement prominence is given to the person spoken of.* The calmness and clearness of a picture is thus attained. It is only in the Hebrew proverbs that the less calm and more subjective imperative is used.

But hitherto we have considered the proverb in its first and simplest form only. This primary form was not long retained. As soon as proverb-making became fashionable, the purity and strength of the first proverbs were lost.

* Ewald's "Grammatik," § 306.

First, the compact, brief sentence is lengthened. Instead of the thought being expressed in one short verse, two, or three, or more are required, Prov. xxv. 4 f. The two-membered verse is lengthened to a three-membered one, Prov. xxiv. 27.

Second, whilst the conciseness and force of the old proverb is lost, an equivalent is sought in attractive miniature pictures; Prov. xxvii. 23—27; xxiv. 30—34; xxiii. 29—35. In this way the transition to a new kind of poetry was made, as Prov. xxx. 1—14; xxxi. 10—30; i.—x., the book *Qôsheleth* (Ecclesiastes).

We can now consider

THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

The editorial annotations, as well as the marked dissimilarity of various parts of this book, invite the examination of the historical inquirer. The last two chapters are ascribed to Agôr and a King Lemôel. The whole book is prefaced with the words *Proverbs of Solomon, Son of David, King of Israel*. But most unexpectedly we find, x. 1, another heading, *Proverbs of Solomon*, as if the first nine chapters were but introductory to the true proverbs of Solomon. Further on, xxv. i., there is a third heading, *Also these are Proverbs of Solomon, collected by the men of Hezekiah King of Judah*. And, lastly, the portion xxii. 17—xxiv. 34, altogether unlike the foregoing portion, x.—xxii. 16, is called *Words of the Wise*, xxii. 17; xxiv. 23.

The five parts into which the book is thus divided for us are all distinguished by differences of poetic form, language, and subject-matter.

1. *Poetic form*.—The portion x.—xxii. 16 is made up of proverbs bearing the clear mark of the earliest and simplest coinage. They are all of the character described p. 457, brief, complete, and often antithetical. On the contrary, the portion xxv.—xxix. bears all the marks of a later origin, less precision and fulness, longer verse-members, the thought taking up more than one verse, miniature pictures, and long exhortations. In the two portions, i.—ix., xxii. 17—xxiv. 34, all these changes are more decisive.

2. *Language*.—The portion x.—xxii. 16 presents many peculiarities of language, a few of which only can be quoted. The frequent use of the figures *fountain of life*, x. 11; xiii. 14; xiv. 27; xvi. 22, and *tree of life*, xi. 30; xiii. 12; xv. 4; of פְּרִי חַיִּים only here x. 14, 15; xiii. 3; xiv. 28; xviii. 7; x. 29; xxi. 15; of לֵב יָדָא xii. 17; xiv. 5, 25; xix. 5, 9 (vi. 9). Further, the antique expressions, עֵר אֶרְגִּי צִיָּה xii. 19; לֵךְ לֵךְ xi. 21; xvi. 5; חֲרִיבִיָּה xvi. 14; xviii. 1; xx. 3, גִּבֹּרָה xvi. 28; xviii. 8; comp. xxvi. 20, 22. Further, in this section there is a remarkably constant omission of the article. Lastly, the emphasising

of a noun in the constructed state by appending its pronoun to the preceding governing noun is peculiar, *אַחֲרֵיהֶּם שְׂמֵחָה* *her end*, viz., that of *joy*, xiv. 13; xiii. 4; xxii. 11.

The absence of all the above peculiarities distinguishes the portion xxv.—xxix. from the preceding portion, while at the same time it has positive marks to further isolate it. These are decisive, since they are peculiarities of style and construction rather than of mere words. The use of *אֵיךְ* *saest thou?*—xxvi. 12; xxix. 20; of this *perf.* itself, as expressing a condition; the use of the simple *!* in the second member of a comparative sentence, xxv. 3, 20, 25; xxvi. 3, 7, 9f., 21; and the comparison by mere collocation without even this particle, xxv. 11—14, 18f., 26, 28; xxvi. 23.

The two sections i.—ix.; xxii. 17—xxiv. 34, also present linguistic peculiarities. The new form *חֲכָמָה* i. 20; ix. 1; xxiv. 7: comp. xiv. 1; *נָכְרִי* or *נְכָרִי* the *foreign, strange* woman. The decline of the Hebrew language is also apparent, *e.g.*, the construction of *שָׁפְתַיִם* with the masc. pl. of the verb, v. 2; the form *אִשָּׁם* viii. 4, hardly found in any composition from Jerusalem before the seventh century.

Further, these two sections, with all their linguistic similarity, present peculiarities that separate them. The first has not the remarkable emphatic repetition of the pronoun, xxii. 19; xxiii. 15; nor the use of *נָצִים* xxiii. 8; xxiv. 4, 25; or of *לֵב* xxii. 17; xxiv. 32; or of *אַחֲרֵיהֶּם* in the sense of *future, hope*, xxiii. 18; xxiv. 14, 20; while the words *הוֹדִיעַ* to *show, teach*, and *הוֹדִיעַ* doctrine, common in the first, is not found in the second piece.

3. *Subject-matter*.—The portion x.—xxii. 16 distinguishes itself from the rest not only in the form of expression but also in *what* is said. The proverbs refer to all the great interests and circumstances of the whole people—political and social. The pictures of the condition of the nation given in this section are unlike those given in other sections. 1. Here we see the regal power honoured, feared, trusted, and loved, xvi. 10, 12; xx. 8, 26; xix. 12; xx. 2; xvi. 15; xiv. 35; xxii. 11; xx. 28; xx. 2; xvii. 11. 2. In this section we see the nation in peace and prosperity. There is no sign of oppression and its attendant national calamities.

But a different picture is presented in the section xxv.—xxix. 1. The king is spoken of in less glowing terms. The government is rather the subject of sad complaints than enthusiastic praise, xxviii. 2, 3, 15 f.; xxix. 4, 14; xxv. 2—5; xxix. 12. 2. Society is more complex, artificial, and distrustful than in the former section. Slaves are spoiled, xxix. 19, 21; men are banished, xxvii. 8; court favour is sought, xxv. 6 f.; contention is great, xxv. 8—10; xxvi. 17, 20 f.; xxviii. 25; xxix. 9, 22;

falsity is complained of, xxvi. 23—28 ; dishonesty in reference to parents' property, xxviii. 24 ; it is necessary to exhort to the prosecution of husbandry, xxvii. 23—27. The proverbs of this section refer more frequently to small and special circumstances of every-day life.

In the portions i.—ix., xxii. 17—xxiv. 34, a still more troubled political, social and religious condition of the people is apparent. It is needful to exhort to stand aloof from political agitators, xxiv. 21 f. ; to interpose with personal risk for the rescue of innocent persons about to be put to death, xxiv. 11 f. Bands of robbers and loose persons ranged about, robbing and murdering the defenceless ; and so common was this wild life that it was needful to guard the youth against its fascination, i. 11—19 ; ii. 11—15 ; iv. 14—17 ; xxiv. 15. Religious men were troubled and perplexed by the prosperity of the wicked, iii. 31 ; xxiii. 17 ; xxiv. 1, 19.

The poetic form, the language, and the subject-matter of the first four portions of this book alike point to various authors and dates of composition. This is one of the most certain conclusions of modern criticism. But Ewald arrives at further conclusions by means of the combination of the above facts with other considerations. He ascertains the dates of the different sections and of their formation into the present book.

The poetic form, the language, and the subject-matter of the main section, x.—xxii. 16, all point to its Solomonian origin. The proverbs of this section are in the oldest and most perfect form and language. They describe a state of regal splendour and national prosperity. All this points to Solomon or his immediate successors' time. Then philosophy arose in Israel. Then the poetic art was in its full vigour. Then arose the schools of *sceptics*, and *scoptics*, so often referred to in this section, xiii. 1 ; xiv. 6 ; xv. 12, &c. Still, several of these proverbs probably arose somewhat later than Solomon's reign. They speak of *the city* as the centre and essence of the state, xi. 10, 11 ; x. 15 ; xviii. 11. But till the division of the kingdom, the *people* in their strength and unity, left no room for the city to acquire so great importance. After the division, Jerusalem became the great centre of Judæa. It is, therefore, probable that the proverbs that refer to *the city* were not written before the days of Asa and Jehoshaphat. All things considered, it is most probable that the proverbs of this chief division of the book were written in the tenth century, some in Solomon's time, some immediately afterwards.

In accordance with the above facts, the section xxv.—xxix, is the next oldest part of the book. Nothing is opposed to the truth of the historical notes of the heading xxv. 1, that Hezekiah's men

lected the proverbs of this book. The good king's men, learned men and poets of his court, might collect the good proverbs that were in existence, many of them old enough, as going back into the ninth or the beginning of the eighth century, to be called Solomonian proverbs, and the more modern ones might be included in the same collection, since they were of a similar stamp and origin. Chapters xxviii.—xxix. have marks of a greater age than chapters xxv.—xxvii.

The divisions i.—ix.; xxii. 17—xxiv. 34, are later than the above. The language, the poetry, and the contents are much more modern. This, together with another fact to be mentioned, points to the seventh century as the date of these sections. The other fact referred to is the similarities between this section and the book of Job. The similarity of thought in one respect has been mentioned above, p. 460. Further similarities are:—First, the highest thought and final result of the book of Job, that God's love must be seen in His chastisements, appears in chapter iii. as a well-known, common truth, although the former sections of this book contain no such proverb. Second, the idea of wisdom as the planner of the world, iii. 8 ff., is an extension of Job xxviii. Third, though the author of this section has not appropriated the words but only the spirit of the book of Job, several words and images in this section are re-echoed from that book, as viii. 25 מִן־הַיָּסוּדִים from Job xxxviii. 6; ii. 4; iii. 14; ii. 11, 19, from Job xxviii. 12—19; vii. 23, from Job xvi. 13; x. 25; iii. 23 ff., from Job v. 22 ff. The section, therefore, must have been written as late as the beginning of the seventh century. There is no reason for assigning a later date.

The section xxii. 17—xxiv. 34 is probably an appendix to the section x.—xxii. 16, added some time after the above introduction i.—ix.

The most probable history of our present book, and therefore of Hebrew didactic poetry during four centuries, is accordingly this.

The reign of Solomon was well adapted for the foundation of the proverbial poetry of Israel. National peace and prosperity gave the opportunity for the cultivation of philosophy and poetry. The King himself was specially endowed with wisdom, and devoted to its pursuits. In his days Israel was engaged in noble rivalry with the surrounding nations in the pursuit of wisdom. Then schools of philosophy were formed; and from these issued numerous books of proverbs. Solomon may therefore be considered as the founder of this species of philosophy, and the originator of the literary form in which it was adorned. Many of the proverbs of that bright dawn of philosophy have perished, but happily a large number has been preserved in the largest section of our book, x.—xxii. 16, as well as a considerable

number bearing more or less the same character from the ninth and the beginning of the eighth centuries in the section xxv.—xxix.

In the eighth century this species of poetry underwent a great change. Two influences produced it—the one prophetic, the other philosophic. The prophet as an inspired, eloquent orator is in many respects the antithesis of the writer of proverbs. The prophet feels the hand of the Lord upon him, the fire burning in his bones. The writer of proverbs, gathering up the experience of the past, calmly embodies it in a carefully rounded sentence, and enshrines it in fixed, artistic verse. The prophet cannot endure the restrictions of this most restricted form of poetry. In the eighth century the prophetic spirit had impregnated all earnest writers. The didactic poets, the old proverb writers, break out of the narrow limitations of the Solomonian proverb, and use the freedom of the prophet. While, on the other hand, the prophet, the dramatist, and the lyric employ the force and beauty of the old proverb whenever they need it.

The philosophic influence combined with the prophetic to transform proverbial poetry. Proverbs, as we have seen, arise in the dawn of philosophy. They are precepts, brief summaries of practical wisdom. When philosophy strives to attain deeper wisdom, to understand the work of God, the order of the world, and solve the riddles that perplex the man who begins to account for things, the slight, brief form of the proverb is found to be unsuitable both to express and to commend her teaching. The various wealth of philosophy and the warm earnestness of prophecy cannot be confined within the scanty proverbial form. The later portions of the book of Proverbs are subsequent to the eighth century, and are illustrations of the above change.

The section i.—ix. written probably about the commencement of the seventh century, is an introduction to the Proverbs of Solomon, x.—xxii. 16, and is written with philosophic fulness and prophetic warmth and earnestness. The sections xxii. 17.—xxix. 27, are appendices to the preceding book, i.—xxii. 16. Their collector found two books of proverbs, xxii. 17.—xxiv. 22 and xxiv. 23—34, of which there were many bearing the name of *Words of the Wise*, and, probably about the middle or towards the end of the seventh century, appended them in an abbreviated form to the above book. The same collector added, as a third appendix, the section xxv.—xxix. The remaining pieces xxx.—xxxi. were subjoined still later. The first three xxx. 1—14; v. 15—33; xxxi. 1—9, are the productions of an unknown *Agûr son of Jakeh*; the last, xxxi. 10—30, the *praise of the virtuous wife*, is an alphabetic poem.

The whole book as it exists in Hebrew may have been completed in the sixth century. It gives therefore the clearest illustration of the history of Hebrew proverbial writing, containing as it does the choicest fruit of several centuries' growth.

"It does not claim to belong in its entirety to Solomon; and it is clearly the product of different ages. Yet its prime cause was Solomon; and the later parts in various ways cling round this royal stem, while the most important parts are the oldest Solomonian."

J. F. SMITH.

PADUA.

I REMEMBER something about Padua with a sort of romantic pleasure. There was a certain charm which I can dimly recall, in sauntering along the top of the old wall of the city, and looking down upon the plummy crests of the Indian corn that flourished up so mightily from the dry bed of the moat. At such times I could not help figuring to myself the many sieges at the wall had known, with the fierce assault by day, the secret attack by night, the swarming foe upon the plains below, the bristling arms of the besieged upon the wall, the boom of the great mortars made of ropes and leather, and throwing mighty balls of stone, the stormy flight of arrows, the ladders planted against the defences and staggering headlong into the moat, enriched for future agriculture not only by its sluggish waters, but by the blood of many men. I suppose that most of these visions were old stage spectacles furbished up anew, and that my armies were chiefly equipped with their obsolete implements of warfare from museums of armour and from cabinets of antiquities; but they were very vivid, for all that.

I was never able, in passing a certain one of the city gates, to divest myself of an historic interest in the great loads of hay waiting admission on the outside. For an instant they asked again the Venetian troops that, in the war of the league of Cambray, entered the city in the hay-carts, shot down the landsknechts at the gates, and, uniting with the citizens, cut the German garrison to pieces. But it was a thing long past. The German garrison was here again; and the heirs of the landsknechts went clanking through the gate to the parade ground, with that fierce clamour of their kettle-drums which is so much

fiercer because unmingled with the noise of fifes. Once more now the Germans are gone, and, let us trust, for ever; but when I saw them, there seemed little hope of their going. They had a great Biergarten on the top of the wall, and they had set up the altars of their heavy Bacchus in many parts of the city.

I please myself with thinking that, if I walked on such a spring day as this in the arcaded Paduan streets, I should catch glimpses, through the gateways of the palaces, of gardens full of vivid bloom, and of fountains that tinkle there for ever. If it were autumn, and I were in the great market-place before the Palazzo della Ragione, I should hear the baskets of amber-hued and honeyed grapes humming with the murmur of multitudinous bees, and making a music as if the wine itself were already singing in their gentle hearts. It is a great field of succulent verdure, that wide old market-place; and fancy loves to browse among its gay stores of fruits and vegetables, brought thither by the world-old peasant women who have been bringing fruits and vegetables to the Paduan market for so many centuries. They sit upon the ground before their great panniers, and knit and doze, and wake up with a drowsy "*Comandala?*" as you linger to look at their grapes. They have each a pair of scales,—the emblem of Injustice—and will weigh you out a scant measure of the fruit if you like. Their faces are yellow as parchment, and Time has written them so full of wrinkles that there is not room for another line. Doubtless these old parchment visages are palimpsests, and would tell the whole history of Padua if you could get at each successive inscription. Among their primal records there must be some account of the Roman city, as each little contadinella remembered it on market-days; and one might read of the terror of Attila's sack, a little later, with the peasant maid's personal recollections of the bold Hunnish trooper who ate up the grapes in her basket, and kissed her hard, round red cheeks,—for in that time she was a blooming girl,—and paid nothing for either privilege. What wild and confused reminiscences on the wrinkled visage we should find thereafter of the fierce republican times of Ecelino, of the Carraras, of the Venetian rule! And is it not sad to think of systems and peoples all passing away, and these ancient women lasting still, and still selling grapes in front of the Palazzo della Ragione? What a long mortality!

The youngest of their number is a thousand years older than the palace, which was begun in the twelfth century, and which is much the same now as it was when first completed. I know that if I entered it, I should be sure of finding the great hall of the palace—the vastest hall in the world—dim and dull and dusty and delightful, with nothing in it except at one end

Donatello's colossal marble-headed wooded horse of Troy, stared at from the other end by the two dog-faced Egyptian women in basalt placed there by Belzoni.

Late in the drowsy summer afternoons I should have the Court of the University all to myself and might study unmolested the blazons of the noble youth who have attended the school in different centuries ever since 1200, and have left their escutcheons on the walls to commemorate them. At the foot of the stairway ascending to the schools from the court is the statue of the learned lady who was once a professor in the University, and who, if her likeness belie not her looks, must have given a great charm to student life in other times. At present there are no lady professors at Padua, any more than at Harvard; and during late years the schools have suffered greatly from the interference of the Austrian government, which frequently closed them for months, on account of political demonstrations among the students. But now there is an end of this and many other stupid oppressions; and the time-honoured University will doubtless regain its ancient importance. Even in 1864 it had nearly fifteen hundred students, and one met them everywhere under the arcades, and could not well mistake them, with that blended air of pirate and dandy, which these studious young men loved to assume. They were to be seen a good deal on the promenades outside the walls, where the Paduan ladies are driven in their carriages in the afternoon, and where one sees the blood-horses and fine equipages, for which Padua is famous. There used once to be races in the Prato della Valle, after the Italian notion of horse-races; but these are now discontinued, and there is nothing to be found there but the statues of scholars and soldiers and statesmen, posted in a circle around the old race-course. If you strolled thither about dusk on such a day as this, you might see the statues unbend a little from their stony rigidity, and in the failing light nod to each other very pleasantly through the trees. And if you stayed in Padua over night, what could be better to-morrow morning than a stroll through the great Botanical Garden—the oldest botanical garden in the world—the garden which first received in Europe the strange and splendid growths of the western hemisphere.

The day that we first visited the city was very rainy, and we spent most of the time in viewing the churches. These, even after the churches of Venice, one finds rich in art and historic interest, and they in no instance fall into the maniacal excesses of the Renaissance to which some of the temples of the latter city abandon themselves. Their architecture forms a sort of border-land between the Byzantine of Venice and the Lombardic

of Verona. The superb domes of St. Anthony's emulate those of St. Mark's, and the porticoes of other Paduan churches rest upon the backs of bird-headed lions and leopards that fascinate with their mystery and beauty.

It was the wish to see the attributive Giotto's in the Chapter which drew us first to St. Anthony's, and we saw them with the satisfaction naturally attending the contemplation of frescoes discovered only since 1858, after having been hidden under plaster and whitewash for many centuries; but we could not believe that Giotto's fame was destined to gain much by their rescue from oblivion. They are in no wise to be compared with this master's frescoes in the Chapel of the Annunziata,—which, indeed, is in every way a place of wonder and delight. You reach it by passing through a garden lane bordered with roses, and a taciturn gardener comes out with clinking keys, and lets you into the chapel, where there is nobody but Giotto and Dante, nor seems to have been for ages. Cool it is, and of a pulverous smell, as a sacred place should be; a blessed benching goes round the wall, and you sit down and take unlimited comfort in the frescoes. The gardener leaves you alone to the solitude and the silence, in which the talk of the painter and the exile is plain enough. Their contemporaries and yours are cordial in their gay companionship; through the half-open door falls, in a pause of the rain, the same sunshine that they saw lie there; the deathless birds that they heard sing out in the garden trees; it is the fresh sweetness of the grass mown six hundred years ago that breathes through all the lovely garden grounds.

How mistaken was Ponce de Leon, to seek the fountain of youth in the New World! It is there,—in the Old World,—far back in the past. We are all old men and decrepit together in the present; the future is full of death; in the past we are light and glad as boys turned barefoot in the spring. The work of the heroes is play to us; the pang of the martyr is a thrill of rapture; the exile's longing is a strain of plaintive music touching and delighting us. We are not only young again, we are immortal. It is this divine sense of superiority to fate which is the supreme good won from travel in historic lands, and from the presence of memorable things, and which no sublimity of natural aspects can bestow. It is this which forms the wide difference between Europe and America,—a gulf that it will take a thousand years to bridge.

It is a shame that the immortals should be limited in their pleasures by the fact that they have hired their brougham by the hour; yet we early quit the Chapel of Giotto on this account. We had chosen our driver from among many other drivers of broughams in the vicinity of Pedrocchi's, because he had such

an honest look, and was not likely, we thought, to deal unfairly with us.

"But first," said the signor who had selected him, "how much is your brougham an hour?"

So and so.

"Show me the tariff of fares."

"There is no tariff."

"There is. Show it to me."

"It is lost, signor."

"I think not. It is here in this pocket. Get it out."

The tariff appears, and with it the fact that he had demanded just what the boatman of the ballad received in gift,—thrice his fee.

The driver mounted his seat, and served us so faithfully that day in Padua that we took him the next day for Arqua. At the end, when he had received his due, and a handsome *mancia* besides, he was still unsatisfied, and referred to the tariff in proof that he had been under-paid. On that confronted and defeated, he thanked us very cordially, gave us the number of his brougham, and begged us to ask for him when we came next to Padua and needed a carriage.

From the Chapel of the Annunziata he drove us to the Church of Santa Giustina, where is a very famous and noble picture by Romanino. But as this paper has nothing in the world to do with art, I here dismiss that subject, and with a gross and idle delight follow the sacristan down under this church to the prison of Santa Giustina.

Of all the faculties of the mind, there is none so little fatiguing to exercise as mere wonder; and, for my own sake, I try always to wonder at things without the least critical reservation. I therefore, in the sense of deglutition, bolted this prison at once, though subsequent experiences led me to look with grave indigestion upon the whole idea of prisons, their authenticity, and even their existence.

As far as mere dimensions are concerned, the prison of Santa Giustina was not a hard one to swallow, being only three feet wide by about ten feet in length. In this limited space, Santa Giustina passed five years of the paternal reign of Nero (a virtuous and a long-suffering prince, whom, singularly enough, no historic artist has yet arisen to whitewash), and was then brought out into the larger cell adjoining, to suffer a blessed martyrdom. I am not sure now whether the sacristan said she was dashed to death on the stones, or cut to pieces with knives; but, whatever the form of martyrdom, an iron ring in the ceiling was employed in it, as I know from seeing the ring,—a curiously well-preserved piece of ironmongery. Within the

narrow prison of the saint, and just under the grating, through which the sacristan thrust his candle to illuminate it, was a mountain of candle-drippings,—a monument to the fact that faith still largely exists in this doubting world. My own credulity, not only with regard to this prison, but also touching the coffin of St. Luke, which I saw in the church, had so wrought upon the esteem of the sacristan, that he now took me to a well, into which, he said, had been cast the bones of three thousand Christian martyrs. He lowered a lantern into the well, and assured me that, if I looked through a certain screenwork there, I could see the bones. On experiment, I could not see the bones; but this circumstance did not cause me to doubt their presence, particularly as I did see upon the screen a great number of coins offered for the repose of the martyrs' souls. I threw down some *soldi*, and thus enthralled the sacristan.

If the signor cared to see prisons, he said, the driver must take him to those of Ecelino, at present the property of a private gentleman near by. As I had just bought a history of Ecelino, at a great bargain, from a second-hand book-stall, and had a lively interest in all the enormities of that nobleman, I sped the driver instantly to the villa of the Signor Pacchiarotti.

It depends here altogether upon the freshness or mustiness of the reader's historical reading whether he cares to be reminded more particularly who Ecelino was. He flourished balefully in the early half of the thirteenth century as lord of Vicenza, Verona, Padua, and Brescia, and was defeated and hurt to death in an attempt to possess himself of Milan. He was in every respect a remarkable man for that time,—fearless, abstemious, continent, avaricious, hardy, and unspeakably ambitious and cruel. He survived and suppressed innumerable conspiracies, escaping even the thrust of the assassin whom the fame of his enormous wickedness had caused the Old Man of the Mountain to send against him. As lord of Padua he was more incredibly severe and bloody in his rule than as lord of the other cities, for the Paduans had been latest free, and conspired most frequently against him. He extirpated whole families on suspicion that a single member had been concerned in a meditated revolt. Little children and helpless women suffered hideous mutilation and shame at his hands. Six prisons in Padua were constantly filled by his arrests. The whole country was traversed by witnesses of his cruelties,—men and women deprived of an arm or leg, and begging from door to door. He had long been excommunicated; at last the Church proclaimed a crusade against him, and his lieutenant and nephew—more demoniacal, if possible, than himself—was driven out of Padua, while he was operating against Mantua. Ecelino retired to Verona, and maintained a struggle

inst the crusade for nearly two years longer, with a courage which never failed him. Wounded and taken prisoner, the officers of the victorious army gathered about him, and heaped insult and reproach upon him; and one furious peasant, whose other's feet had been cut off by Ecelino's command, dealt the helpless monster four blows upon the head with a scythe. By and by, Ecelino is said to have died of these wounds alone; but by others it is related that his death was a kind of suicide, inasmuch as he himself put the case past surgery by tearing off the bandages from his hurts, and refusing all medicines.

Entering at the enchanted portal of the Villa P——, we found ourselves in a realm of wonder. It was our misfortune not to see the magician who compelled all the marvels on which we looked, but for that very reason, perhaps, we have the clearest sense of his greatness. Everywhere we beheld the evidences of an ingenious but lugubrious fancy, which everywhere tended to a monumental and mortuary effect. A sort of vestibule first received us, and beyond this dripped and glimmered the garden. The walls of the vestibule were covered with inscriptions setting forth the sentiments of the philosophy and piety of all ages concerning life and death; we began with Confucius, and we ended with Benjamino Franklino. But as if these ideas of mortality were not sufficiently depressing, the funereal Signor P—— had collected into earthen *amphoræ* the ashes of the most famous men of ancient and modern times, and arranged them so that a sense of their number and variety should at once strike the visitor. Each jar was conspicuously labelled with the name its illustrious dust had borne in life; and if one escaped with comparative cheerfulness from the thought that Seneca had died, there were in the very next pot the cinders of Napoleon to bully him back to a sense of his mortality.

We were glad to have the gloomy fascination of these objects taken by the custodian, who approached to ask if we wished to visit the prisons of Ecelino, and we willingly followed him into the rain out of our sepulchral shelter.

Between the vestibule and the towers of the tyrant lay that garden already mentioned, and our guide led us through ranks of weeping statuary, and rainy bowers, and showery lanes of scrubby, until we reached the door of his cottage. While he went to fetch the key to the prisons, we noted that the towers were freshly painted and in perfect repair; and indeed the custodian said frankly enough, on reappearing, that they were newly built over the prisons on the site of the original towers. A storied stream of the Bacchiglione sweeps through the meadows, and now, swollen by the rainfall, it roared, a yellow torrent, under a corner of the prisons. The towers rise from

masses of foliage, and form no unpleasing feature of what must be, in spite of Signor P——, a delightful Italian garden in sunny weather. The ground is not so flat as elsewhere in Padua, and this inequality gives an additional picturesqueness to the place. But as we were come in search of horrors, we scorned these merely lovely things, and hastened to immure ourselves in the dungeons below. The custodian, lighting a candle (which ought, we felt, to have been a torch), went before.

We found the cells, though narrow and dark, not uncomfortable, and the guide conceded that they had undergone some repairs since Ecelino's time. But all the horrors for which we had come were there in perfect grisliness, and labelled by the ingenious Signor P—— with Latin inscriptions.

In the first cell was a shrine of the Virgin, set in the wall. Beneath this, while the wretched prisoner knelt in prayer, a trap-door opened and precipitated him down upon the points of knives, from which his body fell into the Bacchiglione below. In the next cell, held by some rusty iron rings to the wall, was a skeleton, hanging by the wrists.

"This," said the guide, "was another punishment of which Ecelino was very fond."

A dreadful doubt seized my mind. "Was this skeleton found here?" I demanded.

Without faltering an instant, without so much as winking an eye, the custodian replied, "*Appunto.*"

It was a great relief, and restored me to confidence in the establishment. I am at a loss to explain how my faith should have been confirmed afterwards by coming upon a guillotine—an awful instrument in the likeness of a straw-cutter, with a decapitated wooden figure under its blade—which the custodian confessed to be a modern improvement placed there by Signor P——. Yet my credulity was so strengthened by his candour, that I accepted without hesitation the torture of the water-drop when we came to it. The water-jar was as well preserved as if placed there but yesterday, and the skeleton beneath it—found as we saw it—was entire and perfect.

In the adjoining cell sat a skeleton—found as we saw it—with its neck in the clutch of the garrote, which was one of Ecelino's more merciful punishments; while in still another cell the ferocity of the tyrant appeared in the penalty inflicted upon the wretch whose skeleton had been hanging for ages—as we saw it—head downwards from the ceiling.

Beyond these, in a yet darker and drearier dungeon, stood a heavy oblong wooden box, with two apertures near the top, peering through which we found that we were looking into the eyeless sockets of a skull. Within this box Ecelino had im-

mured the victim we beheld there, and left him to perish in view of the platters of food and goblets of drink placed just beyond the reach of his hands. The food we saw was of course not the original food.

At last we came to the crowning horror of Villa P——, the supreme excess of Ecelino's cruelty. The guide entered the cell before us, and, as we gained the threshold, threw the light of his taper vividly upon a block that stood in the middle of the floor. Fixed to the block by an immense spike driven through from the back was the little slender hand of a woman, which lay there just as it had been struck from the living arm, and which, after the lapse of so many centuries, was still as perfectly preserved as if it had been embalmed. The sight had a most cruel fascination; and while one of the horror-seekers stood helplessly conjuring to his vision that scene of unknown dread,—the shrinking, shrieking woman dragged to the block, the wild, shrill, horrible screech following the blow that drove in the spike, the merciful swoon after the mutilation,—his companion, with a sudden pallor, demanded to be taken instantly away.

In their swift withdrawal, they only glanced at a few detached instruments of torture,—all original Ecelinos, but intended for the infliction of minor and comparatively unimportant torments, —and then they passed from that place of fear.

In the evening we sat talking at the Caffé Pedrocchi with an abbate, an acquaintance of ours, who was a Professor in the University of Padua. Pedrocchi's is the great caffè of Padua, a granite edifice of Egyptian architecture, which is the mausoleum of the proprietor's fortune. The pecuniary skeleton at the feast, however, does not much trouble the guests. They begin early in the evening to gather into the elegant saloons of the caffè—somewhat too large for so small a city as Padua—and they sit there late in the night over their cheerful cups and their ices with their newspaper and their talk. Not so many ladies are to be seen as at the caffè in Venice, for it is only in the greater cities that they go much to these public places. There are few students at Pedrocchi's, for they frequent the cheaper caffè; but you may nearly always find there some Professor of the University, and on the evening of which I speak, there were two present besides our abbate. Our friend's great passion was the English language, which he understood too well to venture to speak a great deal. He had been translating from that tongue into Italian certain American poems, and our talk was of these at first. Then we began to talk of distinguished American writers, of whom intelligent Italians always know at least four in this succession,—Cooper, Mrs. Stowe, Longfellow, and Irving.

Mrs. Stowe's *Capanna di Zio Tom* is, of course, universally read; and my friend had also read *Il Fiore di Maggio*,—"The Mayflower." Of Longfellow, the "Evangeline" is familiar to Italians, through a translation of the poem; but our abbate knew all the poet's works, and one of the other Professors present that evening had made such faithful study of them as to have produced some translations rendering the original with remarkable fidelity and spirit.

At last, turning from literature, we spoke with the gentle abbate of our day's adventures, and eagerly related that of the Ecelino prisons. To have seen them was the most terrific pleasure of our lives.

"Eh!" said our friend, "I believe you."

"We mean those under the Villa P——."

"Exactly."

There was a tone of politely suppressed amusement in the abbate's voice; and after a moment's pause, in which we felt our awful experience slipping and sliding away from us, we ventured to say, "You don't mean that those are *not* the veritable Ecelino prisons?"

"Certainly they are nothing of the kind. The Ecelino prisons were destroyed when the Crusaders took Padua, with the exception of the tower which the Venetian Republic converted into an observatory."

"But at least these prisons are on the site of Ecelino's castle?"

"Nothing of the sort. His castle in that case would have been outside of the old city walls."

"And those tortures and the prisons are all ——"

"Things got up for show. No doubt, Ecelino used such things, and many worse, of which even the ingenuity of Signor P—— cannot conceive. But he is an eccentric man, loving the horrors of history, and what he can do to realize them he has done in his prisons."

"But the custodian, how could he lie so?"

Our friend shrugged his shoulders. "Eh! easily. And perhaps he even believed what he said."

From the *Atlantic Monthly*.

THE REFORMED PARLIAMENT AND ITS WORK.*

w that the hurly-burly's done, and the Reform Bill relegated the calmer discussions and more serene atmosphere of the use of Lords, where it is not likely that it will undergo any material modification, men are beginning to look around them, consider what they have done, and to estimate the probable ults of the most remarkable piece of legislation which this ntry has ever witnessed. Tories have voted for their party, l, as the *Times* truly puts it, have saved everything except ir honour. Adullamites have obeyed a contemptible personal ling, and have sacrificed every principle for which they pro- sed to contend in order to gratify their spite against the ight Honourable member for South Lancashire;" philo- hic Liberals have been taught the folly of the little devi- they had contrived in the hope of stemming the surging e of democracy; and, as the result, we find ourselves in the lat of a revolution, not the less real because it has been ceefully accomplished, and because most of those who have n instrumental in bringing it about have up to this point eared utterly unconscious of the magnitude of the change y were helping to inaugurate. He would have been a bold phet who, in July, 1866, should have ventured to predict t within twelve months Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli would pare a Bill embodying the principle of Household Suffrage, f that Lords Elcho, Grosvenor, and others, who had deserted ir party and conspired against their leader rather than accept 7 suffrage, would be its most steady and earnest supporters. t he would have been bolder still, if he had gone on to phesy that the county members would follow their leaders h a fidelity which, considering the certain results to their ler, is positively touching. Many an illustrious victim may pt the language of the clever parody in the *Owl*.—

Cranborne's a beän loikewise a sittin and preachin, says he,
 "The Amoighty knows, my friend, 'twill soon wi you be all u—p."
 And a towd my sins, as to how to Rads a'd gien the upper hond,
 An voäted for Dizzy reight agin my duty and the lond.

Roight a may beän—but Cranborne I reckon made a storm,
 An a cost up awful that a did 'boot Dizzy and Reform;

"Questions for a Reformed Parliament." London: Macmillan & Co.

Thof a knows a voätet agin Reform as long as I durst,
An a only voätet for Dizzy, when woorst it come to woorst.

An I've allus come to House afoor the prayers they were read;
An I heard Big Ben a bummin awa in the Clock Tower o'er my yea—
An I never tried to speak, for I never ad nowt to say,
But I voätet as I wor told to voäte, an I cum'd awa.

Ben Disraeli's Bill—taint fair to lay its passin to meä—
Mayhap, when it do pass, a main bad un it may beä,
S'ever I voätet for un, thof why I hardly know,
But 'twas allus ma duty to go as Taylor tould ma ta go.

Is there a mon knows what Dizzy's been oop to wi meä,
An can a tell me under which themble be Dizzy's peä?
An a'll lose my seat for County an' all. Oh dear, oh dear—
An I ha sat for County come over thirty year.

Look how Rads 'ull smoile when they sees me a passin by,
And say to thessen, naw doot, "What a fule a be sewer-ly,"
For they knows how I've voätet agin em and for the lond,
And now I've gone and voätet to gie em the upper hond.

No doubt reflections of this character are passing through the minds of many who have been ready on every occasion to obey the call of the member for the county of Dublin, and fancied that they were upholding the good old cause when they found themselves in the same lobby with the members of the Tory Cabinet. There have been some significant indications of late that now, when repentance comes too late, they are staggered at the view of their own handiwork, and anticipate the future with anxiety and doubt. Strange to say, however, many real Liberals share the same feeling, and feel considerable apprehension as to the conduct of the new voters. Mr. Lowe's terrible vaticinations, though they have not availed to arrest the progress of the Bill, have produced a very uncomfortable feeling in many minds. Mr. Disraeli's evident determination to resist, at all hazards, the enfranchisement of the *élite* of the artisans alone, has awakened the fear that he may be correct in his calculations, that the unintelligent residuum may prove to be capable of management, and that Toryism, thus resting on democratic support, may be more powerful and dangerous than ever. We do not share such fears. That the working classes will henceforth exercise a very considerable influence in the Legislature cannot be doubted; but it is as extravagant to talk of them as our future rulers, as it is unjust and insulting to say with Mr. Lowe that our first duty will be to teach these rulers their letters. Their power, great as it must necessarily be, will be held in check by those potent social influences which nowhere exercise more sway than amongst ourselves, and, such as it is, will not extend to the counties at

all, while even in many of the boroughs it will be scarcely appreciable. It will certainly not be absolute in the House of Commons, and we do not believe that it can to any considerable extent be manipulated for Tory purposes.

We are quite aware of the arguments employed to justify these opinions as to the Conservative tendencies of the working classes; but they fail to convince us. We are pointed to the example of constituencies already containing a large proportion of this element,—such as Coventry, Liverpool, and Leeds, which return five Conservatives to one Liberal; but there are special circumstances in these cases, and in some others of the same character, which take away much of their significance. Thus, where the working-class element consists mainly of freemen, there is really no analogy. It is not simply that the freemen have always been a venal class, and that the traditions of corruption have been handed down from generation to generation, and exert the same pernicious influence on the present race as on their predecessors. But the very fact that they are a privileged class estranges their sympathies from the popular side, and disposes them to support the upholders of other time-honoured abuses and privileges. Mr. Frank H. Hill, the author of the article on Ireland in the volume of Essays we have placed at the head of the article, says, truly, “The sympathy of a privileged few with a privileged few is the mainstay of the present ecclesiastical arrangements in Ireland. The sympathy of the many with the many, overriding the sophistries of vested interests and statecraft by the homely sense of justice and common good, would facilitate the gradual introduction of a better order of things.” It is because the freemen do not feel themselves as of the multitude, and, instead of sharing the popular sentiment, have a class-feeling of their own, that no argument can be drawn from their use of the suffrage as to the probable conduct of the non-enfranchised masses.

In opposition, too, to any such cases, we may place the many really popular constituencies, whose representatives are among the most able and earnest champions of the cause of freedom and progress. The great metropolitan constituencies must surely present a very fair sample of what those of the large towns, under the new system, are likely to be. Owing to the high rate of house-rent, the £10 franchise falls little short of a household suffrage, and these householders have rarely failed to return men of sound political views. They have often been deceived by loud professions of a liberal sentiment, which have been strangely contradicted by their subsequent conduct. They have sometimes returned men of a very low order; they are quite open to the blandishments of such extraordinary Liberals as Messrs. Harvey

Lewis and Thomas Chambers ; but it is rarely, indeed, that they have answered to the wooings of the Tory charmer, charming never so sweetly. Why these London constituencies should materially differ from those of Manchester, Birmingham, Bradford, or other large towns, we do not see. They are certainly not more intelligent than the clear-headed men of the North, nor have they hitherto shown more sympathy with the cause of true freedom. If the influence of Trade-Unions is likely to be exerted injuriously, we should expect to see it in the metropolis, where these societies are numerous and powerful, and their system widely developed. It may be that Liverpool may continue to be swayed by strong Orange feelings, rendered more intense by the presence of a large Irish and Catholic element in the population. It may be even that Leeds, from various local causes which we do not stop here to particularize, may fail to pronounce with that unanimity and decision which we might expect in favour of Liberal opinions. But nothing except actual experience will convince us that the large boroughs, with their new democratic franchise, will be less Liberal than under the system which is now passing away.

We happen to have some facts relative to one of the new boroughs which quite corroborate this view. Determined to take time by the forelock, the Tories commenced an active canvass on behalf of a candidate selected with remarkable wisdom, because of his local popularity. It is where, as in the case of Mr. R. Ward Jackson, at Hartlepool, they can lay hold of a man of this type that they will be most formidable, for there will always be a number of milk-and-water Liberals ready to subordinate political to personal considerations. It was so in the case to which we refer. The candidate, well known and highly respected, eligible on every ground except that of politics, attracted a considerable number of waverers, and as the result of an energetic canvass, 2,000 promises were obtained. This of course provoked a counter-demonstration, and within three days the Liberals had prepared a requisition signed by 4,500 householders, being more than one-half of the possible constituency. Amid the general uncertainty as to the future, such a fact may be regarded as an encouraging symptom. Indeed the way in which the Tories themselves talk, indicates a secret consciousness that they are indulging a somewhat forlorn hope. We happened to fall in with two of the party in a railway carriage, in the neighbourhood of Manchester, lately, who were congratulating themselves on the spread of Conservative notions among the working classes, but, on inquiry, we found that the only reason they had for such an idea was that at some meeting, at which they had been present, some working men had applauded what they were pleased

scribe as Conservative sentiments. To put it in plain English, when feelings of loyalty to the Queen and of pride in country had been uttered, working-men had shown their sympathy, and, therefore, they are to be classed as Conservatives,

Conservatives had a monopoly of these sentiments, and as the clapping of the hands in approval of them were to be taken as a pledge of loyalty to the Conservative party. Such conclusions from such very limited premises indicate to us that they are very doubtful of their position, but, like frightened deer in a wood, are determined to sing loudly to prove their courage.

For ourselves, we are not at all afraid of the coming Parliament. Undoubtedly, the addition of what Mr. Bright calls "residuum," will afford a better chance for the exercise of the arts; but we have great faith in the influence which the intelligent artisans will exercise, even over this portion of the constituency. At the worst they cannot be a more ignorant and corruptible element than those who have under the existing system made so many of the smaller boroughs a disgrace and disgrace, and there is every reason to hope that the influence of the working classes, whose power Mr. Disraeli so much boasts, will introduce a counteractive influence. The counties, we are very likely to disappoint Tory hopes. We do not expect that the tyranny of landlords will cease, but we do expect that its power will be very much reduced, and that the accessions of voters from a more independent class, will take many of the county seats from the hands of their present possessors. Mr. Disraeli has made a different calculation, if he succeeded in his objects, would do a greater injury to country than the most Radical measure could ever inflict, by bringing town and country in deadly antagonism to each other. Doubtless he fancies that he has done an uncommonly clever thing for his party, by securing twenty-five new seats for the Tories, but it may yet prove that he has over-reached himself and that the counties may yet be Liberal strongholds.

But this, however, is mere speculation; but if it is unsound, Liberals and Tories alike have for years past been proceeding on a false basis, the one resisting a measure which they ought to have welcomed, and the other clamouring for that which, had they understood their own interest, they would most strenuously have opposed. We cannot believe that both parties have been so egregiously mistaken, and, despite the gloomy auguries of the prophets, anticipate with considerable confidence the coming of a Reformed Parliament, in which the democratic element will have a power unknown hitherto. As to the great working-class constituencies, our fear is not that they will be

untrue to the Liberal instinct by which we might expect them to be moved, but rather that they will allow themselves to be too strongly affected by class prejudices. It will certainly be no evil if they are insensible to the appeals of men whose only claim to support is that they are large and successful capitalists, a class who, of all others, have done most to demoralize the character and lower the tone of Parliament. But it will be deeply to be regretted, if they reject men of approved character, matured wisdom, and strong Liberal sympathies, simply because they belong to the class of employers, and dishonour themselves by putting forward, as their champions, mere adventurers who use them as stepping-stones to political influence and power. We cannot be astonished if they seek to secure a hearing for their own special views as to the claims of labour; but it will be a grave misfortune if they subordinate all other considerations to this, and value men solely according to the attitude they assume towards this question.

Certain it is, however, that the relations between the employers and the employed must be among the first subjects to come under the consideration of the New Parliament, and we think it a fortunate thing that the change in our electoral system will allow the voice of the latter to be heard on points in which they are so deeply interested. From our present Legislature it would be absurd for them to look for a fair judgment. There are a few aristocrats who, either in the hope of winning a little popularity or with the view of venting their spite against the great manufacturers whom they regard as the most dangerous foes of their order, are inclined to patronize them in a very condescending style. There are a still smaller number of men, like Professor Fawcett and Mr. Hughes, who have sought to master the difficulties of the subject, and to deal with it in a just and generous spirit. But these are rare exceptions, and even they are hardly able to look at the question from the workman's point of view. Middle-class prejudices against Trade-Unions are very strong, and unconsciously bias the judgment, as they certainly narrow the sympathy, of those whose liberalism on every other subject is most consistent. To expect that a Parliament composed entirely of men, not only belonging to the propertied classes themselves, but for the most part representing constituencies in which the influence of the same classes is predominant, will be able at once to divest themselves of the prejudices of the society in which they move and to legislate for the workmen with that perfect impartiality which will command their confidence, is to expect impossibilities.

The Reformed Parliament, it may be hoped, will correct these evils. It is sure to include some representatives of the operative

ass, and the sooner the Liberal leaders in boroughs understand that the newly-enfranchised are sure to require this, and prepare to deal with them on equitable terms, the better for both parties. At present it would seem that the old electioneering managers are undervaluing the claims of certain members of the classes who have hitherto enjoyed a monopoly of Parliamentary honours, forgetting that so great a change in the character of the electors is sure to be followed by some change in the character of the elected. We hope they will see their mistake before evil has been done that will not easily be repaired. The more hearty and generous the confidence that is reposed in the leaders of the new class of electors, the more fully they are consulted, and the more readily some of their candidates are accepted, the better the prospect of that hearty union in the army of progress essential to counteract the designs of the party of obstructives. For ourselves, we shall heartily rejoice to see Mr. George Potter and some of his associates in the House of Commons. No small proportion of our sectional jealousies arise from the fact that different parties are unknown to each other; and it would be as good for the middle classes as for the workmen that the cause of the latter should be advocated in Parliament by those who, by experience, know all its bearings. Misunderstandings will be cleared up, many false and exaggerated notions corrected, a good deal of angry feeling soothed, and perhaps some terms of settlement reached. At all events the very constitution of the new House must give the operative a better chance; for, besides having some representatives of his own class, the fact that that class will possess so much power in the constituencies will cause others to feel that they must give a closer and more unprejudiced attention to the arguments urged in support of his views. Hitherto a hearty aversion to Trade-Unions has been a sure passport to the favour of a great many constituencies even where liberal principles prevail. But all this must now be altered, and altered to the advantage of the community at large.

Recognizing the importance and urgency of these economical questions, the editors of the volume before us have devoted two days to an exposition of the claims of the Working Men. Messrs. J. M. Ludlow and Lloyd Jones (the latter one who was himself an operative, and who has had occasion "to travel through the whole of Lancashire and the surrounding counties, and subsequently to visit almost every large town in England and Scotland, residing for some time in Leeds and Glasgow as well as London, and mixing everywhere with the most energetic and wide-minded members of the working class") contribute a very important paper on the "Progress of the Working Classes." The chief design of the paper is to show that by their social and

material progress, the healthful influence which, by means of organization, they have exercised on legislation, the use which they have made of the opportunities which improved laws have placed within their reach, and the growth among them of more loyal and patriotic sentiments, they have established a fair claim to the enjoyment of political rights. The writers' general conclusion is—

That, with the exception of certain quarters of the metropolis, and of our larger towns, where, through the gradual withdrawal of the wealthy, then of the comfortable classes, either to other quarters or to country residences, the poor have been left alone to become poorer, more ignorant, and more degraded; of certain other towns and quarters of towns where, through some sudden influx of prosperity, or, again, through the demolition caused by railways or other public works, the population has become accumulated under bad sanitary conditions, often in dwellings hastily run up by speculators, and has so fallen a prey to similar evils; or, lastly, of particular trades which have remained exceptionally depressed through peculiar circumstances, or in which, conversely, through exceptional prosperity, the rise in the price of labour has outstripped the development of the legitimate wants of the worker,—the progress of the working class since 1832 has been general and continuous. We are far from saying that it has been as rapid—that it has been carried as far—as it might have been; that the working man has made the full use of the opportunities which have been offered to him. But we believe, nevertheless, that the history of no people under the sun will show a period of the same duration in which, without any great political or social revolution, so great a progress has been achieved by the working class, and that chiefly through influences which God has been pleased to evolve from the bosom of the class itself.

It is in this very progress, however, and especially in the means by which it has been secured, that many find the real reason for opposing any advance in the democratic direction. Last year we had many professions from the Conservative side of desire to enfranchise the more intelligent and virtuous of the working men, if only any wise principle of selection could be adopted. We pointed out at the time that, if the truth were told, these were just the class whom such talkers would have excluded. Professedly they were afraid of the venality, the drunkenness, the ignorance of the masses; in reality, it was the independence, the intelligence, the marvellous power of organization shown by the better portion which they dreaded. If any doubted this before, Mr. Disraeli's speech at Merchant Taylors' must have been enough to convince them that the professed dread of the increase of corruption was nothing better than a piece of miserable hypocrisy. The paper of which we are speaking proves that their fear of the artisan class is sufficiently reasonable, for it shows the class is powerful, and that its sympathies are on the side of liberty.

On the question of Trade-Unions Mr. Godfrey Lushington writes with great vigour, but, unfortunately, with too little

discrimination. In the present state of feeling among the classes to which our literary men belong it argues no little chivalry on the part of those who avow themselves champions of the hated and calumniated Trade-Unions, and perhaps when such a feeling takes possession of a generous heart it is probable enough that it will go to an extreme. Mr. Godfrey Lushington has thus been betrayed into occasional exaggerations which we greatly regret, because they weaken the general effect of a very able exposition of the subject, and afford opponents the very opportunity they desire for evading the force of the considerations he adduces. But, though he speaks too lightly of the evils with which Trade-Unions have been attended, and certainly underrates the amount of sympathy which the operatives have received, especially from the Press, he is perfectly correct in the view he takes of the bearing of the law, and particularly of the law as administered by the "Great Unpaid" on the interests of the employed, and does good service in correcting some of the misrepresentations to which the Unions have been exposed. If he is disposed unduly to extenuate, there have been plenty to set down in malice, truths and fictions alike, which are readily swallowed and freely retailed in middle-class circles. The very principle of such associations is condemned, and the workmen blamed as though they were the only offenders in this respect, while many of their loudest censors are certainly sharers of their sins, if sins they be. An incident came under our own notice, a short time ago, which shows that shopkeepers at least are fully prepared to carry out the principle of combination to its fullest extent. The Civil Service Stores, as many of our readers must be aware, have interfered considerably with the London retailers and their extravagant profits. The Grocers' Association have, therefore, determined to prevent the managers of these stores from buying the articles they require, and have threatened the manufacturers or merchants with the withdrawal of their custom if they supply any goods to these mischievous intruders. Surely in principle this is nothing better than "rattening" in the germ. The men who would not scruple to destroy another man's business, because he has dared to deal with customers whom they do not approve, may be restrained by the public opinion of their own circle from such violent outrages as those to which the Sheffield men have had recourse, but they have hardly any right to pride themselves on the possession of superior virtue. For many points in the practice of these Unions there is not a shadow of an excuse; but the admission of the operatives to the franchise will do much to soften the existing bitterness of feeling, and it may be hoped also to end those fearful atrocities by which Broadhead and men of his type have

discredited their own cause, by providing legitimate means for the redress of any actual grievances. Mr. Lushington says, a little overstating the case perhaps, but still with substantial truth,—

The fact is, that the acquisition of the franchise is regarded by the working classes as the first stage of their formal incorporation with the body politic. That hitherto they have been socially excluded, and that the time is ripe for their admission, it needs but a glance at the past and the present to show. The wilful and almost universal ignorance concerning Trade-Unions is of itself a clear proof that working men are an unfamiliar, an unconsidered class, whose inner life is hidden from society—in short, without the pale. The law of Master and Servant, which renders breach of contract by the master a civil matter, and a breach by the servant a crime; the law of Trade-Unions, which confines them by tightly-drawn cords, surrounds them with vague terrors, stigmatizes them as contrary to the public policy, and denies them protection for their property; the insolence of masters who choose to ignore the officers of the Union as the representatives of its members; the general prejudice that Unions are gatherings of the disaffected, and strikes open mutinies of the lower orders of society—all these spring from the same sentiment—that the working classes are an alien, inferior race; that they have no business to be independent; that they are born to do as they are bid; that they are not quite free to think for themselves, not quite free to give or withhold their labour.

Probably if Mr. Godfrey Lushington were a master himself, he might think that masters might, without any insolence, decline to allow the interference of officers of Trade-Unions with the conduct of their private business, and if one-half the stories which we have heard be true, might rather feel that the insolence and annoyance are rather on the other side. But he expresses only too correctly a feeling that is wide-spread and growing among what are called the higher classes, indications of which we find in the absurd conduct of the Royal Commissioners to Mr. Conolly, the fierce assaults directed against Professor Beesley, whose unwise speeches afford but a poor apology for the treatment he has received, and in the impudent style in which such a judge as Sir A. Cockburn has been assailed because he dared to run counter to a class-feeling, and assert the majesty of the law as the protector of the weak and oppressed. In the face of such manifestations as these, we cannot be too severe on Mr. Lushington's extremes, and sincerely hope with him that one of the earliest results of their being made depositaries of political power, will be a change in the public consideration shown to operatives and their associations.

We had intended to speak of the bearing of the changes on ecclesiastical questions, but our space compels us to pause for the present.

MEMORY.

THE greater number of our mental pleasures are drawn from sources of memory and hope; for while hope is constantly adorning the future with fresh colours and bright images, memory is as active in bringing back to us the joys of the past; and though it is also her duty to introduce its pains, it is with the veil of time becomingly thrown over them to soften the severity of their features, and render their presence not only endurable, but often soothing and welcome.

But we would not speak of the pleasures alone which these kind handmaids of our life are commissioned to procure for us. They hold instruction in their keeping; and if we will intimately and seriously converse with them, we may receive from their lips the lessons of wisdom and virtue. They are to be consulted on the real business, as well as the meditative delights of existence; for what would be the excitement of labour, without the encouragement of hope? and where could experience go for his treasures, if the storehouse of memory should fail? I might compare these faculties to the valuable friends who are always found ready to minister to our amusement and participate in our gaiety, and equally ready to counsel our sober hours and assist our emergencies with effectual help.

Let us give our attention, at this time, to the instructive voice of memory. Let us lend a careful ear to the moral of her tales. Let us, like the Psalmist, when we remember the days of old, hallow our reminiscences by meditating on the works of God; by tracing the hand of a merciful Providence through the varied fortunes of our course. We all have joys, we all have sorrows, and we all have sins to remember.

I. The memory of joy reaches far back in the annals of every one's life. Indeed, there are many who persuade themselves that they never experienced true pleasure, except in the earliest stages of their career; who complain that, when the hours of childhood flew away, they bore off the best joys of life upon their wings, leaving passion to be the minister of youth, and care to be the portion of manhood, and regret and pain to drag old age into the grave. I cannot sympathize in these gloomy views. I consider them as in a high degree unjust to the happiness which God has spread out liberally through every division of our days, and which can be missed or forfeited in hardly any other manner than through our wilful sins. But I do not the

less share the visions and participate in the pleasure of those who love to retrace the green paths of their early years, and refresh their hearts with the retrospect of guileless innocence, of sunbright hopes, of delights that the merest trifle could purchase, and of tears that any kind hand could wipe away. How many scenes exist in the remembrance of each one of us, soft and dim, and sacred, beyond the painter's art to copy, but hung up, as in an ancient gallery, for the visits and contemplation of our maturer minds! Mellowed they are and graced, like other pictures, by the slow and tasteful hand of time. The groves through which we ran as free as our playmate the wind, wave with a more graceful foliage, and through a purer shade; the ways which our young feet trod, have lost their ruggedness, and are bordered everywhere with flowers; and no architecture that we have since seen, though we may have wandered through king's palaces, can equal the beauty of the doors which our hands first learned to open, and of the apartments which once rang with the echoes of our childish glee.

Then there was joy in our hearts when we first began to take a part in the serious business of life, and felt that we were qualifying ourselves for a station, perhaps an honourable one, among our seniors. We were joyful when we won the prize of exertion, or received the praise and the smiles of those whose praise and smiles were worth to us more than any other reward. Joy was our companion when we first went out a little way upon the broad face of the earth, and saw how fair and grand she was, covered with noble cities, and artful monuments and various productions, and the busy tribes of men. Joy came with friendship, and affection, and confidence, and the pure interchange of hearts and thoughts. And more than this, we were joyful when we were virtuous and useful; when we strove against a besetting temptation, and knew that our spirit was strong to subdue it; when we came out boldly, and denounced injustice, and defended the right; when we gave up a selfish gratification, and received a blessing; when we forbore to speak ill of a rival, though by so doing we might have advanced our own claims; when we dismissed envy from our bosoms, and made it give place to a generous admiration; when we forgave an enemy, and prayed from our hearts that God might forgive him too; when we stretched out a willing hand to heal, to help, to guide, to protect, to save; in short, whenever we discharged an obligation, and performed a duty, and earned the approbation of conscience.

Let me not omit, in the enumeration of joys, the memory of our religious experiences and improvements. Let me not be so dull and cold-hearted as to pass by the hours which were con-

separated to a close and filial communion with our Father in heaven ; the hours when we felt the burden of mortality taken off, and our souls left light and free ; when we breathed a better atmosphere and saw with a clearer vision, because the air of another world was around us, and the clouds of doubt had vanished away. There have been seasons in the life of every Christian when he has perceived that a fresh beam of divine light has come in upon his soul, that he has acquired a new apprehension of the attributes and providence of God, and that he has taken another step in the path of a holy pilgrimage. Such seasons are sacred, and sacredly let them be kept, in the record of every heart.

I have mentioned some of the joys to which memory may point us. The recollection must not be barren of improvement. It will show us, in the first place, how beneficent our Creator has been to us, in furnishing each age with its appropriate pleasures, and filling our days with a variety as well as a multitude of blessings. It will teach us to keep an honest account of our enjoyments, and to avoid the fault of those who minutely reckon up their pains and misfortunes, but ungratefully pass over the kind allotments of Providence. He who is faithful to the mercies of Heaven will not forget that he has tasted them, even though they may have been long resumed. He has once had them for his own, and that is enough to inspire him with gratitude for the past, and with trust in the continuance of his Father's love.

There is another moral which may be deduced from the remembrance of our joys. It is evident that they are not all of equal value, and that we must dwell on some of them with more complacency and satisfaction than on others. Now we shall find, if our moral taste is not entirely perverted, that the joys which afford the greatest delight to our memory, are those which flowed in childhood from its innocence, and in after life from our good deeds. The lesson is obvious. If we take pleasure in recurring to the innocence of our first years, let it be our watchful care to retain and preserve it ; for it is not necessarily destroyed by knowledge, nor does it invariably depart at the approach of maturity. It is in continual danger, and it must be guarded with constancy. It is like a fountain which springs up in a frequented place, and is immediately exposed to rude contamination and surrounding impurities ; but we may build a temple over it, and keep it fresh and clear. A similar improvement may be made of the memory of our good deeds. We should use all diligence in adding to their store ; for if they are now the most precious treasures of the soul, they certainly will not diminish in price when the common enjoyments of

life are losing their relish, and its bustle no longer engages us, and the tide of our energies is fast ebbing away, and we only wait for the summons of departure. What solace is there to an aged man like the memory of his virtuous actions? What medicine is there so healing to his wasted, solitary heart? What ground of hope is there so sure to his spirit, next to the mercy of his God and the intercession of Christ his Saviour? And what wealth would not many a sinner give to purchase that, which the wealth of both the Indies is too poor to buy?

II. But it is time that I should change my subject, and come to a sadder theme. We cannot pass through the world without the experience of sorrow; and of this, as well as of joy, memory becomes the monitor. Here also she has a tale to tell of the days of old; for even innocent childhood is not exempt from grief, and many a cloud will rise to interrupt the brightness of its morning. So is it with every succeeding period of our brief day. We were born to sorrow, and our lot must be fulfilled.

And let us not complain that the shadows of sorrow return to haunt us, after the term of its actual existence is over. Why should they not be permitted the same licence as the phantoms of delight? The laws of memory are impartial, and do us no more injustice than the laws by which the realities of our condition are dispensed to us. If our sufferings as well as our enjoyments are rightly ordered, why not the remembrances of both?

Whether we are led back more frequently to the bright or the gloomy passages of life, depends very much on the structure and tone of our minds, and the character of our present circumstances. It is to be observed, however, that in either case the transition is easy from what we are to what we were; that it is often made without any exertion or even volition of our own; and that things of the lightest consequence have the irresistible power of effecting it. A face which meets us for a moment in the street, an old tree, a piece of household furniture, a snatch of music, the sighing of the wind, may bring along with them a crowd of imaginations and scenes which had not visited our mind for years, and seemed to have gone for ever.

In memory's land waves never a leaf,
 There never a summer breeze blows,
 But some long smother'd thought of joy or grief,
 Starts up from its deep repose;
 And forms are living and visible there,
 Which vanish'd long since from our earthly sphere.

We all of us know best what our own calamities have been,

id know best how often and how poignantly their memory flirts us. Some bitter disappointment, perhaps, came along in the spring-time of our life, breathing on our young and flourishing hopes like the cold east wind, and converted them into a heap of withered leaves, and covered our heart with a mildew, which, though time and the sun have acted upon it, is still felt here, in the returning fits of memory, in its melancholy dampness. Or perhaps we were doomed to undergo the torturing attack of severe disease or casual pain; and we shudder when we recur to its agonies. It may be that we lost our property; that we were cruelly neglected by the world, or unaccountably forsaken by a friend; and the thoughts of these things trouble us in the midst of our calmest repose. But there is a thought darker than any of these, and more common too with all of us, and more frequently crossing the minds of all with its sweeping shadow—the thought of those who, though tenderly loved, were never valued as they ought to have been, till they were removed from our sight—the thought of that oppressive hour, when the hand which had been so often warmly grasped in ours, grew colder and colder as we held it, and that expressive countenance became fixed like marble, which even then was answering ours with a placid smile—the thought of those who are gone from among us—the memory of the dead. I will not dwell more minutely on this remembrance. It would be cruel to do so. Perhaps I have already said too much on a subject which needs no description to bring it home most painfully to our bosoms. Perhaps I have struck too harshly on a chord which a touch or a breath will cause to vibrate with intensity. Oh, how many simple words there are, and unnoticed things, which raise up sweet faces of past times before the eye of our spirit, and make our heart swell and throb, even in the press of the indifferent crowd, and the world does not know it, because outwardly we are calm, and we mix with its people, and pursue our business as they do!

The memory of our sorrows is fitted to exert a favourable influence on the character, by softening it, and moulding it to the form of gentleness, and preparing it for the impressions of religion and piety. The memory of disappointment may give us a friendly warning in the season of extravagant expectation, and teach us to shelter our hopes more cautiously than we did before, lest they should meet with a similar blighting. The memory of sickness may arrest us in a course of heedless indulgence, and repeat over to us the history of our pains, and induce us to fall back into the safer path of moderation; for it may speak to us while we are in the innocent enjoyment of health and ease, and, without rudely alarming us, may kindly

tell us how frail we are, and how dependent on the will of the Almighty. The memory of our lost friends has many solemn and affecting lessons to enjoin upon us. It may whisper to us a kinder treatment of those who are still left to us, and entreat us to avoid even a word or look which might inflict undeserved pain on those who are likewise mortal and of uncertain continuance. It will also bid us prepare to take our place with them in the grave, and so to cherish and imitate all that was good in them, as to be found worthy of joining them beyond the grave, in the mansions of eternal happiness.

III. It remains for me to speak of the memory of sins ; which ought to be the saddest, and which may also be the most useful memory of all. It is a memory which addresses itself to every conscience, and to which none but a careless or hardened conscience will refuse to listen with serious attention. Who will say that they have never committed sin, and therefore cannot be annoyed by its remembrance? If there be any such, they must be answered in the words of St. John, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." It cannot be true that we have no sin. The most obstinate self-deception alone could induce us to maintain an assertion so easily refuted, and so contrary to all experience. What! have we never wasted our time; never abused our faculties and privileges; never disobeyed, with full knowledge of the wrong, a commandment of God? Have we never raised expectations, and then idly or intentionally neglected to satisfy them, thereby causing disappointment and pain? Have we never failed to state the clear and open truth, through fear, or pride, or some other motive worse even than those? Have we never detained what was not rightfully our own; never taken an unfair advantage of our neighbour; never perverted the power of authority or love which has been placed in our hands, so that instead of a refuge, it became a torment? Have we been guilty of no secret faults or crimes?—I will ask no more such questions. We have sinned and done wickedly. Let us not aggravate our offences by denying that we have offended; but when memory repeats to our hearts the history of our misdeeds, let us receive its rebukes patiently, nay, even gladly, that we may be profited, perhaps saved.

If we have not repented of sin, it is the office of memory to lead us the first steps to repentance. It is her part to remove, with friendly solicitude, the veils with which we may try to cover our past misdoings. It is her part to dwell with anxious emphasis on those blots of former days from which we would gladly turn away our reflections. Oh that she may be suffered to persevere, with ever-recurring efforts, till we are subdued by con-

rition and penitence, and sink down in humility and self-abasement before a merciful and pardoning God !

But have we repented of sin, and felt that we have been forgiven ? Even then let memory come and tell again the history of error and disobedience. The recital will remind us of our frailty, convince us of our sinfulness, and we shall thus be put upon our guard against future acts of folly and rebellion. A shield will be given us against impending danger ; a motive to increased precaution and vigilance. Beacon lights will gleam out from the past, to guide our present course, and warn us of the old and sunken perils. In times of excitement, of delusion, of trial, when the enemies of our virtue and constancy are out upon us with their forces, and we waver in the conflict, happy will it be for us then, if the memory of former guilt rise up and interpose itself between us and them, point to the melancholy consequences of defeat, and stimulate us to victory. Good reason we shall have to render thanks to God, and ascribe to Him the power and the praise, crying, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to thy name give the glory."

Cherish the memory of your innocent and lawful joys, that you may be grateful, just, and contented ; of your sorrows, that you may be kind to your friends and careful of yourselves ; of your sins, that you may be penitent, and humble, and watchful. And God grant that memory may be the friend of your last days and the soother of your dying bed !

DR. GREENWOOD.

THE BOOK OF ZECHARIAH.

PROPHECIES I. AND II.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE Book of Zechariah, priest and prophet, consists, like that of Haggai, of four distinct prophecies, the two former of which were written in different months of the same year in which Haggai prophesied (being the eighteenth year after the first return from Babylon), the third two years later, and the fourth several years afterwards. The First Prophecy is a brief exhor-

tation to repentance, in which the prophet reminds the people of the judgments which overtook their fathers for the rejection of similar appeals.

The Second Prophecy contains nine visions, all seen in one night. In the Vision of the Horseman, Michael, the Angel of the Covenant, appears as a warrior seated on a red horse, accompanied by other horsemen, who have been reconnoitring the nations, and report them, in contrast to unhappy Judah, to be prosperous; whereupon the interpreting angel (*i.e.*, Gabriel, Dan. viii. 16) offers a prayer for Jerusalem and the cities of Judah, which is answered by assurances that the city and temple shall be rebuilt, the towns overflow with prosperity, and judgments fall upon the oppressing nations—assurances which were partly fulfilled in the time of Zechariah, and more fully in the following century, under Ezra and Nehemiah. In the Vision of the Four Horns and Four Smiths, the destruction is foretold of the four great Empires which had oppressed, or should oppress, Judæa. In the Vision of the Surveyor is figured the rebuilding of Jerusalem; the captives yet in Babylon are exhorted to return, and promised Jehovah's presence in the holy city, and blessings are foretold to come upon them, and on many nations through them. In the Vision of the High-Priest advocating the cause of the people ("The Body of Moses") before the Angel Michael, and in the Vision of the Golden Lampstand, is promised the restoration of the State and of the Church, under Joshua and Zerubbabel, the "two anointed ones;" the latter, the legal heir to the throne of David, being specially designated "The Branch," and both being types of the Messiah. In the Vision of the Flying Roll we have a representation of the judgments which should purge the holy land; while in that of the Woman in the Bushel is shown the promised removal of the sin and idolatry of the people to their more appropriate home in Babylon. In the Vision of the Four Chariots are represented the emissaries of divine judgment on the Northern and Southern enemies of Judah, and especially the satisfaction of divine justice in the overthrow of Babylon, partially accomplished by the dismantling of its walls a few years later, before the close of the reign of the same Darius. The concluding section describes either a vision or a symbolical action actually performed by the prophet, who is directed to take of the precious metals, recently brought by three Jews from Babylon as gifts to the temple, and form crowns, to be placed on the head of the High-Priest, and afterwards to be laid up in the sacred courts as a memorial of the donors and of their host, and as a pledge of future tribute from afar.

THE FIRST PROPHECY.

(B. C. 520).

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

(C. I. 1—6).

On the eighth month, in the second year of Darius, the word of the Lord came to Zechariah, the son of Berechiah, the son of Iddo, the prophet, saying, "The Lord hath been sore displeased with your fathers; but say thou unto them:—

Thus saith the Lord of Hosts; Turn ye to me
And I will turn to you, so saith the Lord!
O be not as your fathers, unto whom
The prophets of old time have cried, and said,
"Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, O turn ye now
From all your evil ways and evil deeds;"
But they nor heard nor hearkened, saith the Lord.
Your fathers, where are they? The prophets, too,
Live they for ever? But my words and laws,
Which to my faithful seers I gave in charge,
O'ertook they not your fathers? Then to me
At length they turned and cried, "E'en as the Lord
Decreed to deal with us after our ways
And evil deeds, thus surely hath he done!"

THE SECOND PROPHECY.

(CC. I. 7—VI. 15.)

(B. C. 520.)

§ 1 (I. 7—17.)

THE VISION OF THE HORSEMAN.

On the twenty-fourth day of the eleventh month, which is the month of Shebat, in the second year of Darius, the word of the Lord came to Zechariah, the son of Berechiah, the son of Iddo, the prophet, saying, I saw in the night, and behold a Man riding on a red horse, and he stood among the myrtles in the valley; and behind him were red horses, bay, and white. Then said I, "O my Lord, what are these?" And the angel who talked with me said unto me, "I will cause thee to see what these are." And the man who stood among the myrtles answered and said, "These are they whom the Lord hath sent to walk to and fro through the earth." And they answered the Angel of the Lord who stood among the myrtles (i.e. the Horseman) and said, "We have been sent to and fro through the earth, and, behold, all the earth is laid waste, and is at rest." Then the Angel of the Lord answered and said, "O Lord of Hosts, how long wilt thou not have mercy on Jerusalem and on the cities of Judah, against

which thou hast had indignation these seventy years?" And the Lord answered the angel who talked with me with good and comfortable words. And the angel who talked with me said unto me, Cry thou saying,—

Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, I, even I,
Am very jealous for Jerusalem
And for my Zion. I am sore displeased
With heathen nation's resting at their ease :
My wrath against my people was but small,
But these increased their woe with zealous haste.
Now, therefore, saith the Lord, I am returned
To bless Jerusalem with plenteous grace.
Thus saith the Lord, My temple shall be built
Within its walls, and the surveyor's line
Shall soon be stretched within Jerusalem.
With plenty shall my cities yet o'erflow ;
The Lord again Himself will comfort bring
To Zion, and will choose Jerusalem !

§ 2 (c. i. 18—21.)

THE VISION OF THE HORNS AND SMITHS.

Then I lifted up my eyes, and saw, and behold four horns. And I said unto the angel who talked with me, "What are these?" And he answered me, "These are the horns which have scattered Judah, Israel, and Jerusalem. And the Lord showed me four smiths. Then said I, "What are these come to do?" And he spake, saying, "These are the horns which have scattered Judah, so that no man lifted up his head; but these are come to break them off, to cast away the horns of the nations who lifted up their horn over the land of Judah to scatter it."

§ 3 (c. II.)

THE VISION OF THE SURVEYOR.

I lifted up my eyes again, and looked, and behold a man with a surveying line in his hand. Then said I, "Whither goest thou?" And he said unto me, "I measure Jerusalem, to see what is the breadth thereof, and what is the length thereof."

And, behold, the angel who talked with me went forth and another angel went out to meet him, and said unto him, "Run, speak to this young man," saying:—

Soon shall Jerusalem be full of men
And cattle as the hamlets of the plain.
And I, the Lord, will be a fiery wall
Around her, and the glory in her midst.
Arise ye! Flee from out the northern land!
Far as the winds I spread you, saith the Lord.
O Zion, haste! Escape thee! Cease to dwell
With Babel's daughter! Thus the Lord hath said,

My glory shall be shown no more on thee,
 But on thy foes; for he who toucheth thee
 Toucheth the tender apple of mine eye.
 For, lo! I shake my hand against them soon,
 And by their servants shall their wealth be spoiled.
 (Then shall ye know that I am sent of God.)
 Sing and rejoice, O Maid of Zion! sing,
 For I the Lord will come to dwell with thee;
 And in that day shall many nations come
 To seek my face: my people shall they be.
 And I the Lord with thee will come to dwell,
 (Then shall ye know that I am sent of God)
 And Judah shall the Lord inherit now,
 His portion in the holy land shall be,
 And he again will choose Jerusalem.
 Be silent, O all flesh, before the Lord,
 For he hath risen from out his holy place.

§ 4 (C. III.)

THE VISION OF THE HIGH-PRIEST.

He showed me Joshua the High-Priest standing before
 the Angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to
 rebuke him. And the Lord said unto Satan, "The Lord rebuke
 thee, Satan; even the Lord who hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke
 thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Now Joshua
 was clothed with filthy garments, and stood before the Angel.
 He answered and spake to those that stood before him,
 saying, "Take away the filthy garments from him." And to him
 the Lord said, "Behold I have caused thine iniquity to pass away
 from thee, and I will clothe thee with goodly raiment." Then
 the Lord said to the Angels, "Let them set a fair mitre upon his
 head." So they set the mitre upon his head, and clothed him with
 garments. The Angel of the Lord was standing by. And the Angel
 of the Lord testified unto Joshua, saying:—

Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, If thou wilt walk
 In all my ways, and all my precepts keep,
 Then thou shalt rule my house and keep my courts,
 And these my angels shall be e'er thy guides.
 Hear now, O Joshua and thy fellow priests
 Who sit beside thee, for they are for signs,
 Lo! I bring forth my servant, e'en the Branch
 Of David's root. See this foundation stone
 Which I have laid when Joshua by it stood,
 Lo! I, the Lord, have graved seven eyes thereon.
 And, in one day, will I far off remove
 The sins of all this land, and each shall ask
 His neighbour to sit down beneath his vine
 And shady fig: so saith the Lord of Hosts.

(c. iv. § 5)

THE VISION OF THE GOLDEN LAMPSTAND.

And the angel who talked with me came again and aroused me, as a man that is waked out of sleep, and said unto me, "What seest thou?" And I said, "I have looked, and behold a lampstand all of gold, with a bowl upon the top of it, and its seven lamps upon it, and seven pipes to the seven lamps which are upon it, and two olive trees by it, one upon the right side of the bowl, and the other upon the left side of it. And I answered and spake to the angel who talked with me, saying, "What are these, my lord?" Then the angel who talked with me answered and said unto me, "Knowest thou not what these are?" And I said, "No, my lord." Then he answered and spake unto me, saying, "This is the word of the Lord unto Zerubbabel," saying:—

Not by the arm of might, nor human power,
But by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts!
And what art thou before Zerubbabel,
Thou mighty hill? Thou art become a plain!
He shall bring forth the head-stone of my House
And joyful cry, Grace! Grace be on it poured!

Moreover the word of the Lord came unto me, saying:—

Behold Zerubbabel's own hands have laid
The basis of my House, and the same hands
That laid the first shall lay the highest stone,
(Then shall ye know that I am sent of God).
The day of little things who shall despise?
They shall rejoice to see Zerubbabel
Stand at the top, the plummet in his hand.
Behold the seven engraven on the stone
Are the Lord's eyes, which run through all the earth.

Then I answered and said unto him, "What are these two olive trees on the right side of the lampstand and on the left side of it?" And I answered again and said unto him, "What are these two olive branches, which, through the two golden pipes, empty out of themselves oil into the gold?" And he answered me and said, "Knowest thou not what these are?" And I said, "No, my lord." Then said he, "These are the two anointed ones who stand by the Lord of the whole earth."

§ 6 (c. v. 1—4.)

THE VISION OF THE FLYING ROLL.

Then I lifted up my eyes again, and looked, and, behold, a roll flying. And he said unto me, "What seest thou?" And I

answered, "I see a roll flying; the length thereof is twenty cubits, and the breadth ten cubits." Then said he unto me,—

Behold the curse recorded which goes forth
Upon the face of all the sinful land;
On all who steal shall this my curse alight
As on this side inscribed, and all who steal
As on the other. I, the Lord of Hosts,
Have brought it forth. Behold this curse doth fall
Upon the homes of thieves and all who swear
Untruly by my name; upon their homes it rests,
And shall consume their timber and their stone.

§ 7 (c. v. 5—11.)

THE VISION OF THE WOMAN IN THE BUSHEL.

Then the angel who talked with me went forth, and said unto me, "Lift up now thine eyes, and see what is this that goeth forth." And I said, "What is it?" And he said, "This is a bushel that goeth forth." He said, moreover, "This is their iniquity in all the land." And, lo, a weight of lead was lifted up, and a woman sat in the bushel. And he said, "This is wickedness." And he cast her into the bushel, and he cast the weight of lead upon the mouth of it. Then I lifted up mine eyes, and looked, and, lo, there came out two women, and the wind filled their wings, for they had wings like the wings of a stork, and they lifted up the bushel between the earth and the heavens. Then said I to the angel that talked with me, "Whither are they carrying the bushel?" And he said unto me, "To build it a house in the land of Shinar; and there it shall be established, and set upon its base."

§ 8 (c. vi. 1—8.)

THE VISION OF THE FOUR CHARIOTS.

And again I lifted up mine eyes, and looked, and, behold there came four chariots out from between two mountains; and the mountains were mountains of brass. To the first chariot were red horses, and to the second chariot black horses, and to the third chariot white horses, and to the fourth chariot gray horses; and the horses were strong. Then I answered and said to the angel that talked with me, "What are these, my lord?" And the angel answered and said to me, "These are the four winds of heaven, which go forth from standing before the Lord of all the earth. The black horses which are therein go forth into the North country, and the white go forth after them, and the gray go forth toward the South country. And when the strong ones (*i.e.* the red) went forth they desired

to go to and fro throughout the earth." And he said, "Get you hence, walk to and fro throughout the earth." So, they walked to and fro throughout the earth. Then cried he unto me, and spake to me, saying, "Behold, those that go toward the North country quiet my spirit in the North country."

§ 9 (c. vi. 9—15.)

THE VISION OR SYMBOL OF THE CROWNS.

And the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, "Take from the captives, from Cheldai (Chelem), from Tobiah, and from Jedaiah, going on that day into the house of Josiah (Chen) the son of Zephaniah, whither they are come from Babylon, take silver and gold and make crowns, and place them on the head of Joshua, the son of Josedech, the High-Priest, and speak unto him, saying, Thus saith the Lord of Hosts,

Behold the man whom I have named The Branch!
Out from his place he grows, and he shall build
The Temple of the Lord. He shall be praised,
And he shall sit and reign upon his throne,
And on his throne shall also sit a priest,
And peace between these two shall ever dwell.
The crowns shall be to Chelem, to his friends
Tobiah and Jedaiah, and to Chen
The son of Zephaniah, and be placed
For a memorial in the holy House;
And people from afar shall come and build,
(Then shall ye know that I am sent of God,)
So shall it be if ye with care shall keep
The statutes of the Lord of Hosts, your God!

H. C. L.

NOT NOW, BUT AFTERWARDS.

THERE is a very touching incident in John's account of the last hours of our Divine Redeemer's converse with His disciples, which is not often considered. He had girded Himself with a towel and washed their feet. They had eaten together with a feeling new and strange, but inexpressibly tender, the paschal supper in the upper room. The traitor had gone forth to complete arrangements for the deed of infamy with which his hateful memory is associated. And then, while yet they sat at table, the Lord made known his speedy departure from the world—His

paration from those He loved. "Little children, yet a little while am I with you. Ye shall seek me, and as I said unto the Jews, whither I go ye cannot come, so now I say to you." This was heard in amazement. For a moment they were struck dumb, not understanding the full import of what had been said. Before they had recovered themselves, the Lord began His last charge, urging them, when He was no longer with them, to love one another. But Peter, quick, impulsive, abrupt, speedily recovered himself, and interrupting the Master—anxious to know what was really intended—put the question, "Lord, whither goest thou?" The answer, as usual, was pointed at the disciple, rather than explanatory of his words: "Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now; but thou shalt follow me afterwards." Divinely apprehending the meaning of the Lord's reply—not wishful to be separated from him, even for a season, Peter replied, "Lord, *why* cannot I follow thee *now*? I will lay down my life for thy sake!" When the Lord, looking him full in the face, with mingled sadness and affection, said, "Wilt thou lay down thy life for my sake? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, the cock shall not crow, until thou hast denied me thrice."

The central thought, and, perhaps, the most important, is contained in the declaration, "*Thou canst not now, but thou shalt afterwards*;" such as it was with the rejoinder, "Why not now? I am ready! The human estimate of attainment and capacity is here brought into opposition and contrast with that which is divine. As based upon these diverse estimates how different is the human plan and order of life from that divinely ordained. How men chafe under divine restraints, and resent divine delays! But God's all-wise ordination, in the course of time, approves itself to the human understanding; the over-estimate of power is sometimes sadly and painfully corrected; and then it is seen that He has done all things well, and that His "*Not now, but afterwards*," is full of wisdom—full of love.

This reference of the Lord was, of course, to Peter's oath. Christ was even now treading the *via dolorosa*—the way to the Cross. He was within a few steps of Calvary. His rejection and mockery, the cruel scourging, the crown of thorns, His agony and bloody sweat, and cross and passion, were all before Him, and He knew from what He had come to this hour. And knowing this, and knowing too how much fortitude—how much resolve and determination—how much subjection of the human will to the divine—how much self-crucifixion—the oath he was to accomplish needed; and knowing, too, the weakness and imperfection of the impulsive disciple, he said, "Thou canst not follow me now, but thou shalt after-

wards." Peter was to die a death of violence—was to suffer with the Lord in the flesh—was to be nailed to the cross—was to drink, even to the very dregs, the cup filled with the bitterness of death. But not yet. He was not ready. He was not equal to such a strain upon his faith and patience. As yet he had not sufficiently learned obedience and submission by the things which he had suffered. As yet he had not lost his self-will in loving subjection to the will of the Father in heaven. And so said the Lord, revealing spiritual weakness and imperfection of which His disciple was not conscious, "Thou canst not follow me now." Not until Peter was "old" was he to glorify God in the martyr's testimony and defiance of the power of the evil world. Gradually, through the divine discipline, he was to be prepared for the appointed end; and *then*, but not before, he was to follow the Master to prison and to death.

There is a Divine order of human life. There is a Divinely-ordained discipline and development of human power and capability. There is a Divine adaptation of the internal ability to the external opportunity in ordained trial. The back is fitted to the burden it has to bear. Immaturity of thought and experience, lack of mental and moral culture, bluntness of spiritual perception, the want of refinement of affection, are positive disqualifications for many kinds of spiritual endeavour; and while they remain, success is impossible! To the disciples, impotent in presence of a demon, the Lord said, "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." The possession of large spiritual power, the personal conquest of the flesh, the earnest cultivation of a devout dependence upon God, were essential to such triumphs over the evil one and his kingdom. Influence of the highest kind over other men, power to move them in right directions, power to bless them, is essentially bound up with this personal cultivation, which must, in ordinary cases, be spread over many years. It is the Divine condition of human progress. Youth is the time for the indulgence of high hopes and noble aspirations; but it is not the time for their realization. Great and lasting works are not accomplished in haste, or with powers raw, crude, untutored, and undisciplined. The gourd which grew in a night perished in a night. Divine works, both within and without, need many seasons for their perfecting. Hence, the Christ Himself, at twelve years of age about His Father's business, not afraid or ashamed even then to enter into vital questions between the law and the Gospel,—and, *withal*, strangely moved by burning, self-consuming anxiety to be the Saviour of the world, was held back from His work of teaching and sacrifice until He was thirty years of age. And once and

gain, even during His public ministry, we find Him restrained and hindered from the full manifestation of His power by the divine necessity which ruled His life; and He said, explaining His inaction and delay, "Mine hour is not yet come." Even in His case, as our elder Brother, there was a necessary waiting for the full development of power, and the coming of appointed times and ordained opportunities; and even He Himself was made subject to the law which He imposed upon His ardent and impetuous disciple—"Not now, but afterwards." The cross was but the end and climax of a series of sufferings, each of which prepared Him for its endurance. No one link in all that chain of self-denial and sacrifice could have been spared; for it was necessary that the Captain of salvation should be made perfect through suffering. And so it must be in the case of all regenerated souls. No great works can be achieved without long, spiritual preparation for them. The eradication of evil habits; the curbing of appetites which have been, perchance, long without restraint; the guidance of natural affections; the right ordering of natural tendencies; the discipline and perfecting of natural endowments; the harmonizing of the human will with the will of God; even these spiritual conditions of perfect work are not changes wrought in us in a moment, cannot be accomplished in a single act of volition; but involve long years of ceaseless striving, and are not attainable without many a bitter failure and disappointment, many a sad and grievous fall. In purpose and desire Peter was even now, as he said he was, ready to go with Jesus to prison and to death but in real power to go through such trials he was as a little child. Nay, he was spiritually so powerless that the challenge of a servant maid overcame him at once, and he denied in a moment all knowledge of the Lord whom he loved. Spiritual usefulness and spiritual triumphs need the preparation of a long-continued divine discipline and training. The man who, forgetful of this, boasts that he is about to carry all before him, and to conquer himself and the world without a protracted struggle; who, in vaunted self-sufficiency, thinks to win the laurel and to obtain the crown of life at once,—has many a bitter hour of disappointment before him, in which he will be taught, by actual failure and defeat, as he lies moaning in the dust, the lesson which the Saviour taught his heedless friend—*Thou canst not follow me now.*"

Hence, there is a wisdom and mercy in the ordination of life's special trials which we nearly always come, in time, to recognize and feel grateful for. Most earnest Christians who have arrived at mature age and have gone through many times of disappointment and sadness, know the feeling of thankfulness with which

they have said, in some hour of more than ordinary trial, "Thank God, it did not come sooner; if it had, I never could have borne it." The severity of the frost, and the fierceness of the wintry blast, do not assail us as soon as the summer begins to wane and the nights to lengthen; and so nature and we alike are inured to the changed and more unpropitious seasons of providence, and can bear what, if it came suddenly, would utterly destroy us. There is something of preparation, a hardening of nature, for great and sore tribulations, as for great and arduous duties. The history of persecution illustrates this in a wondrous way. Again and again, as we recur to the history of the church of the past, we see how the men who would have precipitated the conflict with the world power, in the foolish confidence of a perfectly easy triumph over it, have been foiled, and hindered, and restrained; how the church has been prepared for the outbreak of violence and the war to the death by the knowledge of this and that encroachment upon the rights and liberties of individual believers or communities; by the experience of this and that hardship; by attempts, needlessly, to molest and disturb and injure those who would render to Cæsar the things which belonged to him, and to God the things which are His. The minor struggles which preceded the conflicts of the Reformation; the gradual opening of the Marian persecution; the ever-advancing encroachments of the State upon the liberty of churches prior to the modern birth of nonconformity; and the general foreshadowing and anticipation of the great crisis of the church's history, remind us of the fact that it is God's way to prepare His own for their trials; and when He claims great sacrifices from them to lead them up to them one step at a time. Had prison and death really been Peter's portion at once, he would have been utterly overwhelmed, and, as the sequel shows, would have ignominiously failed. But led to them after "a great fight of afflictions," after many an experience of the tender mercies of the wicked; after his power of endurance had been tested and fully developed; after his trust in the Divine Redeemer had been perfected, he could bravely, calmly, uncomplainingly, meet them; and though his enemies, in the fierceness of their rage, crucified the venerable Apostle head downwards, adding to his sufferings all that madness of hate could suggest, there was no shrinking on his part, no unmanly cry for mercy or for help; but the noble, undaunted, and resolute bearing of one to whom sacrifice was easy, and for whom suffering and ignominious death had no dread. And as to Peter, so to such of his followers the Lord has often in mercy said—"Through the greatest difficulties and thickest shades, and deepest depths of the valley of humiliation, thou canst not follow me now, but thou shalt afterwards."

rials are always proportioned to the strength of those who have to endure them ; and He never lays upon His people more than they are able to bear.

What is true of the requirement of work and the ordination of special trial is true, also, of the longing desire for glorious immortality. The Saviour was about to pass through the portals of the grave, was about to solve the mystery of the state of separating souls, was about to tread the unknown and untrodden way to his Father's house, where the many mansions are. In reference to these new and higher conditions of human life, he said to Peter, "Whither I go thou canst not follow me now, but thou shalt afterwards." There are few who have not, under the pressure of bodily pain, disappointment, human unkindness, or bitter sorrow, cried out, "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest ; lo, then would I escape from the windy storm and tempest." But the hour is not yet come. The spirit, depressed, mourning, almost hopeless, is sent back to life, and forced to take its accustomed share in the petty details and ordinary drudgery which form so large a part of earthly history. To those who would gladly in such circumstances have gone with Him through the gates of death, He has repeated his word to Peter, "Ye cannot follow me now." He has raised up from sickness which seemed to be unto death. He has submitted to the stern discipline and hardships, and bitter struggles, and many failures and losses of a long campaign some who, just enlisted into the army, were holding out their hands for the immortal crown. The inheritance of the saints in light is only for those "made meet" for it. Justified, the heirs of glory must needs be sanctified. The fires of purgation must do their work ; the image of the earthly must be obliterated ; the likeness of the heavenly must be inwrought ; the human will must be chastened until all self-will dies ; affection must be cleansed and renewed until it responds in perfect sympathy to the Divine love ; or there can be no blessed life. And until these necessary processes of inward change and cleansing have been perfected our probation is lengthened out—and the answer to all our longings for rest and joy and glorious immortality—"Whither I go thou canst not follow me now, but thou shalt afterwards." We must bide our time—in sorrow all—in utter loneliness some—with saddened memory of a beautiful past of love—with chastened hope of re-union and added bliss to come.

There will come an end in due season. After the night there is a bright to-morrow—after the cross the crown. By-and-by we shall have reached the "afterwards ;"—and then the Saviour will be followed, through death, to the glorious mansions pre-

pared for those who love Him in the world which lies beyond the grave; and so shall they be "for ever with the Lord;" and shall follow Him whithersoever he goeth. "For the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne shall lead them, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"A little while," from patient vigil keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

"A little while," midst shadow and illusion,
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell;
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
And hail right's verdict,—*"He doeth all things well."*

OLD PLAYS IN ENGLAND.

ENGLAND had a drama as early as the twelfth century—a drama used by the priests as a mode of amusing the people into a knowledge of religion. Its products were called *Miracle Plays*. They were written, and often acted, by ecclesiastics; they represented the persons and events of the Scriptures, of the apocryphal Gospels, and of the legends of saints and martyrs, and were performed sometimes in the open air, on temporary stages and scaffolds, sometimes in churches and chapels. The earliest play of this sort of which we have any record was performed between the years 1100 and 1110. The general characteristic of these plays, if we should speak after the ideas of our time, was blasphemy, and blasphemy of the worst kind; for the irreverent utterance of sacred names is venial compared with the irreverent representation of sacred persons. The object of the writers was to bring Christianity within popular apprehension; and in the process they burlesqued it. They belonged to a class of writers and speakers, as common now as then, who vulgarize the highest subjects in the attempt to popularize them—who degrade religion in the attempt to make it efficient. The writers of the *Miracle Plays* only appear worse than their Protestant successors, from the greater rudeness in the minds and manners to which they appealed. They did not aim to lift the people up, but to bring the Divinity down; and not being in any sense poets, they could not make what was sacred familiarly apprehended, and at

at the same time preserve that ideal remoteness from ordinary life which is the condition of its being reverently apprehended. Their religious dramas, accordingly, were mostly monstrous pieces, full of buffoonery and indecency, though not without a certain coarse humour and power of characterization. Thus, in the play of the Deluge, Noah and his wife are close copies of contemporary character and manners, projected on the Bible narrative. Mrs. Noah is a shrew and a vixen; refuses to leave her gossips and go into the ark; scolds Noah, and is soundly whipped by him; then wishes herself a widow, and thinks she utters echoes the feeling of all the wives in the audience, in hoping for them the same good luck. Noah then takes occasion to inform all the husbands present that their proper course is to break in their wives after his fashion. By this time the water is nearly up to his wife's neck, and she is partly coaxed and partly forced into the ark by one of her sons. Again, in a play on the Adoration of the Shepherds, the shepherds are three English boors, who meet with a variety of the most coarsely comical adventures in their journey to Bethlehem, who, just before the star in the East appears, get into a quarrel and fight, after having feasted on Lancashire jammocks and Halton ale; and who, when they arrive at their destination, present three gifts to the infant Saviour, namely, a bird, a tennis-ball, and a box of cherries.

The Miracle Plays were very popular, and did not altogether die out before the reign of James. In some of them personified abstractions came to be blended with the persons of the drama; and in the fifteenth century a new class of dramatic performances arose, called Moral Plays, in which these personified abstractions washed persons out of the piece, and ethics supplanted theology. There is, in some of these Moral Plays, a great deal of ingenuity displayed in the impersonation of qualities, and in their allegorical representation. They took strong hold of the English mind. Pride, gluttony, sensuality, worldliness, meekness, temperance, faith, in their single and in their blended action, were then happily characterized; and, though they were eventually banished from the drama, they reappeared in the pageants of Elizabeth and in the poetry of Spenser. But their popularity was doubtless owing more to their fun than their ethics; and the two characters of the Devil and Vice, the laughable monster and the laughable buffoon, were the darlings of the multitude. Ben Jonson's "Staple of News," Gossip Tattle exclaims: "My husband, Timothy Tattle, God rest his soul! was wont to say that there was no play without a fool and a Devil in't: he was for the Devil still, God bless him! The Devil for his money, I would say; I would fain see the Devil."

Nearer to the modern Play than either the Miracle or the Moral, was the Interlude, so called from its being acted in the intervals of a banquet. It was a farce in one act, and devoted to the humorous and satirical representation of contemporary manners and character, especially of professional character. John Heywood, the jester of Henry VIII., was the best maker of these Interludes.

It is probable that the fifty-two plays performed at court between 1568 and 1580, and of which nothing is preserved but the names, contained little to make us regret their loss. Neither at the Royal Palace, nor the Inns of Court, nor the Universities, at all of which plays were performed, could a free and original national drama be built up. This required a public theatre, and an audience composed of all classes of the people. Accordingly, the most important incident in the history of the English stage was the patent granted by the Crown, in 1574, to James Burbage and his associates, players under the protection of the Earl of Leicester, to perform in the City and Liberties of London, and in all other parts of the kingdom; "as well," the phraseology runs, "for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our own solace and pleasure, when we shall think fit to see them."

But the Corporation of London, thorough Puritans, were determined, as far as their power extended, to prevent the Queen's subjects from having any such "recreation," and her Majesty herself from enjoying any such "solace and pleasure." "Forasmuch as the playing of interludes, and the resort to the same, are very dangerous for the infection of the plague, whereby infinite burdens and losses to the city may increase; and are very hurtful in corruption of youth with incontinence and lewdness; and also great wasting both of the time and thrift of many poor people; and great provoking of the wrath of God, the ground of all plagues; great withdrawing of the people from public prayer, and from the service of God; and daily cried out against by all preachers of the word of God;—therefore," the Corporation ordered, "all such interludes in public places, and the resort to the same shall wholly be prohibited as ungodly, and humble suit made to the Lords, that like prohibition be in places near the city."

The players, thus expelled the city, withdrew to the nearest point outside the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction; and, in 1576, erected their theatre in Blackfriars, but the characteristic of the drama, before Shakespeare, was intellectual and moral lawlessness; and most of the dramatists were men as destitute of eminent genius as of common principle. Stephen Gosson, a Puritan, in a tract published in 1581, attacks them on grounds equally of taste and morals; and five years afterwards Sir Philip Sidney speaks of

the popular plays as against all "rules of honest civility and skilful poetry." The stormy and irregular genius of Christopher Marlowe produced some powerful plays, but it was not till Shakespeare himself came upon the scene that England had anything worthy to be called a national drama.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THERE have been strange doings in England this month. The Grand Turk, monarch of the most ignorant people and worst-governed kingdom in Europe, the Head of the Mahomedan religion, the Successor of the False Prophet, and High Priest of Islam, has been welcomed, fêted, and caressed as scarce any visitor to our shores ever was before. To pleasure him, the Court, the Parliament, the aristocracy, the India House, the populace, have vied; the navy and the volunteers have been passed in review before him; our chief places of amusement have been decked with special brilliance for his delight; no adulation has been deemed too gross for him; and our Christianity has been carefully put out of sight, lest this Chief Mussulman should be offended. Our countrymen will perhaps be surprised to discover the impression which their behaviour has made upon bystanders. "The whole English public," says the *Journal des Débats*, "rose to salute the Padishah. They saw him the day of his entry into London, to which he was introduced by the Prince of Wales, the Heir to the Throne of England, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge and the highest of the nobility. Ever since his arrival there has been a continual succession of fêtes—gala at Covent Garden Theatre, banquet at the Mansion House, visits to the Arsenal of Woolwich—everywhere we see England and her representatives, everywhere a multitude of people. The Sultan goes in grand pomp to Windsor, where the Queen awaits him; and when his visit is paid, he again becomes the guest of the whole of Great Britain. In Buckingham Palace, which has been given to him for a residence, he finds the most splendid preparations, the same that were made for the Emperor of the French when he visited London. Finally, England, desirous of showing herself in all the *éclat* of her power, announces that, in honour of her Imperial guest, she will review her fleet at Spithead. Parliament suspends its sittings, and the House of Commons had three despatches

announcing the state of the weather at Portsmouth, and reassuring those who feared lest it might interfere with this great national solemnity. The Emperor of the Ottomans must be deeply touched by such a reception. Who prepared it? His Ambassador, Musurus Bey, who is rewarded by being named Pasha. Here we have politics. Musurus Bey has drawn closer the already intimate alliance between England and Turkey." "An interested alliance," concludes the article. "Certainly, an interested alliance—who can doubt it?"

Loudly will any such conclusion be disclaimed here. But the Sultan will not believe that all this elaborate, costly, and popular reception is a sham. Yet it certainly is either a meaningless farce or an organized hypocrisy, and the mischief is that the Sultan will take it, as it must be presumed he was intended to take it, as a real expression of an interest in him and his kingdom. Nothing has so excited or delighted him since he left his capital as the eager welcome of the crowds that thronged round him wherever he appeared in public in England. It will not be easy to make him understand that the English mob will assemble in equal numbers, and shout with equal strength of lungs, whether the object which excites their curiosity be a Despot or a Liberator, a Czar or a Garibaldi, a Grand Lama or a Grand Turk. He will reject such a statement as a libel upon their sense and love of liberty. But what shall we say for our governors and legislators who are not mere flunkeys to be moved by the approach of Monarchy in any guise, and must be supposed to have been prompted to this great preparation for the Sultan by motives of profound policy? They say that he is the religious chief of several millions of Mahomedans under our rule in India, and that the attention paid to him in England will be more than repaid by their greater willingness to obey us. As we behave to their Sultan, so will they behave to us. Yet, at least, let it be a bargain. If a handful of English rule some millions of Mahomedans in India, so does the Sultan, with his four millions of Mahomedans, hold in subjection eleven millions of Christians. We protect Mahomedans in India, the Turk ill-treats his Christian subjects; and while the Crystal Palace poets were singing in his ears, "Christians own thy kindly sway," the telegram brought news of another slaughter of Christians in Crete, and more devastations by the Turks; also that two more blockade runners, British built, had arrived at Crete with supplies for the Christians, whose villages the troops of our guest were engaged in burning. Our politicians know that the Sultan's power is waning, they know it would be most undesirable that England should ever again assume towards Turkey the position she so

long occupied under the influence of Lord Palmerston; the greater number of Englishmen think it would be a good thing if the Turks were bowed out of Europe, and expect that they soon will be; and yet we have been doing all we can to raise in his mind the hope that we shall stand by him, and maintain his position if necessary, as we have already once done, by great fleets and armies. It were better to lack courtesy than candour, in this as in every case.

There are indeed some considerations to be urged in excuse of our overdone civility to the Turkish Magnate. If the Queen had received him as her guest, the formal courtesies of his reception would have had nothing but an official and ceremonial significance. But when the duty of entertainment is shifted on to the shoulders of the nation, our hospitalities inevitably wear an air which would certainly better have been avoided. Then we have always regarded ourselves as the patrons of Turkey, and the cheers to the Sultan in the streets may be interpreted as so many testimonials to our own valour and sacrifices in the Crimean war. Nor must we forget that Abdul Aziz is an improvement on his predecessors. He has shown himself desirous of being a Reformer; he has promulgated a Hatti-Humayoun if he has not been able to enforce obedience to it, and Englishmen may deem it right to give him an encouraging pat on the back. Because we are Christians, therefore we were obliged to receive him with all courtesy, but surely not to accommodate our Christianity to his supposed prejudices. It is to be hoped that his interpreter did not lay before him any version of the absurd—the indecently absurd—song chanted by the opera singers in the midst of the approving smiles and voices of thousands of English, so-called Christians. Did the Sultan complaisantly eat pork or remit any of his religious observances when he came to England? Was it necessary to show him how accommodating Christianity could be, by assuring him that he already enjoyed the warmest favour of Heaven, and that the highest place in Heaven was reserved for him? Was it necessary that the heir to the throne of England should neglect his own religious duties in order that he might devote himself to the Sultan's amusement throughout the day which, by the courtesy and permission of our aristocracy, is still called the Lord's Day? The whole business dishonours God and ourselves, and will bring its punishment. It is as true now as it was in Eli's time, that those that honour God He will honour, and those that despise Him shall be lightly esteemed. It will be well if the Sultan does not go back with the impression that our religion and our politics are alike hollow, and that we are a hypocritical nation whose faith and word are worth nothing.

The Viceroy of Egypt, whose good-will it is much more important for us to cultivate, has had a much quieter reception, and is likely in the end to esteem us all the more. He has been using his eyes like a sensible man, especially taking note of all that may help him to develop the peaceful prosperity of his country. Both he and the Sultan will probably return from their extraordinary visit to the West with new resolves to hasten improvements among their subjects, but the Sultan's attempts will soon wear themselves out against the passive opposition of his fatalist subjects. The Egyptian Governor has will and power enough to turn aside the prejudices of his people, and make them acknowledge the advantages of new customs.

The warmth of our welcome to the Belgian Volunteers is at least harmless. We do intend to stand by Belgium if she is attacked, and it is well that we should keep up a close intimacy with our neighbours, who, if they are but a small people, have the greater need of our countenance and support, while maintaining upon the Continent the closest pattern of our own free and liberal institutions. This interchange of visits between the Volunteers of the two countries may help to keep the heads of some adjoining kingdoms clear of bad thoughts, and prevent them giving way to temptations to absorption, incorporation, conquest, and other deadly sins.

In another week or two the wonderful Reform Bill, which we shall owe, as Mr. Bright says, to the ambition and art of Mr. Disraeli, will be the law of the land. In his closing speech upon the motion that the Bill be read a third time, Mr. Disraeli defended his conduct by affirming that some such measure as that which is now passing had always been desired by him, and that in 1859 he proposed in Lord Derby's cabinet the adoption of a rating household suffrage in boroughs. He may very readily be believed. Few persons have ever doubted that at heart Mr. Disraeli was a Radical. But in the meantime his mouth has spoken Toryism. In 1865 he declared himself in favour of an extension of the franchise, which should be lateral and not vertical; or, as Hansard has it, "Radical." Last year, however, he and his Conservative friends declared that they would be satisfied with a vertical extension of the franchise,—if it did not go too far—they offered to support an £8 borough and a £20 county franchise. Mr. Disraeli then said that the Government of England is "an aristocratic Government, in the proper sense of the term—a Government of the best men of all classes," the working classes of course included; but now he says that he has always thought that to enfranchise a select portion of the working classes would be far more dangerous than to admit them indiscriminately on the electoral register.

he has thus been really always of one mind in favour of household suffrage, what words shall express the flagitiousness of his behaviour? He has used his speech to conceal his thoughts; for fifteen years he has habitually stated, on the most solemn occasions, the very opposite of that which he really believed, and by concealing and denying his own opinions, he has at last inveigled the Conservative party into a shameful apostacy from theirs. Lord Cranborne and Lord Carnarvon have earned the thanks of God and honest men by their exposure and indignant denunciation of the dishonesty and treachery which have marked the progress of this Bill. Lord Cranborne pointed out that every alteration demanded by Mr. Gladstone had been made, so that the Bill was rather his than Mr. Disraeli's, and that it was now the very measure of which the Conservative party have been for years declaring their apprehension, and to avoid which they have resisted the least approach to Reform. He designated the policy of the Government a "policy of legerdemain," and warned the Conservatives of what would happen if they borrowed their politics from "the ethics of an adventurer." Mr. Disraeli, however, would not allow himself to be in the least discomposed by this terrible attack, which was not very effectively delivered, for Lord Cranborne speaks with hesitating words, and fumbles at the buttons of his waistcoat all the time he is addressing the House, recalling with evident effort the keen sentences which he has carefully polished and sharpened in private. Mr. Disraeli reserved all his invective for Mr. Lowe, and passed over Lord Cranborne with a single respectful sentence. Not so in the Lords. The Premier is cast in a different mould to his henchman in the Lower House. He chafed and writhed under the ignified and scathing rebukes of Lord Carnarvon, and answered him in his bitterest manner. But how pitiable is this chivalric leader's excuse for the abandonment of his convictions and the tergiversances of a lifetime. He had only to plead that he could not hold office without bringing in a Reform Bill, and could not as a Reform Bill without underbidding his opponents. But why need he have taken office at all; or why did he retain it when he found that he could only do so by proposing measures which he had always denounced as injurious to the country? There was, indeed, no need for the purpose of keeping office, to have proposed Household Suffrage. The whole Legislature would have been better pleased if some low, but "hard and fast" figure had been proposed as the limit of the franchise. But Mr. Disraeli has taught the party to believe that they may deal better with the very ignorant and most dependent masses than with those above them, and the aristocracy now expect to preserve their privileges by an alliance with the

lowest and neediest of the people. But England loves not coalitions—least of all such a coalition as this. We do not pretend to predict what may be the immediate results of the Reform Bill, but we do not share in the alarms of Mr. Lowe and Earl Shaftesbury; we have too much confidence in the common sense and honest instincts of the majority, even of our poorest neighbours. Nevertheless, we do hear in this great political change a loud call to all cultivated, patriotic, and especially to all religious men, to enlist anew in the work of educating their fellow-countrymen. And by educating them we do not mean what Mr. Lowe means when he jeeringly says that we must teach the people their letters. In these days of penny postage and penny newspapers—when reading and writing are become a necessity even to the humblest—the large majority of our countrymen are certain soon to acquire the common elements of knowledge for themselves. What we mean is that there is now a need, such as never before existed, that the people should have a sound political instruction; and, above all, that the efforts to imbue the masses with religious truth and principle should be redoubled.

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Memorials of James Henderson, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh; Vice-president of the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society; Medical Missionary in China. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1867.

THIS unpretending volume worthily tells the story of a noble and beautiful life. In respect of its earlier stages, Dr. Henderson is his own biographer; and we have rarely been more touched by any record of youthful aspiration and struggle than by the simple narrative of the steps by which the orphan Scottish lad wrought his upward way from penury to success. The tale adds another chapter, deserving to stand beside any that have preceded it, to the record of "self-made men:" only Dr. Henderson was self-made, because he was first *self-consecrated*. "It is not easy," he says, in one place, "to live on half-a-crown a week in Edinburgh." But he did it: for, from the time that the grace of God took full possession of his heart, he had determined to live to be useful, and prepared

for his work "like a man leading a forlorn hope." "My motto was, 'If I perish, I perish.'" So, before he was twenty-five years old, he "could write Latin more correctly than" he "could write English when he was eighteen." His first aim was to be a minister; but the clergy whom he consulted unanimously discouraged his design. "Eight years of study for a man with scarcely any means of support was, doubtless, in their eyes a very formidable difficulty." The virtue of a "two years' literary, scientific, and theological course" had not then been discovered! But the young student, undaunted, only changed his plans. He wisely reflected that the healing art presents to the Christian a field of usefulness, scarcely if at all inferior to the ministry of the Gospel. The medical profession, at least, seemed attainable: and so at the age of twenty-five or six we find him a hard working, successful student in the university. He has set his heart upon the work of a medical missionary; and in 1869, at the age of thirty, is accepted by the Directors of the London Missionary Society. The Rev. S. S. England, of Walthamstow, with whom Dr. Henderson studied theology for a short time before his departure for China, writes—"I confess that I often looked at him with astonishment. He told me very frankly all his previous history, and when I saw before me that educated and gentlemanly man of nine-and-twenty, thoroughly abreast of the intelligence of the age, so free from the common faults of self-taught men, I could hardly believe that he had never seen the inside of a school, even of the humblest character, and that, twenty years before, he had been a barefooted lad, herding sheep on the muir of Rhynie; that, some thirteen years ago, he could not have written his own name, and, nevertheless, he had *forced* his way to the University of Edinburgh, had taken prizes in classes of two hundred medical students, received the diploma of the College of Surgeons, and won for himself the respect and friendship of men of the highest Christian character and professional distinction."

Before the narrative has reached this point the autobiography has ceased. The pen is taken up by loving hands, and the story is conducted with exquisite appropriateness, as with deep pathos, to its speedy close. Yet the affectionate remembrance is not permitted to mar the firmness of the delineation. We see, throughout, the earnest, single-minded Christian man, intent upon his work; with an interior life, calm, fervent, yet, from its very intensity, only half-disclosed. The Chinese hospital at Shanghai was his special field; where his mental energy, his habits of philosophic observation, and, above all, his philanthropic Christian earnestness had full play. His activity was incessant. He prescribed, he operated, he studied, he wrote. His "Reports of the Shanghai Hospital" are crammed with facts of the most suggestive kind, his papers before the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, especially that on "The Medicine and Medical Practice of the Chinese," are full of interest. He was always at work; and no one who knew what manner of man he was could misunderstand his motives when he resigned the salary paid him by the London Missionary Society, and resolved to support him-

self by private practice. He writes to Dr. Tidman, "Be assured that I shall never allow my English practice to interfere in any way with my hospital work, as my chief delight is to labour among this poor, afflicted, but most interesting people; and so long as I remain in China I should never give up this good work among them, or cease doing all I can to alleviate their sufferings, and to bring them together, under the most favourable circumstances, to hear of the love of Christ, and to have the Gospel preached to them."

But all this was soon to close. The spring of 1865 seemed to bring only exhaustion to the indefatigable worker. Presentiments of an early departure gathered strength. He was advised to take a sea voyage to Japan, with the hope of restoring his failing vigour; but the springs of life had failed; in July, 1865, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, and the sixth of his work in China, he passed away; and in far-off Nagasaki he "sleeps well."

That we recommend this book most cordially we need not say. To young men, especially, it cannot fail to be at once instructive and inspiring. Nor will the charm of the volume be diminished by the fact that it bears the evident reflection of a singularly happy domestic life. True, its hues are chastened by sorrow even before the final parting. One infant spirit went before the parent to the home on high, another followed him; the earthly family was broken up, only one widowed heart remained, yet the record closes in peace. "It was sweet to be able to realize his blessedness with his beloved ones, to think of hopes fulfilled and joys made perfect; of his gladness in the House of many mansions; of the fulfilment of his words written four years before—"I SHALL YET OCCUPY A THRONE AND WEAR A CROWN IN MY LORD'S KINGDOM. NOTHING IS MORE SURE."

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MONOTHEISM—THE PRIMITIVE FAITH OF
MANKIND.

It is needless to affirm the importance of the question mooted in the title of this paper. It bears directly upon the fundamental question of the origin of man. Is he an immediate creation of God, or a development from lower creatures? It lies at the root of the social problem of humanity. Are the religious truths which inspire and rule modern civilization the product of advancing reason, or have they been received from Divine revelation—at first when man was created by God, and again when he degenerated into heathenism—by the preaching of the Gospel? If the latter be the correct representation of human history, then there is no security in human reason itself, apart from the positive instruction of the Gospel, and the spiritual help of the Church, that it will not relapse into idolatry again; but, on the contrary, there is the certainty, drawn from universal experience, that unless it be thus guarded it will inevitably thus fall. This question too bears on the modern discussions upon the origin of Christianity. Renan and others conceive Monotheism to be the peculiar doctrine of the Semitic races, originating in their narrow but profound and fervent religious natures. This Monotheistic faith, thus derived, they conceive to be the supreme doctrine, the essential principle of Christianity, which gives it its vital impulse and unquestioned ascendancy. But this theory, proved by many other facts to be groundless, is further destroyed, if Monotheism is shown to be not the appanage of one race of man, engendered by their own mental habitudes, but to have been the heritage of other races, though preserved by a Divine guardianship, and for Divine purposes, in one race

whose mental habitudes became indeed, by a Divine discipline, conformed to this truth, and inflexibly attached to it.

The question has so many and important bearings, that we venture to translate one of the most recent and authoritative opinions pronounced upon it. This opinion indeed relates only to one section of the human family, the Aryan or Indo-European. But this section is by much the most numerous and influential, and it has succumbed in all its branches to the seductions of Polytheism and Pantheism. If then it be proved that, even among the Aryans, the primitive faith was Monotheistic, the question will approach a final solution. Further, M. Pictet adduces striking evidences from other races, whose primitive religious beliefs he compares with those of the Aryans.

In other respects the translation will have interest, as it lays before us the spiritual thoughts of our earliest ancestry, so far as they can be deciphered from the fossil fragments entombed in dead languages, or the root-words that germinated first in Aryan speech, but have flung many creeping, blossoming lines down into our modern tongues. Our translation is taken from the close of the last volume containing the most erudite and scrupulous researches of Adolphe Pictet, in his celebrated work just published, which is entitled "*Les Origines Indo-Européennes, ou les Aryas Primitifs*." No one will suspect M. Pictet of an orthodox bias, distorting his scientific method. His work is too bulky and too exclusively philological to be translated for the use of the English public. We are unwilling, however, that the portion which does interest our public should be withheld from them.

Of all the questions, M. Pictet says, which we have hitherto treated, the question of religion is, without doubt, the most important, when we are considering the primitive history of the genius peculiar to the Aryan race. What was the religion of the ancient Aryans at the time of their dispersion, or the ages prior to it? The problem should be raised in this double form ; for even if it be certain that this religion, after a certain evolution, consisted of a poetical Polytheism, or a worship of divinised nature, it is by no means certain that it had the same character from the beginning. Before their separation, the Aryans had certainly traversed many phases of a gradual development during a period of time which it is difficult to calculate. They must too, we have seen, have passed from the pastoral and patriarchal life, to a state of society which was more stable, and more firmly constructed. They must have multiplied sufficiently to have occasioned an excess of population before they broke away into their distant wanderings in different directions. Now, as an intelligent and moral being, man is necessarily religious. Even

hen he has no revelation, he has an instinctive sense of God, and seeks Him according to his ability. If there had ever been, and if there still existed anywhere, a people absolutely without religion, it could only be an exceptional degeneration which amounted to animality. It is impossible to admit that the Aryan race, gifted as it was, had sunk so low, or that at any time it was without religious beliefs. And as Polytheism, by its very nature, has only been able to develop itself gradually, it must have been preceded by a simple religion. May this religion have been a Monotheism, not reasoned or reflective, but instinctive and more or less vague? This is the question which presents itself, and upon which this comparative philology alone can cast any light, if the problem be still soluble.

In this problem it is not the mythologies that are to be consulted, for mythologies are themselves only the secondary products of Polytheism. The comparative study of myths is doubtless of the highest interest; but the vastness of the field which it embraces, the incertitudes and obscurities of a poetic element which is essentially mobile, and which allows a great latitude to interpretation, must make this a special branch of the science of "The Origins of Mankind," like the comparison of languages. We will leave, then, on one side the mythologies, only referring to them as they touch the true religious question. With regard to it, proceeding without any preconceived system, we shall pass in review the most ancient names which have served to express the idea of God in general, and seek to mount to their original signification. This is, in truth, the only means of knowing the manner in which the primitive Aryans conceived the divinity. If these names relate to nature and its phenomena it will follow that the religion of that ancient people has been from the beginning, or at least from the earliest period accessible to us, only a worship of divinised nature, which implies the existence of a Polytheism which has developed gradually and constantly from the very origins of the race. If, on the contrary, these names can be only explained by the conception of a being, superior to and distinct from the world, then it will be necessary to admit that this notion must have prevailed, to some degree, before the Polytheistic worship of nature, and it will only remain for us to discover by what influences this latter worship has been able to arise, so as to develop itself at a later period with so much power.

After a lengthened investigation into the earliest words denoting the Deity, and the myths which expressed other religious ideas, M. Pictet thus sums up his conclusion:—If we now review the sum of the facts which we have surveyed, we shall be able to draw some inductions of a more

precise order upon the religious development of the Aryans at the time of their dispersion, or in earlier ages.

"The comparative study of the particular divinities has shown us that, towards the close of their united life, the religion of the Aryans consisted in a Polytheism which already comprehended the principal powers of nature. The heaven, earth, sun, morning, fire, waters, wind,—such were the beings personified to whom they addressed their prayers. There may have been others besides, but these are the only ones which the comparison of the Indo-European languages discovers to us. Though much more simple in its entirety than the different religions which afterwards proceeded from it, yet this Polytheism was already encircled with a changing aureola of poetic myths. A primitive simplicity likewise ruled in the rites of worship. Nothing indicates the existence of a regular priesthood. It is likely that the father of the family, or the chief of the clan, fulfilled the functions of the priest. Libations of milk and of fermented drinks, the smoke of incense, the blood of some domestic animals—these were the offerings of sacrifice that accompanied consecration and prayer. And these rites were performed under the vault of heaven at the break of dawn, or on the rising of the sun, or on the family hearth; for there were neither temples nor images of the gods. At least comparative philology leads us to presume thus much, though it is true its positive results may be incomplete.

"Now, however simple the religious system may have been, if we compare the further developments which divers Polytheisms have taken, it is impossible to admit that it was constructed complete in all its parts, at any one epoch of the ancient Aryan life. It must have been formed gradually, and its first origins cannot be traced as far back as those of the language itself. This is already proved by those names of gods, which are none other than the names of natural objects designated by one of their characteristic attributes. The earth which is extended, the sun which shines and fertilizes, the dawn which brightens, the fire which trembles, &c., had received their names before becoming divinities. If the Aryans from the beginning had adored nature, there would have remained some trace of it in their language, in which, however, there is nothing but absolute realism as to the words which designate natural phenomena. We must therefore acknowledge that there was a time when Polytheism did not yet exist, and yet the language was already formed. Can we then suppose that then, and during all that preparatory period, the primitive Aryans remained without any religious beliefs, delivered exclusively to the interests of the material life, or the superstitions of a gross fetishism? That

ition would not accord at all with the intellectual and sentiments which their whole language reveals to us in a different degree. Man without any idea of God is only a savage, and the brutish savage does not raise himself by his efforts to the mighty development which the Aryans have attained in all directions.

It is in consequence of these considerations that we conjecture *a priori*, the existence of a Monotheism which preceded Polytheism of the ancient Aryans, and the comparative study of the names of the Deity has issued in confirming the hypothesis.

These names, in fact, and especially that one of 'Dieu' (Θεός, &c.) which has traversed so many ages and several nations to reach us, are not like the names of special divinities, appellations which designate natural beings, and yet they belong to the most ancient formations of the language, as their cognate among the different Aryan nations prove. We must now ask what this primitive Monotheism could be,* and in what way Monotheism must have risen naturally out of it.

Man is incapable of rising of himself to the idea of the 'One'—is some theologians suppose? Taken in an absolute sense, this opinion does not appear to us to be well founded, either in fact or in reason. Because that missionaries have found some tribes without any notion of a Divinity, we should not attribute to the complete impotence of the human spirit, of which these tribes were assuredly wretched representatives. Besides, in this respect the testimonies vary, and other observers have signalized the existence of Monotheistic beliefs among nations equally primitive. These beliefs are naturally more or less vague, according to the aptitude of the races; but, however imperfect they may be, they contain a germ which would have been able to develop under favourable circumstances, and which has developed more than once in a remarkable manner.

Thus, when the Guarani of Brazil calls the Supreme Being 'tu,' a word composed of a particle of admiration 'tu,' and another of interrogation 'pa,' do we not see the naïve expression of that astonishment which must seize the soul of men of primitive races, in presence of the idea of God, yet obscure and instinctive?

Do not we probably discover that astonishment at the origin of the most complete Monotheism, that of the Hebrews,

we need hardly assure our readers that we do not agree with the conclusion of M. Pictet on this subject, but his argument is full of suggestive elements. Assuredly the human intellect, which was drawn off to Polytheism in the manner M. Pictet describes, was much more likely, by its spontaneous activity in the matter, to have originated Polytheism at the beginning. But if God's original revelation of Himself to man be admitted, the study of these "origins of humanity" become intelligible, and of man into Polytheism an instructive spectacle.

if, as some orientalists think, their ancient name of God (El, Eloha, Elohim); in Arabic, Ill, Ilah, Allah (from Al and Ilah), is connected with the Arabic root Allâ, was amazed or astonished. When compared with the 'Tupa' of the Guarani, which remained in the sterile form of a vague nature; the 'Kitchi Manitou,' or Great Spirit of the Alginquins, shows us already a conception much more precise, and yet the Alginquins were also only savages. It is, however, especially among the more gifted races of the Peruvians and the Mexicans that the trace of a singularly lofty Monotheism has been found, and which has preceded the sun worship of the one, and the barbarous Polytheism of the other. The Peruvians acknowledged a Supreme Being, creator and governor of the universe, and they adored Him under the names of Pachacamac, *i.e.*, He who sustains and vivifies the world; and of Vivacocha, the sense of which remains obscure. This Supreme Being had no images, and only one temple near Lima, which existed before the domination of the Incas and the worship of the stars (Prescott, vol. i. page 101).

"The Aztecs, likewise the ancestors of the Mexicans, believed in a Supreme Creator, master of the universe. They addressed prayers to Him as to the God *by whom we live*, present everywhere, *who knows all thoughts*, and *dispenses all gifts*, without whom man is as nothing, invisible, incorporeal, one only God of *absolute perfection*, under whose wings we find repose and protection (Prescott's 'Conquest of Mexico,' page 37). Some reminiscence of this lofty Monotheism was preserved later amidst the worship of the Mexicans, when it had degenerated into barbarism, for the king Nezahuacoyotl raised a pyramidal temple to the *unknown God*, cause of causes, who had no statue, and to whom were only offered flowers and perfumes. These examples enable us to comprehend clearly what may have been the conception of God among the ancient Aryans, a race superior, without doubt, to the aborigines of America in natural endowments.

"Up to what point of development has this primitive Monotheism, still very vague, been able to arrive? Has the Celestial Being, the Deva, been conceived as a spirit, as the creator of the world, as a supreme intelligence in relation with man? Has He been the object of worship? All this we might justly infer from the other names given to the Divinity, together with Deva, if we were certain that they mounted back to a period as remote. However this may be, it is difficult to believe in a Monotheism, distinctly formulated like that of the Hebrews, for the origin of Polytheism would then be inexplicable.*

* But observe, first, the proclivity and the frequent fall of the Hebrew

"We could not understand how the truth, once set forth in clear light, should have been abandoned for error. It is therefore to be presumed that this first belief remained with the Aryans in a germinal state, that the idea of God did not emerge from its mysterious obscurity, and that finally Polytheism is born precisely from the need of seeking intermediaries more nearly related to man, and of explaining the multiplicity of the phenomena of nature, by placing them under the direction of as many superior agents.

"In order to render an account of the manner in which this transaction may have taken place, we must not forget that these had then no notion of nature as a system co-ordinated by constant laws, and forming a harmonious whole. In the midst of the variety of the forces in play, and of the conflict of the elements, the unity of the great system was hidden from them; and this was inevitable, in proportion as they received more vivid and profound impressions from the spectacle of nature. How could they have acknowledged the manifestations of the only God in the tranquil splendours of the sky, and in the fury of the tempests, in the devouring might of fire, and the genial influence of water, in the beneficent appearances of nature, and the dreadful calamities that overwhelmed them? The first vague idea of a Heavenly Being did not suffice. It was necessary to recognize others with a reality nearer and more immediate, and presiding each over a special order of phenomena. Hence the personifications of the great powers of nature; and as the new gods were in direct and constant relation with the interests of man, it was to them that worship was henceforth addressed, whilst the Supreme Being was relegated further and further to the distant depths of the heavens. We must believe, however, that this religious movement has followed a gradual course, and that in the beginning, the new gods, in small number, were regarded as the subordinate agents of the only God. The first phase of Polytheism remained probably with the Aryans till the period of their dispersion.

"But, once launched in the way of multiplication of gods, by the methods of personification and anthropomorphism, Polytheism no longer restrains itself, and but for some religious revolution,

into idolatry, notwithstanding their articulately expressed Monotheistic creed; and, second, the creed of the Mexicans, as quoted from Prescott by M. Pictet, is very bold and distinct in its affirmations, approaching very near to the Hebrew faith; yet they fell into barbarous Polytheism. M. Pictet claims for the Aryans a higher nature, and a higher religious faith, than the Mexicans had. If so, it could not have been much, if at all inferior to the faith of the Hebrew patriarchs; and their lapse into Polytheism must be explained from another cause than the indistinctness and uncertainty of their Monotheistic beliefs.

it drives its principle to the utmost extremity. This is what is revealed by the history of religions among the different peoples of the Aryan family. Even in the Rigveda, which is tolerably near the original source, we see a good number of new personifications appear, which are borrowed not only from nature, but from the moral world ; and these imaginary Beings, multiplied infinitely at a later period, fill the heaven and earth of India. We know well with what exuberance the Polytheisms of classical antiquity have developed themselves in this direction, and those of the north of Europe yield little to them in this respect. So great, however, is the power which the principle of unity exercises over the human spirit, that the idea of a Supreme Being, always more or less veiled, is never entirely lost, and sometimes discloses itself, as by irradiations, from the bosom of the clouds which envelop it.

"The Vedic hymns present us, in illustration of this truth, with some facts of great interest. Polytheism develops itself then as a grand poesy of nature, but without any rigid system, as a religion which as yet has no theology. The spheres of action of the particular divinities are often confounded, and encroach upon each other. Each of the gods becomes in his turn the Supreme God to the person who invokes him, as if he were, in a certain point of view, his representative ; and when they were invoked collectively under the name of *Viṣve Dēvās*—this plural, as Max Müller observes ('Ancient Sanskrit Liter,' p. 532), may be taken sometimes in the sense of a '*pluralis majestatis*,' like the '*Elohim*' of Scripture. There is here, without doubt, a reminiscence of the *One Being*, the conception of whom had become obscured in the multiplicity of His manifestations.

"The traces of Monotheism which we have just signalized in the Vedic hymns, are perhaps the reminiscences of this most ancient religion ; but the ideas which tend to Pantheism, whether in the myths or in the meditations of the inspired poets, are the fruit of a new direction peculiar to the genius of India, and which has always afterwards increasingly prevailed. To return to pure Monotheism, the secondary gods must have been wholly rejected, and they were the gods which had become the most popular. By preserving them, whilst seeking to subordinate them to a Supreme God, or to a trinity of superior gods, they were led necessarily to Pantheism by this need of somehow recovering the principle of unity.

"The tribes of Europe have carried with them a Polytheism which is somewhat developed, but which still doubtless preserved a principle of Monotheism. This is what, as we have seen, the ancient general names of the Divinity, which have been main-

tained throughout the ages, indicate. The common fund of religious beliefs has developed itself in different directions, in order to form so many national Polytheisms; but whether the idea of a One God has been preserved here and there, or there have been partial returns to that idea, it is certain that it has reappeared almost everywhere, although under forms more or less imperfect.

"The Greek Polytheism, as it is exhibited in Homer, is the most complete expression of a religion of nature, without any notion of a Being placed beyond and above the real world, in which the gods move as well as men. The principle of unity, represented by the supremacy of Jupiter, comes itself within the sphere of the world, and the *Zeus πατήρ* was at first like the *Dyâus pitar.* of the Veda, only a personification of heaven. At the furthest, a vague presentiment of a power superior to the gods might be seen in the idea of destiny, to which the gods, like mortals, are subject. Nevertheless the Greek mind, so progressive in its nature, did not long remain subject to this Polytheism, purely anthropomorphic, which it soon abandoned to popular beliefs, in order to liberate itself in a twofold way, that of the Mysteries with their esoteric doctrines, and that of philosophy. We know too little of the history and the doctrines of the Mysteries, in order to attain a clear notion of them; but it is certain that in the great Mysteries, and especially in the *Epoptiæ*, a very elevated doctrine was revealed to the initiated upon the destiny of man, the immortality of the soul, and the existence of One God. It is less certain, however, that this Deism had been able to redeem itself entirely from the Naturalism which rules elsewhere throughout the whole of antiquity. With regard to philosophy, we know how it has passed by the successive phases of Pantheism and Scepticism, to end in Plato and Aristotle in a Monotheism the most exalted that it has been given to the human reason to reach by its own strength. However, this was no longer a doctrine of religion, and the Greek Polytheism never reached further than to the vague idea of that '*unknown God*,' whom St. Paul went to make known to the Athenians, and whom it is verily strange to discover again among the Mexicans.

"The religion of the Germans, as we find it in its most developed form among the Scandinavians, was likewise only a worship of nature, personified in its great phenomena. At once more simple and more profound than that of classical antiquity, it had preserved better some traits of the primitive Aryan beliefs; but the notion of a God, superior to the world, does not reveal itself equally, save in a very obscure manner. The names of the universal father *Alfadhîr*, and of the god of gods *Haptagudh*, which are given to *Odhinn*, do not lift him above the rank

assigned to the Greek Zeus, that of master of the world, but making part of the world. *Odhinn*, in fact, like the other gods, succumbs at the end of 'the times' in the great catastrophe of 'Muspell,' which the *Voluspa* predicts, and which envelops all beings. It is only at the end of this vast drama of the destruction of the world that we see a mysterious Being appear as the renovator of all things, who is named only *The Mighty One from on high*, who governs all, and who comes to re-establish universal order by a new creation, a belief which recalls singularly that of the Indians, upon the successive destructions and renovations of the universe.

"If the secret doctrines of the Druids of Gaul were better known to us, it is probable that they would offer us, like the mysteries of Greece, a system superior to the vulgar Polytheism; for the little which we know testifies to a certain elevation of ideas. It is impossible, however, to affirm as to the existence of a principle of Monotheism. The traditional *debris* of these doctrines which appear to have been preserved even to the end of the middle ages, as an esoteric faith among the bards of the district of St. Gall, have been too imperfectly studied as yet to allow us to discriminate in them the influence of Christianity. But there is here a curious field for research.

"Among the Slaves the ancient Polytheism has taken the form of a dualism distinctly pronounced, and which resembles, in some respects, the reformed religion of Zoroaster. . . .

"So to conclude, primitive Monotheism of a character more or less vague, passing gradually into a Polytheism, which was simple as yet; such seems to have been the religion of the ancient Aryans. From the time of the dispersion, the religious phases follow several distinct directions. The Polytheism of the Oriental Aryans divides itself so as to return to Monotheism among the Persians, and to develop into Pantheism among the Indians. In Europe, the Polytheisms develop in different directions, preserving here and there some obscure notion of one only God, but only escaping from their fundamental principle among the Greeks, in their mysteries and philosophy, until the moment when they all disappear in the bosom of Christianity. What is the significance of this grand movement in that providential order which presides over the destinies of humanity? To this question we shall return in our final *résumé*. . . ."

In the final *résumé*, M. Pictet thus concludes:—"The picture which we have just sketched of the ancient civilization of the Aryans, presents nothing in itself which indicates a remarkable development in any direction. It gives us the idea of a people happily endowed in all respects with an open intelligence, a lively imagination, generous instincts, simple and gentle manners,

but not distinguished by any of those gorgeous achievements which make the nearly contemporaneous races of Assyria and Egypt illustrious. It seems difficult, at first sight, to discover in these modest beginnings the indications of those grand destinies to which the descendants of this primitive people were called. Nevertheless, a more attentive examination leads us to discern them clearly."

We are far from allowing that the influence of race is all-powerful upon the development of nations; but, without doubt, we must concede to it a great influence. This involves, to our minds, no idea of fatalism. We believe indeed in an almost organic development of each of the branches of the human family, but we connect it with a providential plan, the complete view of which, doubtless, is still veiled from us, but glimpses of which are seen, and which will shine with growing clearness of evidence as humanity advances. Though less constant in their effects than the laws of nature, the laws of the moral world are no less always acting, and it is by their means that God governs it through human liberty, in a sense, whilst leaving it its full activity. Thus each race has its part and its destiny, which it accomplishes according to the providential plans, and yet all the individuals which compose it act freely in their own sphere. It is almost in this case (making every reservation), as with those forces that act in all ways upon the terrestrial globe, without causing any hindrance to its movement in its own orbit.

To comprehend the rôle assigned to each race in the drama of the world—to show how they have acquitted themselves or are acquitting themselves in it, this would be the task of a philosophy of history, which should be able to disengage the permanent laws from the infinite multitude of facts. This philosophy does not yet exist, but it is in course of formation, and it will form itself according as we shall learn better the history of humanity in the whole. Up to the present time it has been considered too much under a partial light, by attaching it, in the manner of Bossuet, to one only centre which could not be the true one. This point of view does not assuredly lack grandeur, or relative truth, but it has become insufficient, since vaster horizons have been opened to our view. We are no longer able, with any appearance of justice, to put on our side all the light, and on the other all the darkness—as if all men had not been the children of one heavenly Father. Without doubt the Hebrews, faithful guardians of pure Monotheism, have had a magnificent part in the providential plan; but we may ask ourselves, Where would the world be if they had remained alone at the head of humanity? The truth is, that whilst they preserved religiously the principle of truth, from which a higher light must one day spring, provi-

dence had already reserved for another race of men the part of continual development.

This race was the Aryans, endowed from the beginning with those very qualities which the Hebrews lacked, in order to become the civilizers of the world; and nowhere does the evidence of a providential plan shine more clearly than in the parallelism of these two currents, in their juxtaposition, of which one must receive and absorb the other. The contrast between the two races is as trenchant as it can be. To the Hebrews belongs the authority which preserves, to the Aryans the liberty which develops. To the one the intolerance which concentrates and isolates, to the other the receptivity which extends and assimilates; to the first, energy directed towards a single aim; to the last, incessant activity carried in all directions; on the one side a solitary compact nationality, on the other an immense extension of the race divided into a crowd of different peoples—the two sides forming exactly what was needful, in order to accomplish the providential designs. To see in this arrangement a simple play of chance, is to shut the eye wilfully against the light.

Hence, whilst the Hebrews preserved the treasure of truth committed to their care unaltered, the Aryans, already scattered afar, developed everywhere the activity proper to their race, forming new nationalities, founding empires and republics, developing industry and the sciences, causing admirable creations of poetry, sculpture and architecture to rise from their Polytheism, whilst they sought to deliver themselves from its errors by philosophy, advancing and receding by turns, but in the end always advancing; for it is the prerogative peculiar to the principle of liberty to wander, in order to arrive at the good, and to conquer truth by encountering error. This prodigious movement of the Aryan people is not the same everywhere. Sometimes arrested, sometimes turned from its natural course, it does not always produce the same fruits. But where does it concentrate itself with the most power? Precisely there, where, having arrived at its limit without having attained the goal, it has become ready to receive the new light which comes to enlighten the world; a light sprung from the bosom of Judaism, and which Judaism rejects from its obstinate attachment to a Monotheism which was too exclusive. This religion of Christianity, destined to remain the light of the world;—it is the Greek genius which receives it; it is the Roman power which propagates it far and wide; it is the Germanic energy which gives it a new force; it is the entire race of the European Aryans, which, under its beneficent influence and through a thousand conflicts, has risen by degrees to our modern civilization. It is they also who to-

day extend religious light and universal progress over the whole globe, and are destined to become its rulers. Is it not curious to see the Aryans of Europe, after a separation of 4,000 or 5,000 years, join again their unknown brothers in India, govern them by taking to them the elements of a superior civilization, and discover among them the ancient records of a common origin? These great movements are only accomplished at the cost of many hindrances, many bloody conflicts, and many fearful perturbations. Such is the necessary result of the conflicts of human liberty. But more and more these movements which continue in our day, are being conducted in a spirit of justice and tolerance. It is thus that the Aryan race, privileged above all the others, has been, and will be, the principal instrument of the designs of God in the destinies of man on the earth.

J. B. P.

ESPRIT DE CORPS.

MR. DISRAELI owes much of his success to his own pluck, his sublime audacity, his impudent contempt even for the semblance of consistency; but he owes as much, if not more, to the chivalrous spirit with which the Tory minority of the House of Commons have maintained their loyalty to their leader and fidelity to the traditions of their party. Sir Henry Edwards, who complained the other night that Mr. Darby Griffith is a very unpleasant neighbour, solely because he is in the habit of applauding Liberal speakers when they enunciate sentiments in which he happens to agree, is a type of a very large class among them. No doubt the worthy baronet has an excessive amount of zeal. He owes his new-born dignity to the favour of the present Government, and his intense gratitude must find some way of manifesting itself. But in the determination to uphold everything Tory, to listen neither to rhyme nor reason if it proceed from the Liberal benches, to hoot, and even howl, when the interests of the party require it, to believe that Mr. Disraeli must be right even though they cannot quite see it, and therefore obey his call, and follow wherever he leads, are esteemed cardinal virtues on the ministerial benches, the which if a man have, he will be pardoned all sorts of indiscretion and weakness; the which if he have not, however eminent his talents or high his position, he will be voted a fool, a traitor, or a bore. Never, surely, were such virtues put to a more severe test, and yet

never have these distinctive qualities of the Tory school of politics been more apparent.

If the value of faithfulness to a leader be judged after Mark Tapley's way of estimating the virtue of jolliness, then certainly never was fidelity more to be commended than that which Mr. Disraeli has been able to secure. We happened to be in the House during the discussion of the extraordinary and monstrous proposition for the union of the Universities of London and Durham in one constituency, and witnessed an exhibition that ought to have been and, we would fain hope, was intensely humiliating to the party whom it compromised. The first division had shown a majority of only one for the Government; and when Sir George Bowyer rose, after the declaration of the numbers, to say that his vote had been given in faith that the electoral privileges of Durham would be given irrespective of creed altogether, and that he should be guided in the final division when he learnt the intentions of the Ministry on the point, it was evident that there was an opening for that clever management of which Mr. Disraeli and his subordinates are such masters. The same sort of trick which had been played on a previous occasion on the simple-minded Dillwyn and the credulous Hibbert, who for a few days believed himself, on the strength of the official or quasi-official representations, to be a really great man, destined to settle a very difficult question, was now to be attempted on the Roman Catholic baronet, and those who might sympathize with him. Unfortunately, there was no opportunity for lobbying, the game had to be played in a full and excited House, in the presence of keen and watchful opponents, and therefore the task of Mr. Mowbray was more difficult than that of Colonel Taylor, the operator on the previous occasion. Still he was fully equal to the occasion. He had, even previous to the former division, shown considerable power of quibbling, and his success in winning Sir George Bowyer's vote in the first instance doubtless emboldened him to hope for equal good fortune again. He rose, therefore, immediately from the seat which he was occupying next to his leader, and, in the most distinct and explicit terms, assured the House that the Government were quite prepared to meet the honourable baronet's views, and to give the votes to all graduates, and not restrict them to members of Convocation from whom some sort of subscription is required. Indeed he went further than was necessary, and assured the House that the authorities were most liberal in their views, and were prepared to abolish the test to which members of Convocations are at present subject. This brought up Mr. Gladstone, whose keen eye at once detected the weak point of his adversary's case. After first drawing from Mr. Mowbray a repudia-

on of any pledge as to a change in Convocation, he then went on to show the seriousness of the change which that gentleman had announced in relation to the constituency of the University, a change which must, of course, be applied to the older Universities also, and which certainly ought not to have been made in such a manner. Now was the time for Mr. Disraeli, had he cared for the reputation of a high-minded, honourable statesman, to have risen and acknowledged the mistake which his subordinate had made. But no—it was not yet clear that capital might not be made out of it, and therefore the leader of our English aristocracy and chivalry suffered the House to go on debating under an utter misconception, and not until the speech of Mr. Powell showed him that the game was a dangerous one did he announce that Mr. Mowbray had spoken unadvisedly with his lips, and that the Government had no such intention as that which he had announced. His humiliation was complete when Mr. Lowe rose, evidently under very strong excitement, and in one sentence, which was very brief, but which must have been stinging and pointed, denounced such a mode of conducting the Government of the country. Seldom, we might almost say never, of late years has such a scene been witnessed in the House of Commons. Yet the shameless trickery of the Government produced but little effect on the division. A few refused to obey the party call, and so the scale was turned; but the vast majority followed their leader as implicitly as though his honour were as bright and stainless as that of a Gladstone or a Bright.

It is the very opposite of all this that we see on the Liberal side of the House. A party commanding, even after all deductions have been made for timid and uncertain and undecided men, an undoubted majority of the House, with one of the ablest statesmen of modern times for its leader, and others of high eminence in its ranks, with the principles which it holds in its ascendant in the country, has the mortification of seeing its political rivals win the prizes to which it is fairly entitled. There are many reasons which might be given to explain its present unfortunate position. The heartlessness, not to say insincerity, of some of its members, the tact with which Mr. Disraeli has flattered the self-love, and humoured the prejudices of particular men and sections, the unscrupulous boldness with which he has been ready to use the threat of dissolution, the relief in the hollowness of the Conservative organization, and the willingness of its members to make large sacrifices of principle to secure office for their own friends, have all had much to do with it. But even more potent than any of these causes have been the want of mutual confidence, the predominance of all sorts of selfish feelings the influence of petty and unworthy

motives, which are concealed, under professions of a lofty superiority to party considerations, and, above all, the absence of a hearty and honourable fidelity to their leader.

The annals of our Parliamentary warfare contain few passages so discreditable as the story of Mr. Gladstone's treatment. Others have been assailed, often very unfairly and even cruelly, by their opponents. He has the special distinction of having been baited and worried by his professed friends. We say nothing of such attacks as that of Lord Derby on the second reading of the Reform Bill. It was low, it was coarse, it was ungenerous; but his Lordship, in condescending to the tactics of the thimble-rigging fraternity, may possibly think it wise to adopt their manners also. There is this allowance, also, to be made for him. He had really no other argument on which to base even a plausible apology for the immoralities and inconsistencies of his own Government. Nor are we disposed to say much of the Adullamites. Lord Elcho's speech proved that the secret feeling which has animated himself and the few who have acted with him throughout the Reform controversy was simply an unmitigated hostility to Mr. Gladstone. Nothing seemed more certain at the commencement of the session than that they would lend their aid to any proposition calculated to give a more moderate and conservative tone to any Reform Bill that might be brought forward. Events have shown that, however they were opposed to a reduction of the franchise, they were still more opposed to Mr. Gladstone, and that they would consent to any measure, however sweeping in its effect, if, by doing so, they could inflict humiliation upon one, their intense hatred of whom appears to approach a mania. Still we do not specially complain of them. In what way Mr. Gladstone may have wounded the *amour propre* of Earl Grosvenor, or thwarted the ambition of the brilliant Elcho, or incurred the condemnation of the profound and philosophical Doulton, we do not care to inquire, and perhaps it would be unjust to blame, for being true to their own instincts and dealings, one whose sincerity and earnestness are themselves the strongest rebuke to their own political namby-pambyism. We have our revenge, and the cause of truth and freedom has its revenge, in the miserable position of humiliation and contempt to which they are now reduced. Of all parties they are the most despicable, without even the respect of the political hucksters whose tools they have been. Without a leader, without a principle, without a shred of political honour and reputation left, they are but wanderers and vagabonds on the face of the earth, driven out, even, of that cave which furnished them a temporary shelter, and from which they hoped to issue to victory. They are the true authors of the miserable imbroglio

n which we now find ourselves; but, happily, there are none who will suffer more from the mischief they have done so much to bring out. They will exercise no influence on their own age, and their names will descend to posterity with that unenviable notoriety—we might almost say, infamy—which ever awaits the generation of trimmers.

Still these men boast, and always have boasted, that they were not followers of Mr. Gladstone. It is different with others who have played a singular part in this strangest of sessions. They profess to admire, to respect, and to follow the great Liberal leader, yet they have not hesitated to desert his banner at some critical moment, and even sometimes to treat him in the most insulting manner. There were the illustrious company of the sea-room, who fancied that the best way they could take to show their devotion to Liberal principles was to undermine the Parliamentary influence of their ablest and most earnest exponent. Then there were the distinguished members for Oldham, who hoped to emerge out of their native obscurity, and become stars in the political firmament, by wandering out of their proper sphere, and instead of being content to form part of the great Liberal constellation, to take an independent position of their own. Of course, it was much more flattering to the vanity of such gentlemen to feel themselves political potentates for the nonce, and to take a dignified place outside the House, instead of mingling with their friends in the division lobby; but possibly their constituents may fancy that the post they have thus voluntarily assumed is one that becomes them much better than that in which their conspiracies have placed them. Then there was the gentleman who actually canvassed against his own motion, as soon as he found that it was likely to succeed, and give Mr. Gladstone the position to which he is so justly entitled. If there be any possible way of conducting a party when its members assume that they understand its duties and requirements better than their chief, and betray him in the most unscrupulous manner, we must confess ourselves unable to discover it. We do not ask for a leader implicit deference; still less would we desire individual members to abandon their own independent judgment; but if a leader is to lead in anything but name he must be trusted, and there must be sufficient "*esprit de corps*" to induce the units of the party to adhere to it, except in cases where the gravity of the occasion justifies a separation from its course. These men may defend themselves by pointing to the character of the Bill as it stands, but their plea is utterly worthless. They voted in the original and crucial division for the Bill as it was, not as it is; and had it not been for the unselfish and high-principled determination of Mr. Gladstone to have an honest

measure, the result would have been very different. As it is, they have in two or three cases (notably in the preservation of the small boroughs) defeated valuable suggestions which would have given the measure more completeness, they have taken away the grace of the greatest measure of freedom in our times by allowing it to be passed by a series of manœuvres discreditable to all engaged in them; they have degraded the English people by contributing to the triumph of one who has no ethics but those of the adventurer, and they have added in that disorganization of the Liberal party which must tell injuriously on our future policy. They have secured household suffrage, but at a price of political consistency and morality which even its most earnest advocates might have hesitated to pay, and without that preparation of the people for its exercise which its wisest friends must think desirable. Nor is this all. For again and again have the most disgraceful assaults been made on Mr. Gladstone himself by men whose attachment to Liberal principles ought to have saved them from so ungenerous and impolitic a proceeding.

Contrasting the conduct of the two parties—the one rendering a hearty and ungrudging service to a leader who has not only required them to abandon the principles for which they professed most earnestly to contend, but has pursued a course of policy that must have been most offensive to the instincts and feelings of honourable English gentlemen—the other deserting one, whose conscientious devotion to their cause and high-minded integrity and distinguished talent might have been expected to command allegiance—the question naturally arises as to the causes of these remarkable differences. It is certainly not to be wholly explained by the personal differences of the men. It may possibly be that Mr. Gladstone wants a little tact, and has something of that irritable impatience which is the frequent attendant of such a delicate organization as his; but a great deal more has been made of this than truth warrants. The men who insist upon it, indeed, seem hardly conscious of the reflection they are casting upon the House of Commons in supposing that its members are so childish as to allow such motives materially to influence them, and while insensible to Mr. Gladstone's nobler qualities, to be cozened by his rival's specious flatteries. The reason, we are convinced, lies deeper. Loyal attachment to a leader or party, willingness to subordinate mere personal opinions or predilections to the common cause, pride in old party traditions, and determination to maintain their honour at every cost, are Tory rather than Liberal sentiments. Whether in the constituencies or in Parliament, the common complaint is, that it is no easy task to weld Liberals into one compact mass, that divisions arise more frequently and are more difficult to heal.

that considerations of the evil inflicted upon the general interest exert little influence—in short, that there is a lack of that chivalrous “*esprit de corps*” in which Tories are seldom deficient.

No doubt, these feelings may be carried too far, but a certain measure of them is essential to the success of any great movement. Unfortunately, it is hard to unite with the sterner qualities which Liberalism fosters—the thorough independence and even decided individualism which helps to develop—these other characteristics, but surely there is some medium to be found. A man need not be a snarling cynic like Roebuck, or a wild re-lance like Bernal Osborne, or an unintelligible “independent” like Dillwyn, because he does not choose to be one of the herd who vote as Colonel Taylor tells them, pronouncing black to be black to-day, and with equal facility and confidence declaring that it is white to-morrow. Party organization has its evils, but it is impossible to dispense with it, and equally impossible to maintain it for any good purpose on the theories which have been acted on by so many during the recent Parliamentary campaign. Indeed, these gentlemen would be exceedingly surprised if they found their own views adopted and carried out by their supporters at the next election. If Sir Francis Crossley was to find that a considerable body of the liberal electors in the West Riding, on whose support he has most certainly counted, had met in some “Tea-room” and music hall, and agreed to send a deputation to him who, while assuring him of their great admiration, should avow their unalterable determination not to support him in the next contest, although they were still desirous of being reckoned among his adherents, and would, after they had drawn upon him the humiliation of defeat, be most happy to sustain him on any future occasion. Or suppose Messrs. Hibbert and Platt should find that some of the Ldham electors, because of some slight difference of opinion with them, think it desirable to prove their independence by declaring that they are of no party, and will therefore remain neutral. Would any of these gentlemen be quite as satisfied of the force of such logic or of such policy when applied to themselves as they were when they applied it to Mr. Gladstone? It is necessary to look at such principles in this light to see how disastrous must be the consequences of their universal adoption.

Turning, for a minute, from the political to the ecclesiastical world, we must say there are no people who need to learn more fully the lessons suggested by this review than English nonconformists. Liberals of the first water, they too often develop these faults of Liberalism in their very worst form. We go into a town, and we find two, or perhaps three, Dissenting churches, each prosecuting its own separate interest, independent

of, if not in opposition to, its neighbours, the outward relations of amity which are maintained hardly going below the surface, and their mutual jealousies preventing any hearty co-operation for their common ends. Or a disagreement arises in a church, probably on some point of very small importance, and immediately the weaker party secedes (may we not more correctly say, makes a schism), and it is fortunate if the two communities do not enter upon a career of unhallowed rivalry, which impairs the influence and destroys the prosperity of both. Nor is this all, for it is strange indeed if the separatists cannot find some ministers and churches, without any inquiry, to take up their cause and prosecute a warfare on their behalf, regardless, all the time, of the injury they are all inflicting upon principles and interests that ought to be infinitely more precious to them than the little points on which they so pertinaciously insist. A more highly developed Christian feeling, in a sanctified "*esprit de corps*," which implies a love for the Christian commonwealth and a desire to minister to its prosperity, ought to correct evils the full result of which it is not easy to estimate. But unfortunately Nonconformists, while doing great and most necessary service by giving prominence to the rights and privileges of the individual, push this individualism too far. They hardly seem to understand that there must be united action if their principles are to advance, or at all events to forget that such union must imply mutual concessions. Hence it is one of the most difficult things in the world to manage a Nonconformist society or conduct a Nonconformist journal. The editor, perhaps, feels the pressure most. He has a variety of readers, each with his own crotchet, and each determined to press it to the uttermost. Perhaps one man is convinced of the Popish character of the gown, and requires the editor to take up his prophecy against the Babylonical garment, on pain of losing his valuable support. Another is what he chooses to call "orthodox" on the education question, and threatens the unfortunate editor with uncompromising opposition—perhaps, with a rival paper—if he deviate by one hair's breadth from the hard and fast line which he is determined to maintain. Another has taken offence because sufficient prominence has not been given to some article of intelligence in which he is deeply interested, perhaps the report of a tea-party at which he was *fêted*, or some review which has crossed his notions of some favourite book, or some expressions that do not quite square with his notions of theology, and he writes to announce that the paper must not be sent to him any more. No doubt all this shows a "glorious independency," but it is an independency which hinders the growth of a literature which might and would render valuable service to Nonconformist principles. Those principles

will never be properly appreciated until Nonconformists cultivate more of a spirit of generous trust and confidence; attach more value to earnest thought, uttered in a manly and independent manner, than to exact coincidence of opinions; appraise the abilities of their own men and journals at a fair rate, instead of seeking to depreciate them in favour of those which advocate antagonistic views; and altogether feel that while something is due to themselves, they owe more to their common principles.

THE BOOK OF ZECHARIAH.

PROPHECIES III. AND IV.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE prophecies of Zechariah were described by St. Jerome as the obscurest of all the prophetic writings. That obscurity is largely increased to the English reader by the conspicuous incorrectness of the authorized version of the latter and more difficult portions; and it is hoped that the following version, in which the critical renderings of Dr. Hengstenberg have been closely followed, will prove helpful in the study of this important and neglected portion of Holy Scripture.

The Third Prophecy contains an answer to inquiries made by the people whether they were to continue to observe the fasts which had been instituted in commemoration of the destruction of Jerusalem. The prophet announces that these were thenceforth to be kept as festivals, and takes occasion to rebuke the ritualistic formalism underlying the inquiry, adding exhortations and promises of larger restoration from captivity, which last were largely fulfilled under Ezra and Nehemiah in the following century.

The Fourth Prophecy is a great battle-field of interpreters. The rationalist school, who usually occupy themselves in attempting to prove the more modern date of other books, use great ingenuity to put back the date of this prophecy to the times before the exile.

In this question the judgment of De Wette is of considerable weight, who, after maintaining the opposite view, convinced himself of the integrity of the whole book. In the article by the Rev. J. J. S. Perowne, in Dr. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, will be found the ablest and latest criticism on the point, including the

convincing arguments of Stähelin. In the first part of this Fourth Prophecy (cc. ix.—xi.), we have a prophetic description of the overthrow of Phœnicia by Ochus (B. C. 350) and by Alexander the Great (B. C. 332), and of the memorable war of independence maintained by the illustrious Judas Maccabeus against the Greek kingdom of Syria (B. C. 166). In the midst of these warlike scenes is depicted the peaceful advent of the Theocratic King. Judging from the analogy of the former part of the book, of the seventy-second Psalm (here quoted by the prophet), and of other Messianic Scripture, we should expect to discover a primary reference to some prince of Judah, regarded as the type of Messiah; but the description ill suits the warlike Judas, and seems to be imbedded amidst references to times further in the future than the administration of Nehemiah.

The remarkable allegory of the Good Shepherd, despised, rejected, and valued at a slave's price, but acknowledged by the Lord as His associate, in whose rejection He himself was "pierced," looks beyond the prophet to the Man of Sorrows.

The concluding part (c.c. xii.—xiv.) seems also allegorical. All nations are represented as besieging Jerusalem. The people mourn for their lost Shepherd, and suffer greatly on the taking of the city, after which the Lord appears on Olivet, scatters the hostile armies, and reigns as King in Zion over all the world. Part of the imagery is here taken from a remarkable earthquake which severed Olivet (see Amos, and Josephus) three centuries before Zechariah's time. There may be here a reference to the capture of Jerusalem by Antiochus (B. C. 170), and God's wonderful deliverance by the Maccabees; but perhaps the siege is wholly figurative.

THE THIRD PROPHECY.

(B. C. 518.)

(CC. VII., VIII.)

§ 1 (VII. 1—7.)

Now, in the fourth year of king Darius, the word of the Lord came to Zechariah, in the fourth day of the ninth month, in Chisleu; when the house of God (*i.e.* the people) sent Sherezer and Regem-melech and their men, to entreat the face of the Lord, and to speak to the priests, who were in the house of the Lord of Hosts, and to the prophets, saying:—"Should I weep in the fifth month, separating myself as I have done these so many years?" Then came the word of the Lord of Hosts to me, saying, Speak to all the people of the land, and to the priests, saying:—"When ye fasted and mourned in the fifth and seventh

th during those seventy years, did ye at all fast unto Me,
 1 to Me? And when ye ate and drank, did not ye eat and drink
 yourselves? Should ye not hear the words which the Lord
 1 cried by the former prophets, when Jerusalem was inhabited
 prosperous, and her cities round about her, and when the
 th and the plain were inhabited?"

§ 2 (vii. 8—14.)

And the word of the Lord came to Zechariah, saying, Thus
 aketh the Lord of Hosts, saying:—

Thus spake the Lord of Hosts in former days,
 "Let justice reign, and love and pity show
 Each to his brother, and oppress ye not
 Widows and orphans, strangers and the poor;
 Nor think to hurt your brother in your heart."
 But they refused to hearken, stopped their ears,
 And turned themselves away, and made their heart
 Hard as a diamond, that they might not hear
 The laws and statutes which the Lord had sent,
 Inspiring prophets of the former days;
 And therefore did the Lord arise in wrath.
 And as I called, but they regarded not;
 So then they called, and I did not regard,
 Thus saith the Lord. But swift I scattered them
 Among the nations which they had not known,
 As when a whirlwind sweeps the flying chaff,
 And, lo, the land became a waste behind,
 And none passed through or dwelt within its coasts,
 And, lo, the pleasant land became a waste.

§ 3 (viii. 1—17.)

And the word of the Lord of Hosts came to me, saying:—

Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, with jealousy
 Have I been jealous for Jerusalem;
 I have been jealous for her with great wrath.
 Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, I have returned
 Unto Jerusalem, and I will dwell
 In Zion, and behold it shall be called
 City of Truth, the Mountain of the Lord,
 The Holy Mount. Thus saith the Lord of Hosts,—
 Behold the time shall come when aged men
 And aged women peacefully shall dwell
 Within Jerusalem, and lean on staves;
 And boys and girls shall play within her streets.
 Thus saith the Lord of Hosts,—If in the eyes
 Of those who in that day shall still remain
 This shall appear a marvel, shall it seem
 A marvel in mine eyes? so saith the Lord.
 Thus saith the Lord of Hosts,—Lo, I will save
 My people from the rising of the sun

And from his setting, and I them will bring
 Again to dwell within Jerusalem;
 My people shall they be, and I their God;
 And truth and righteousness shall then prevail.
 Thus saith the Lord of Hosts,—Be strong, O ye
 Who heard the message that my prophets spake,
 When the foundation of my house was laid,
 To urge the people to arise and build;
 For, lo, before those days no wage for man,
 No hire for beast was found, and through the dearth
 Each was to each a foe, and peace unknown.
 But now behold I will no more chastise
 The remnant of my people, saith the Lord—
 The seed shall prosper in the fertile ground,
 The vine shall yield her fruit, the heavens their dew,
 The remnant shall in peace inherit all.
 Ye were among the nations as a curse,
 O house of Judah and of Israel,
 Ye shall be blest and made a blessing too!
 Fear not! Be strong! Thus saith the Lord of Hosts,
 As once I purposed ill, because your sires
 Provoked my wrath, and I repented not,
 So now I purpose good; now will I bless
 Jerusalem and Judah: fear ye not!
 Thus shall ye do! See that ye speak the truth
 Each to his neighbour. See that in your gates
 Justice and peace shall reign, and think no ill
 Against your neighbour, and love no false oath.
 These are the things I hate, so saith the Lord!

§ 4 (VIII. 18—23.)

And the word of the Lord of Hosts came to me, saying, Thus saith the Lord of Hosts; The fast of the fourth month, and the fast of the fifth, and the fast of the seventh, and the fast of the tenth, shall be to the house of Judah joy and gladness, and cheerful feasts; therefore love the truth and peace.

Thus saith the Lord of Hosts,—Yet shall it be
 That nations shall come up, and they who dwell
 In many cities; each to each shall send
 And say, "Come let us haste to serve the Lord,
 And to intreat his face: I too will go."
 Yea, many shall the nations be and strong
 Who shall come up to serve the Lord of Hosts
 Within Jerusalem, and seek his face.
 Thus saith the Lord of Hosts,—Lo, in that day
 Shall ten of all the languages of earth
 Pluck at the robe of him who is a Jew,
 And eager say, "With you we long to go;
 For we have heard that God doth dwell with you."

THE FOURTH PROPHECY.

(ABOUT B. C. 510.)

(PART I. CC. IX.—XIV.)

§ 1 (IX. 1—8.)

BURDEN OF THE WORD OF THE LORD ON THE LAND OF
CH, AND IT SHALL REST ON DAMASCUS, AND ON HAMATH
BORDERS THEREON, AND ON TYRE AND SIDON, BECAUSE
ARE VERY WISE. FOR THE EYE OF THE LORD IS UPON
AND UPON ALL THE TRIBES OF ISRAEL.

Lo, Tyre hath built a strong-hold for herself,
And gathered silver as the dust, and gold
E'en as the mire of streets. Behold, the Lord
Will give her over to her foes, and smite
Her bulwarks in the sea, and she herself
Shall be devoured with fire, thus saith the Lord.
Lo, Ashkelon beholds her fall, and fears,
And Gaza quakes, and Ekron, for her hope
Is put to shame. Gaza doth lose her king,
And Ashkelon lies waste. A mongrel race
Shall dwell in Ashdod. I, the Lord, destroy
The pride of the Philistine, and take out
The blood and all uncleanness from his mouth,
And even he shall to our God belong
And be a prince in Judah. As of old,
The Jebusite did dwell with Benjamin,
So shall it be with Ekron! Round my house,
Lo, I will fix a camp against the hosts
Which to and fro shall march, and never more
Shall an oppressor come to bring it low.
Lo, I have looked, and see it with mine eyes.

§ 2 (IX. 9—10.)

Rejoice! Thou daughter of Jerusalem!
Daughter of Zion, shout! Behold thy King
To thee doth come! From all his enemies
Is he delivered; just is he, yet poor,
And riding on an ass, an ass's foal!
From Ephraim and Jerusalem I take
Chariots and horses and the battle-bow.
He to the nations speaketh peace: his rule
Shall far and wide extend from sea to sea,
And from the river to the world's far end!

§ 3 (IX. 11—X. 12.)

But as for thee, by reason of the blood
Which sealed the covenant I have made with thee,
Lo, I send forth thy prisoners from the pit
Wherein no water is. O turn ye then
Unto the strong-hold, prisoners of hope!
Even this day do I to thee declare,

I will restore the double unto thee !
 For Judah, as my mighty bow, I bend,
 And Ephraim, as my arrow, have I strung.
 Thy sons, O Zion, I, the Lord, raise up
 Against thy sons, O Greece ! and thou shalt be
 E'en as a hero's sword. Then shall appear
 The Lord above them ; as the lightning flash
 His arrow goeth forth, and the Lord God
 Will sound the trumpet. Lo, he travellet
 In whirlwinds of the south ! The Lord of Hosts
 Will them defend. They shall devour their foes,
 And set at nought their slings, and drink their blood,
 And shout as with new wine ; and, as the bowl
 And altar-horns are filled with victims' blood,
 Shall they be filled. And then the Lord their God
 Shall save them as his people, as his flock.
 And they shall be the jewels of his crown
 In his own land. How great His goodness is !
 How great His beauty ! Then in corn and wine
 The youths and maidens shall rejoice and grow.
 Ask ye the Lord to send the timely rain !
 He darts the lightnings ! He it is who gives
 The falling shower, the grass to every field.
 For, lo ! the teraphim did falsely speak,
 Diviners saw a lie, and dreams deceived :
 Vain is the peace they bring ! As to a flock
 Scattered and shepherdless their trouble came.
 Against the shepherds doth my anger burn,
 The goats I punish ; for the Lord of Hosts
 Doth visit Judah's house, his scattered flock,
 And make them as his noble battle-steed.
 For out of Judah is the corner-stone,
 From him the tent-pin and the battle-bow,
 And out of him will every ruler come.
 They shall become like heroes ! They shall tread
 Their enemies like mire ; and they shall fight
 Because the Lord is with them. They who ride
 On the proud war-horse shall be put to shame.
 Then will I make the house of Judah strong,
 The house of Joseph save, and make them dwell
 Even as though I ne'er had cast them off.
 I am the Lord their God, them will I hear.
 Ephraim becomes a hero, and their heart
 Rejoices as with wine ; their sons shall see
 The joyful day, and triumph in the Lord.
 Lo, I will summon them, and gather them ;
 I have redeemed them, and they shall increase
 As they increased in ancient time. Behold
 Among the nations I am sowing them :
 They shall remember me in distant lands ;
 They with their children live, and shall return.
 From Egypt's land, lo, I will bring them back,
 And from Assyria will I gather them,
 And bring them to the land of Lebanon
 And Gilead, where no room shall then be found.
 Then, through the narrow sea, the Lord shall pass
 And smite its waves, and shame the floods of Nile,

Humble Assyria's pride: from Egypt take
The sceptre! I will make my people strong
In me and in my name, so saith the Lord.

§ 4 (xi. 1—14.)

Open, O land of Lebanon, thy gates!
Thy mighty cedars let the fire devour!
Howl, cypress; for the cedar is brought down!
Thy glorious ones are fallen! And howl, ye oaks
Of Bashan; for the mighty wood is felled!
The howling of the shepherds sounds abroad,
Because their glory is brought low and spoiled.
The roaring of the lions fills the air,
Because the pride of Jordan is laid waste.
Thus saith the Lord my God, Feed thou the flock
Reserved for slaughter, them the buyers slay,
And count themselves not guilty. They who sell,
Rejoicing, say, "The Lord be blessed and praised;
For I grow rich, their shepherds spare them not!"
Thus saith the Lord, No longer will I spare
The people of the land! Into each other's power
I give them up. I leave them to their King.
They shall make waste and desolate the land;
And, lo, from out their hand I will not save.

I fed the flock of the slaughter, the most miserable sheep;
took unto myself two crooks; the one I called Grace, and
her I called Unity; and so I fed the flock. And I deposed
three shepherds in one month; and my soul was weary of
and their soul abhorred me. Then I said, "I will not feed
that which dieth, let it die; that which is cut off, let it be
f; and let the rest eat every one his neighbour." And I
my crook, Grace, and broke it, that I might put an end to
eaty which I had concluded with all nations. And thus
eaty was brought to an end in that day, and so the poorest
that adhered to me learnt that this was the word of the

And I said to them, "If it be good in your eyes, give me
ages; if not, forbear." And they weighed to me as my
thirty pieces of silver (the price of a slave; see Exodus xxi.
And the Lord said to me, "Throw it to the potter: this
is price at which I am valued by them." So I took the
pieces of silver and threw them to the potter in the house
of the Lord. Then I broke my other crook, Unity, to destroy
fellowship between Judah and Israel; and the Lord said

§ 5 (xi. 15—17.)

Take to thee now the cruel implements
Used by a foolish shepherd. For, behold,
I will raise up a shepherd in the land:
He will not go to search for those who stray,—

The young he will not tend, nor heal the sick ;
 The strong he will not feed, and he will eat
 The flesh of fatlings, and will tear their hoofs.
 Woe to the worthless shepherd who forsakes
 His flock ! The sword shall smite his arm
 And his right eye ! His arm shall be dried up ;
 His eye be darkened and made wholly blind !

PART II. (CC. XII.—XIV.)

THE BURDEN OF THE WORD OF THE LORD UPON ISRAEL.

§ 1 (c. XII.)

Thus saith the Lord, who stretcheth out the heavens,
 Lays the foundation of the earth, and forms
 The human spirit,—Lo, Jerusalem
 I make a cup of reeling unto all
 Surrounding nations ; Judah, too, shall reel,
 When they shall see Jerusalem besieged !
 Lo, in that day I make Jerusalem
 A mighty stone to all the nations round ;
 And all who lift it shall apart be torn.
 And all the nations of the earth shall come
 Against it gathered. In that day I smite
 Each battle-horse with fear, each rider, too,
 With madness, saith the Lord ! Then will I look
 Upon the house of Judah. I will smite
 With blindness every heathen battle-horse.
 And in that day shall Judah's princes cry,
 " Lo, they who dwell in Zion are my strength,
 By favour of the Lord of Hosts their God."
 Then will I make the princes as a grate
 Of fire amid the sticks, and as a torch
 Among the sheaves. Thus on the right and left
 Shall they consume the nations round about.
 Jerusalem shall still maintain her place.
 The Lord will help the tents of Judah first ;
 And thus the glory of the royal house
 Of David and of Zion shall not dim
 The victory of Judah. For the Lord
 Will then defend Jerusalem ; the weak
 Shall be as David ; David's house as God,
 E'en as the angel of the Lord, their guide.
 I, saith the Lord, will seek to overthrow
 The nations that besiege Jerusalem.
 Then on the house of David, and on those
 Within Jerusalem, will I out-pour
 My spirit, full of grace and full of prayer.
 Then shall they turn and look on Me
 Whom they have pierced, and for him mourn
 As one lamenteth for an only son,
 Grieving as when one mourns a first-born dead.
 Then, in that day, great shall the mourning be,
 As once in Zion for Josiah, pierced
 At Hadadrimmon in Megiddo's vale !

The land shall mourn, each family apart ;
 The family of David's house apart,
 The family of Nathan's house apart,
 The family of Levi's house apart,
 The family of Shimei apart,
 The wives of each apart ; and all the rest,
 Each family apart, their wives apart.

§ 2 (C. XIII. 1—6.)

And in that day a fountain shall break forth
 For David's house, and for Jerusalem,
 For sin and for uncleanness. In that day,
 Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, I will cut off
 The names of idols from the land, no more
 To be remembered ; and from out the land
 The unclean spirit I will cause to flee,
 And evil prophets ; and when one shall seek
 To prophesy, his parents e'en shall say,
 "Thou shalt not live, because thou speakest lies
 In the Lord's name," and so shall pierce him through.
 And then the prophets will with shame desist
 From their pretended vision, and no more
 Put on the hairy garment to deceive.
 But each of them shall say, "No prophet I,
 I am a labourer, from my youth a slave."
 And if one say, "Whence then these wounded hands ?"
 He shall reply, "These wounds I have received
 In houses of the idols I have loved."

§ 3 (C. XIII. 7—9.)

Awake against my shepherd, O my sword !
 Against a man who with myself is joined !
 Thus saith the Lord of hosts, The shepherd smite,
 The sheep shall then be scattered ; but my hand
 Shall help the little ones. In all the land,
 Thus saith the Lord, two parts therein shall die,
 The third part shall remain, and these shall feel
 The fire, and like the silver be refined,
 And proved as gold. They shall invoke my name,
 And I will hear them. I the Lord will say,
 "This is my people !" and my people then
 Shall answering cry, "This is the Lord my God !"

§ 4 (C. XIV.)

Behold, the day that cometh to the Lord !
 Behold, thy spoil is parted in the midst.
 For, lo, to war against Jerusalem
 I gather all the nations ! In that day
 The city shall be seized, houses destroyed,
 And women ravished. Half the people then
 Shall go into captivity : yet still
 There shall abide a remnant not cut off.
 Then shall the Lord go forth to war, and fight
Against the nations, as of old he fought

Upon his battle-day. His feet shall stand
 Upon the Mount of Olives, on the east
 Over against Jerusalem. Behold,
 The Mount of Olives shall be rent in twain
 From east to west, a valley very great!
 And half the mountain shall remove away
 Towards the north, and half towards the south.
 And ye shall flee into my mountain-vale,—
 (The mountain-vale to Azal shall extend)—
 As when ye fled in King Uzziah's day
 Before the earthquake. Lo, the Lord shall come,
 The Lord my God, with all his holy ones!
 And in that coming day no light shall shine,
 The brilliant stars will fade. A day shall be,
 Known is it to the Lord, not day nor night,
 And in the evening time the light shall dawn!
 Then on that day shall living water flow
 Out of Jerusalem; one half shall glide
 Down to the eastern sea, and half descend
 Down to the western sea; its constant stream
 In summer and in winter shall flow on.
 Then shall the Lord be King o'er all the land.
 The Lord shall then be one, and one His name.
 Then shall the land be changed into a plain
 From Geba unto Rimmon, utmost north
 To utmost south; and Zion shall be high,
 And sit in her own place, extending wide
 Up from the north, the gate of Benjamin,
 Unto the place where stood the ancient gate
 Toward the east, and to the corner gate
 Toward the west, and southwards from the tower
 Of Hananeel unto the royal vats.
 In Zion they shall dwell, and no more curse
 Shall rest on her, but she shall sit secure.
 And this shall be the plague wherewith the Lord
 Will smite the nations that have joined in war
 Against Jerusalem,—their flesh shall waste
 E'en as they stand upon their feet, their eyes
 Shall waste within their sockets, and their tongue
 Within their mouths shall be consumed away.
 And in that day shall great confusion rise
 Sent by the Lord among them. They shall seize
 Each on the other, and the hand of each
 Shall rise in strife against his neighbour's hand.
 And Judah in Jerusalem shall fight.
 Then shall the wealth of all the nations round
 Be gathered plenteous, silver, gold, and robes,
 In great abundance. Then with such a plague
 As falls on man will I afflict the horse,
 The mule, the ass, the camel, and the ox
 Within the hostile camp. Whoso is left,
 Of all the nations who had come to war
 Against Jerusalem, shall yearly go
 To worship Israel's King, the Lord of Hosts,
 And keep the Feast of Tents. They who refuse
 Of all the families of earth to go
 Up to Jerusalem, their vows to pay,

In presence of the King, the Lord of Hosts,—
 Behold, upon their land no rain shall fall!
 If Egypt go not up, on them shall rest
 The plague wherewith the Lord of Hosts will smite
 The nations who neglect the Feast of Tents.
 That shall the punishment of Egypt be,
 And that the punishment of every race
 Which goes not up to keep the Feast of Tents!
 Then, in that day, e'en on the horse's bells
 Shall be engraved, "Holy unto the Lord."
 The meanest pan within the house of God
 Shall holy be as sacrificial bowls
 Before the altar. Then shall every pan
 In Judah and within Jerusalem
 Be holy to the Lord, the Lord of Hosts.
 And they who come to sacrifice shall take
 Of these to seethe in. When that day shall come
 The Canaanite no more shall traffic bring
 Within the sacred temple of the Lord.

H. C. L.

A CITY IN THE FAR WEST.

December, 1788, fifteen or twenty men floated down the Ohio among the masses of moving ice, and, landing upon the site of Cincinnati, built cabins, and marked out a town. Matthias Denon, of New Jersey, had bought eight hundred acres of land here, at fifteen-pence an acre, and this party of adventurers settled themselves upon it with his assistance and in his interest. Seamen and Pennsylvanians were finding their way down the river, and founding settlements here and there, whenever a sufficient number of pioneers could be gathered to defend themselves against the Indians.

The Ohio, formed by the junction of two Pennsylvania rivers, was the natural western outlet for the redundant population of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and consequently the first twenty thousand inhabitants of Cincinnati were chiefly from those states,—honest, plodding, saving Protestants, with less knowledge and less public spirit than the people of New England. The Scotch, the Danes, the Germans, the Protestant Irish, who had flocked into Pennsylvania and New Jersey in Franklin's time, attracted by the perfect toleration established by William Penn, were excellent people; but they had not the activity of mind nor the spiritual life of the English Puritans. Shrewd calculators and of indomitable industry, they were more able to accumulate

property than disposed to risk it in bold, far-reaching enterprises, and took more pride in possessing than in displaying wealth,—in having a large barn than an attractive residence. They were more certain to build a church than a school-house, and few of them wanted anything of the book-pedlar except an almanac. The descendants of such men founded Cincinnati, and made it a thriving, bustling, dull, unintellectual place. Then came in a spice of Yankees to enliven the mass, to introduce some quickening heresies, to promote schools, to found libraries, to establish new manufactures and stimulate public improvements. That wondrous tide of Germans followed that has made in each of the cities of the West a populous German quarter,—a town within a town. Meanwhile, young men from the Southern States, in considerable numbers, settled in Cincinnati, between whom and the daughters of the rich “Hunkers” of the town marriages were frequent, and the families thus created were, from 1830 to 1861, the reigning power of the city.

Perhaps there was no town of its size and wealth in Christendom which had less of the higher intellectual life, and less of an enlightened public spirit, than Cincinnati before the war. It had become exceedingly rich. Early in its career the great difficulty and expense of transporting goods across the mountains and down the winding Ohio had forced the people into manufacturing, and Cincinnati became the great workshop, as well as the exchange, of the vast and populous valley of the Ohio. Its wealth was legitimately earned. It was Cincinnati which originated and perfected the system which packs fifteen bushels of corn into a pig, and packs that pig into a barrel, and sends him over the mountains and over the ocean to feed mankind. Cincinnati imported or made nearly all that the people of three or four States could afford to buy, and received from them nearly all that they could spare in return, and made a profit on both transactions. This business, upon the whole, was done honestly and well. Immense fortunes were made. Nicholas Longworth died worth twelve millions, and there are now in that young city sixty-four persons whose estate is rated at a million dollars or more. But, with all this wealth and this talent for business, the people of Cincinnati displayed little of that spirit of improvement which has converted Chicago, in thirty years, from a quagmire into a beautiful city, and made it accessible to all the people of the prairies. There was too much ballast, as it were, for so little sail. People were intent on their own affairs, and were satisfied if their own business prospered. Such a thing even as a popular lecture was rare, and a well-sustained course of lectures was felt to be out of the question. Books of the higher kind were in little demand (that is, little, considering the size and great wealth of

the place); there was little taste for art; few concerts were given, and there was no drama fit to entertain intellectual persons. Cincinnati was the Old Hunker's paradise. Separated from a Slave State only by a river one-third of a mile wide, with her leading families connected by marriage with those of Virginia, Kentucky, and Maryland, and her business men having important relations with the South, there was no city—not even Baltimore—that was more saturated with the spirit of Hunkerism,—that horrid blending of vanity and avarice which made the Northern people equal sharers in the guilt of slavery, while taking the lion's share of the profit. It was at Cincinnati, in 1836, that a mob of most respectable citizens, having first "resolved" in public meeting that "Abolition papers" should neither be "published nor distributed" in the town, broke into the office of James G. Birney's *Philanthropist*, and scattered the types, and threw the press into the river. It was in Cincinnati, in 1841, that the authorities were compelled to fill the prisons with negroes to protect them from massacre. Similar scenes have occurred in other cities, but violence of this kind meant more at Cincinnati than in most places, for the people here have always been noted for their orderly habits and their regard for the law. But the war has regenerated Cincinnati.

Over Cincinnati a dense cloud of smoke usually hangs, every chimney contributing its quota to the mass. The universal use of the cheap bituminous coal (seventeen cents a bushel; twenty-five bushels to a ton) is making these Western cities more smoky than London. Smoke pervades every house in Cincinnati, begrimes the carpets, blackens the curtains, soils the paint, and torries the ladies. A lady who wears light-coloured garments, ribbons, or gloves in Cincinnati must be either very young, very rich, or very extravagant: ladies of good sense or experience never think of wearing them. The smoke deposits upon all surfaces a fine soot, especially upon men's woollen clothes, so that a man cannot touch his own coat without blackening his fingers. The stranger, for a day or two, keeps up a continual washing of his hands; but he soon sees the folly of it, and abandons them to their fate. This universal smoke is a tax upon every inhabitant, which can be estimated in money, and the sum total of which is millions per annum. Is there no remedy, no smoke-consuming oves?

Before the traveller loitering along the levee has done wondering at the smoke, his eye is caught by the new wire suspension bridge, which springs out from the summit of the broad, steep levee to a lofty tower (two hundred feet high) near the water's edge, and then, at one leap, clears the whole river, and lands upon another tower upon the Covington side. From tower to tower

the distance is one thousand and fifty-seven feet; the entire length of the bridge is two thousand two hundred and fifty-two feet; and it is hung one hundred feet above low-water mark by two cables of wire. Seen from below and at a little distance, it looks like gossamer work, and as though the wind could blow it away, and waft its filmy fragments out of sight. But the tread of a drove of elephants would not bend nor jar it. It is estimated that, besides its own weight of six hundred, it will sustain a burden of sixteen thousand tons. This remarkable work, constructed at a cost of one million and three quarters, was begun nine years ago, and has tasked the patience and the faith of the two cities severely; but now that it is finished, Cincinnati looks forward with confidence to the time when it will be a connecting link between Lake Erie and the Gulf of Mexico, and when Cincinnati will be only thirty hours from Mobile.

It is a solid, handsome town—the newer buildings of light-coloured stone, very lofty, and well built; the streets paved with the small pebbles ground smooth by the rushing Ohio. In Fourth Street there is a dry-goods store, nearly as large, and five times as handsome, as Stewart's in New York, and several other establishments on the greatest scale, equal in every respect to those of the Atlantic cities.

When the stranger has panted up the slope on which the city is built, to a point one mile from the river, he sees looming up before him an almost precipitous hill, four hundred and sixty-two feet high, which has been dug into, and pared down, until it has about as much beauty as an immense heap of gravel. Around the base of this unsightly mountain are slaughter-houses and breweries, incensing it with black smoke, and extensive pens filled with the living material of barrelled pork.

Mount to the cupola of the Mount Auburn Young Ladies' School, which stands near the highest point, and look out over a sea of beautifully-formed umbrageous hills, steep enough to be picturesque, but not too steep to be convenient, and observe that upon each summit, as far as the eye can reach, is an elegant cottage or mansion, or cluster of tasteful villas, surrounded by groves, gardens, and lawns. Here reside the families enriched by the industry of the low, smoky town. Here, upon these enchanting hills, and in these inviting valleys, will finally gather the greater part of the population, leaving the city to its smoke and heat when the labours of the day are done. The Duke of Newcastle's party, one of whom was the Prince of Wales, were not flattering their entertainers when they pronounced the suburbs of Cincinnati the finest they had anywhere seen.

The stranger is continually astonished at the magnitude and costliness of the villa residences here. The residence of Mr.

obasco is the most famous. Externally, it is a rather plain-looking stone house, something between a cottage and a mansion; but the interior is highly interesting, as showing how much money to the square inch can be spent in the decoration of a house, provided the proprietor has unlimited resources and gives himself up to the work. For seven long years, we were informed, the owner of this house toiled at his experiment. Every room was a separate study. All the walls are wainscoted with oak, most exquisitely carved and polished, and the ceilings were painted by artists brought from Italy. Thirty years ago the proprietor of this beautiful abode was an errand-boy in the establishment of which he was afterwards the head; and when he had the impudence to look into his house, he was absent in Europe in quest of health! The moral is obvious, even here at the end of this poor paragraph; but it was staggering upon the spot. How absurd to be sick, owning such a house! How ridiculous the idea of dying in it!

In this enchanting region is Lane Theological Seminary, of which Dr. Lyman Beecher was once President, and in which Henry Ward Beecher spent three years in acquiring the knowledge it cost him so much trouble to forget. Coming to this seat of theology from the beautiful city of Clifton, of which Mr. Prosser's house is an ornament, and which consists of a few other mansions of similar elegance, the Seminary buildings looked rather dismal, though they are better than the old barracks in which the students of Yale and Harvard reside. Thirty cheerful and athletic young gentlemen, and half-a-dozen polite and learned professors, constitute at present the theological family. The room in which Mr. Beecher lived is still about fifteen feet by ten, but it does not present the bare and forlorn appearance it did when he inhabited it. It is carpeted now, and has more furniture than the pine table and arm-chair which, tradition informs us, attended him, and which were the only articles he could contribute towards the furnishing of his first establishment.

Almost everything is made in Cincinnati that is made by man. There are prodigious manufactories of furniture, machinery, clothing, iron ware, and whatever else is required by the six or eight millions of people who live within easy reach of the city. The book-trade—especially the manufacturing of school-books and other books of utility—has attained remarkable development. Here, as everywhere in the United States, the daily press supplies the people with the greater part of their daily mental food, and elsewhere else, except in New York, are the newspapers conducted with so much expense. The *Cincinnati Commercial* telegraphed from Washington fourteen columns of General Grant's report, at an expense of eleven hundred dollars, and thus gave

it to its readers one day before the New York papers had a word of it. A number of this paper now before us contains original letters from Washington, New York, Venice, London, and Frankfort, Ky., five columns of telegrams, and the usual despatch by the Atlantic cable. The *Gazette* is not less spirited and enterprising, and both are sound, patriotic, Republican journals. The *Enquirer*, of Democratic politics, very liberally conducted, is as unreasonable as heart could wish, and supplies the Republican papers with many a text. The *Times* is an evening paper, Republican, and otherwise commendable. Gentlemen who have long resided in Cincinnati assure us that the improvement in the tone and spirit of its daily press since the late regenerating war is most striking. It is looked to now by the men of public spirit to take the lead in the career of improvement upon which the city is entering. The conductors of the press here are astonishingly rich. Think of an *editor* having the impudence to return the value of his estate at five millions of dollars !

Visitors to Cincinnati feel it, of course, to be a patriotic duty to make inquiries respecting the native wine ; and to facilitate the performance of this duty, the landlord of the Burnet House publishes in his daily bill of fare twelve varieties of American wine, from three States, Ohio, Missouri, and California. The cheapest is the Ohio Catawba, one dollar a bottle ; the dearest is Missouri champagne, at three dollars and a half. The wine culture, it appears, is somewhat out of favour at present among the farmers of Ohio. A German family, many-handed, patient, and economical, occupying a small vineyard and paying no wages, finds the business profitable ; but an American, who lives freely, and depends upon hired assistance, is likely to fail. A vineyard requires incessant and skilful labour. The costly preparation of the soil, the endless prunings and hoeings, the great and watchful care required in picking, sorting, and pressing the grapes, in making and preserving the wine, the many perils to which the crop is exposed at every moment of its growth and ripening, and the three years of waiting before the vines begin to bear, all conspire to discourage and defeat the ordinary cultivator. The "rot" is a very severe trial to human patience. The vines look thrifty, the grapes are large and abundant, and all goes well, until the time when the grapes, being fully grown, are about to change colour. Then a sudden blight occurs, and two-thirds of the whole crop of grapes, the result of the year's labour, wither and spoil. The cause, probably, is the exhaustion of some elements in the soil needful to the supreme effort of Nature to perfect her work. Nevertheless, the patient Germans succeed in the business, and sell their wine to good advantage to the large dealers and bottlers.

every one thinks of pork in connection with Cincinnati. We have the curiosity to visit one of the celebrated pork-making establishments, "The Banner Slaughter and Pork-packing House," which, being the newest, contains all the improved apparatus. In this establishment, hogs weighing five or six hundred pounds are killed, scraped, dressed, cut up, salted, and packed in a barrel, in *twenty seconds*, on an average. At this time the work is done, ten hours a day, during the season of four months. The great secret of such rapidity is, that one man does everything only, and thus learns to do that one thing with perfect facility. We saw a man there who, all day and every day, kills pigs down with a hammer; another who does nothing but "stick" them; another who, with one clean, easy stroke of a broad, long-handled cleaver, decapitates the hugest hog of the season.

But let us begin at the beginning, for, really, this Banner Slaughter-house is one of the most curious things in the world, and well deserves the attention of the polite reader.

It is a large, clean, new brick building, with extensive yards surrounding it, filled with hogs from the forests and farms of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky. From these yards to the third story of the house there is an inclined plane, up which a procession of the animals march slowly to their doom from morning until evening. Here is the first economy. The thing to be done is, to transfer the pigs from those yards to the basement of the building, and, on the way, convert them into salt pork. They are then taken to the scene of massacre at the top of the building, and descent to the cellar accomplishes itself by the natural law which causes everything to seek the centre of the earth. Arrived at the summit, the fifteen foremost find themselves in "a tight squeeze"—squeezed into a pen in which they must remain stand-still for want of room to lie down. There are two of these pens, and two "pen-men," so that the moment one pen is empty, another is ready filled, and the work thus goes on without interruption. The fifteen animals which stand compressed, with heads thrust upward, awaiting the stroke of fate, express their emotions in the language natural to them, and the noise is

The executioner, armed with a long-handled, slender mallet, and sitting astride of the fence, gives to each of these pig creatures his quietus by a blow upon the head. The pig does not fall when he is struck: he cannot; he only stares and remains silent. The stranger who is unable to witness the operation has an awful sense of the progress of the fell work by the gradual cessation of the noise. We mention here, for the benefit of political economists, that this knocker-down, which is the most disagreeable and laborious part of the work, has the lowest wages paid to any man in the house. He does not

rank as an artist at all, but only as a labourer. Readers of Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill know why. When silence within the pen announces the surrender of its occupants, a door is opened, and the senseless hogs are laid in a row up an inclined plane, at the bottom of which is a long trough of hot water. One of the artists, called "the Sticker," now appears, provided with a long, thin, pointed knife, and approaches the pig nearest the steaming trough, gently lifts its fore leg, and gives it one easy, delicate, and graceful thrust in the throat. Along the trough, on each side of it, is a row of men, each with an instrument in his hand, waiting to begin; and apart from them stands the Head-Scalder, who ranks second in the corps, having a task of all but the greatest difficulty to perform. Scald a pig ten seconds too long, or in water twenty degrees too hot, and he comes out as red as a lobster; let the water be too cool, or keep the animal in it too short a time, and the labour of scraping is trebled. Into the hot water the hogs are soured at intervals of twenty seconds, and the Scalder stands, watching the clock, and occasionally trying the temperature of the water with his finger, or the adherence of the hair on the creature first to be handled. "Number One," he says at length. By a machine for the purpose, Number One is turned over upon a long, declining table, where he lies smoking. At the same instant two men pull out his valuable bristles and put them in a barrel, and two other men scrape one side of him with scrapers. In a few seconds, these turn him over and pass him on to two other scrapers, who scrape the other side, and then slide him along to four other men, who trim and finish him, leaving not a hair upon his soft and quivering body. Then he falls into the hands of two "gamble-men," who insert a stick to keep the hind legs apart, and, by the aid of a machine, hang him up with his head downward. Next, the animal is consigned to the great artist of all, who performs upon him the operation so much in favour among the nobility of Japan. This artist, we regret to say, but will not conceal from a too fastidious public, is called "the Gutter." One long, swift cut down the whole length of the body,—two or three rapid in-and-out cuts in the inside,—and the entire respiratory and digestive apparatus lies smoking upon a table, under the hands of men who are removing from it the material for lard. This operation, here performed in twenty seconds, and which is frequently done by the same man fifteen hundred times a day, takes an ordinary butcher ten minutes. This man earns six dollars and a half a day, while no one else receives more than four; and if he is absent from his post, his substitute, who has *seen* the thing done for years, can only perform it one-fifth as fast, and the day's work of the house is reduced to one-fifth of its ordinary production.

The long room in which the creatures are put to death, scalded, and japanned, presents, as may be imagined, a most horrid scene of massacre and blood,—of steaming water and flabby, naked, quivering hogs,—of men in oil-skin suits all shining with wet and grease. The rest of the establishment is perfectly clean and agreeable. The moment the body of the animal is emptied, a boy inundates it from a hose, and then another boy pushes it along the wire from which it hangs on a wheel, and takes it to its place in the cooling-room, where it hangs all night. This cooling-room is a curious spectacle. It contains two regiments of suspended hogs, arranged in long, regular rows: one regiment, the result of to-day's operations; the other, of yesterday's. The cutting up of these huge carcasses is accomplished with the same easy and wonderful rapidity. The first that we chanced to see cut to pieces was an enormous fellow of six hundred pounds, and it was done in just one-third of a minute. Two men tumbled him over upon a wagon, wheeled him to the scales, where his weight was instantly ascertained and recorded. Near by was the cutting-table, upon which he was immediately flopped. Two simultaneous blows with a cleaver severed his head and his hind quarters from the trunk, and the subdivision of these was accomplished by three or four masterly cuts with the same instrument. Near the table are the open mouths of as many large wooden pipes as there are kinds of pieces in a hog, and these lead to the various apartments below, where the several pieces are to be further dealt with. Gently down their well-greased pipe slips the hams to the smoking department; away glide the salting-pieces to the cellar; the lard-leaves slide softly down to the trying-room; the trimmings of the hams vanish silently down their pipe to the sausage-room; the tongue, the feet, and every atom of the flesh, start on their journey to the places where they are wanted; and thus, in the twenty seconds, the six-hundred-pounder has been cut to pieces and distributed all over an extensive building.

The delivery of three finished hogs a minute requires the following force of men: two pen-men, one knocker-down, one sticker, two bristle-snatchers, four scrapers, six shavers (who remove the hair from parts not reached by the scrapers), two gamble-men, one gutter, one hose-boy, one slide-boy, one splitter (who fastens the animal open to facilitate cooling), two attendants upon the cutters, one weigher, two cleaver-men, four knife-men, one ham-trimmer, one shoulder-trimmer, one packer, six ham-salters, one weigher and brander, one lard-man, one book-keeper, seven porters and labourers,—in all, fifty men. The system, therefore, enables one man to convert into

pork thirty hogs a day. The proprietors of these packing-houses pay the owners of the animals sixty cents each for the privilege of killing them, and derive their profit from the refuse. The bristles of a hog are worth seventeen cents; his tongue, five cents; the hair and the fat of the intestines pay the entire cost of killing, dressing, and packing.

There is a moral in all this. In such establishments, a business which in itself is disgusting, and perhaps barbarizing, almost ceases to be so, and the part of it which cannot be deprived of its disgusting circumstances is performed by a very few individuals. Twenty men, in four months, do all that is disagreeable in the slaying of one hundred and eighty thousand hogs, and those twenty men, by the operation of well-known laws, are sure to be the persons to whom the work is least offensive and least injurious.

There are many other industrial establishments in Cincinnati that are highly interesting, but we cannot dwell upon them. One thing surprises the visitor from the Atlantic cities; and that is, the great responsibilities assumed in the Western country by very young men. We met a gentleman at Cincinnati, aged thirty-two, who is chief proprietor and active manager of five extensive iron works in five different cities, one of which—the one at Cincinnati—employs a hundred and twenty men. He began life at fourteen, a poor boy, was helped to two thousand dollars at twenty-one, started in iron, prospered,—founded similar works in other cities,—went to the war and contracted to supply an army with biscuit,—took the camp fever,—lost twenty thousand dollars,—came back to his iron,—throve as before,—gave away twenty-five thousand dollars last year to benevolent operations,—and is now as serene and smiling as though he had played all his life, and had not a care in the world. And this reminds us to repeat that the man wanted in the West is the man who knows how to *make* and *do*, not the man who can only buy and sell. This fine young fellow of whom we speak makes nuts, bolts, and screws, and succeeds, in spite of Pittsburg, by inventing quicker and better methods.

Churches flourish in Cincinnati, and every shade of belief and unbelief has its organization, or at least its expression. Credulity is daily notified in the newspapers that "Madame Draskouski, the Russian *wizard*, foretells events by the aid of a Magic Pebble, a present from the Emperor of China," and that "Madame Ross has a profound knowledge of the rules of the Science of the Stars, and can beat the world in telling the past, the present, and the future." The Protestant churches here, as everywhere, are elegant and well filled. The clergy are men-of-all-work. A too busy and somewhat unreasonable public

looks to them to serve as school trustees, school examiners, managers of public institutions, and, in short, to do most of the work which, being "everybody's business," nobody is inclined to do. Few of the Western clergy are indigenous; it is from the East that the supply chiefly comes, and the clergy do not appear to feel themselves at home in the West. In all Cincinnati there are but three Protestant clergymen who have been there more than five years. The Catholic churches are densely filled three or four times every Sunday, and the institutions of that Church are conducted with the vigour which we see everywhere in the United States. Fortunate, indeed, are the Catholics of Cincinnati in having at their head a gentle, benignant, and patriotic man, Archbishop Purcell. The Young Men's Christian Association is in great vigour in Cincinnati. It provides a reading-room, billiards, a gymnasium, bowling-alleys, and many other nice things for young men, at the charge of one dollar per annum. The Association here is said to be free from that provincial bigotry which, at Chicago, refused to invite to the annual banquet Robert Collyer and the young men of his church, because they were Unitarians.

And this leads naturally to the topic which interested us most at Cincinnati—the happy way in which the Jews are mingling there with their fellow-citizens, and the good influence they are exerting. There are twelve thousand Jews in the city. Some of the large manufactories and mercantile houses have Jewish proprietors, who enjoy the social consideration naturally belonging to their position. The Jews are worthily represented in the government of the city, in the boards controlling public institutions, and in those which administer private charity. Several of the leading members of this respectable body belong to the class of men whose aid is never solicited in vain for a suitable object, and whose benefactions are limited only by their means or by their duty,—never by unwillingness to bestow,—and who value wealth only as a means of safety and education to their families, and of opportunity to bestow those advantages upon others. Christians in considerable numbers attend the beautiful synagogues, and Jews respond by going to Christian churches. And, O most wonderful of all! Jewish rabbis and Christian clergymen "exchange pulpits"! Here we have before us the report of a sermon delivered last March before a Congregational church of Cincinnati by Dr. Max Lillenthal, one of the most eminent and learned rabbis in the country. His sermon was an argument for perfect toleration of beliefs,—even the most eccentric, provided the conduct and the disposition are what they should be.

The eyes of every stranger who walks about Cincinnati are

caught by an edifice ornamented with domes and minarets like a Turkish mosque. This is the "Reformed Synagogue," of which Dr. Isaac M. Wise is pastor,—a highly enlightened and gifted man. It is a truly beautiful building, erected at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars by one of the best architects in the West, Mr. James Keys Wilson, who also built the Court-House and Post-Office of Cincinnati. The interior, for elegance and convenience combined, is only equalled by the newest interiors of Chicago, and even by them it is not surpassed. Except some slight peculiarities about the altar, it is arranged precisely like one of our Protestant churches, and the service approaches very nearly that of the Unitarians who use a liturgy. It is the mission of Dr. Wise to assist in delivering his people from the tyranny of ancient superstitions by calling their attention to the weightier matters of the law. Upon some of the cherished traditions of the Jews he makes open war, and prepares the way for their not distant emancipation from all that is narrowing and needlessly peculiar in their creed and customs.

In this spirit he conducts *The Israelite*, a weekly paper. "Liberty of Conscience—Humanity the object of Religion," is the title of one article in the number before us, and it expresses the whole aim and tendency of the movement which the editor leads. Nothing is more probable than that soon the observance of Saturday will be abolished, and that of Sunday substituted. Indeed, we hear that some of the Jews of Baltimore have begun the change by holding their Sabbath schools on Sunday.

One of the publications of Dr. Lilienthal is a *History of the Israelites* from the days of Alexander to the present time. He recounts the sufferings of his ancestors from blind and merciless bigotry; and then states in a few words the revenge which his people propose to take for fifteen hundred years of infamy, isolation, and outrage.

"We have accompanied," he says, "the poor exile through centuries of agony and misery; we have heard his groaning and his lamentations. The dark clouds of misery and persecution have passed away; the bloody axe of the executioner, the rack and stake of a fanatic inquisition and clergy, were compelled to give way to reason and humanity; the roar of prejudice and blind hatred had to cease before the sweet voice of justice and kindness. Israel stands, while his enemies have vanished away from the arena of history; their endeavours to make Israel faithless to his God and his creed have proved futile and abortive. Israel has conquered politically and religiously. Day after day witnesses the crumbling to pieces of the barriers that have secluded them from intercourse with their fellow-citizens; the old code of laws has become obsolete, and on the new pages is

inscribed the name of the Jew, not only enjoying all rights and privileges with his Christian brethren, but fully deserving them, and excelling in every department of life in which he now is allowed and willing to engage. And his religion—the holy doctrine of an indivisible Unity of God, of man's creation in the image of God, of our destination, to become by virtue, justice, and charity, contented in this, and happy in after life—is daily gaining more ground as the only religion complying with the demands of reason and our destination on earth. And Israel does not falter in the accomplishment of its holy mission,—to be the redeeming Messiah to all mankind, to become a nation of priests, teaching and preaching the truth."

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. JAMES.

Herod the king killed James the brother of John with the sword.

THERE is something very suggestive in the *silence* of Holy Scripture. It teaches by what it declares or reveals, but not less by what it passes over without a single word. Its histories stand alone in this peculiarity of their construction—that events are not portrayed at all, or only touched with the lightest hand, to which we should have attached immense importance, and that the emphasis is laid upon those which we should never have dreamt of making prominent. The Bible often says most when it says nothing, and, if its speech be silvern, its silence is golden. We feel this about the blank which we find between the twelfth and thirtieth years of our Lord's life; and it speaks to us very powerfully of the long preparation in secret needed for work such as His; it reproves the impatience and eager striving and snatching at hasty results to which our age is so prone; it condemns that foolish plucking of the unripe fruits of the intellect and of the heart—that boastful exhibition of precocious immaturity which some seem to regard as far better than the quiet cultivation and ripening of power, for a precious and abundant harvest in the appointed days of the distant future. It is the most expressive rendering of the lesson—Work in secret and wait in patience the Divinely-appointed days of the fulness of time. So it is in relation to the after history of the young man whom Jesus loved, but who went out

from His presence, mourning because he could not receive His word, and sell all that he had and give to the poor. How much we should have esteemed the knowledge of his future, and how often now do we wonder what he thought of Christ when the tragic scenes of Calvary had been passed through, and the Conqueror of Death had ascended to the right hand of power. So, too, it is in reference to the experiences of Mary, the Mother of the Lord, as she stood by the cross, as she viewed the empty grave of her Son, as she mingled with His disciples when they knew Him no longer after the flesh, but only as the Lord of Life in heaven. So, too, it is in relation to her later history. How, when, where she died, and what was the character of her end. How we should like to know this—not because such an experience as that of Mary was unique or unlike that of any other holy woman, but because every incident recorded of her tends to awaken interest and to excite sympathy, and because we feel that such an one could have taught us how to live, how to suffer, and how to die. The same thing appears in the history of the Apostles of the Lord. We all love, and admire, and reverence Peter—the warm-hearted, impulsive, clear-visioned, far-sighted, and ever active disciple, who was first in everything—first in perception, first in speech, first in act, first in mistakes and sin—first in repentance, first in devotion, first in self-sacrifice. But how little we know of him. In his Epistles, we feel how much he has learnt, how much he has mellowed and ripened, how much he has gained by the manifold discipline of God. But he passes away from us in silence, and we have only the bare tradition of his crucifixion, head downwards, instead of what we should dearly have prized—a certain record of the later incidents of his Apostolic and Christian course, and the manner in which he glorified God in his martyrdom.

The same thing meets us when we read the language employed in reference to the martyrdom of St. James. Two words in the original suffice to tell of his cruel fate. He was one of the foremost of the Apostles—the presiding elder of the Church at Jerusalem—one of the three favoured ones of the Lord. On all special occasions He took with Him Peter, and James, and John. They were with Him when He was transfigured on the Mount. They were with Him when He raised the daughter of Jairus from the dead; and they only were near Him in His great agony, when, in the sacred shades of Gethsemane, “He sweat as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground.” And this was the first death in the Apostolic order—the first martyrdom in the number of the Twelve, upon whom the Spirit had descended from on high. One would have thought that here, if anywhere, was the place at which an evangelist would have

—that here, if anywhere, we might have expected the particulars of an Apostle's last experiences and glorious triumph over the fear of death. But it is just here that the silence seems most profound. In the case of Stephen, we particularly of his glorious and eloquent discourse before judges; of the madness of the people; of their gnashing of teeth with their teeth; of his calmness and their rage; of his face which shone like the face of an angel; of his vision of glory; of his prayer for his murderers; of his commendation of his spirit to the care of his Divine Redeemer; of his falling down on his knees.

But *Stephen* was only one of the seven: his office and his position in the Church were every way inferior to that of the Apostles. Noble as he was, both as a man, a thinker, and a worker, we can hardly suppose him the equal of several of the Apostles who were of the Apostolic college; and yet of the death of Stephen, which they glorified God, Holy Scripture is altogether silent, silence is only broken in a single verse, where we read, "And they killed James the brother of John with the sword."

This sacred silence is surprising, but it is not without its additions. There are things which are too precious for common observation; things which are meant to be kept by God, things which would lose their sanctity if they were too much exposed to—too much handled. "Our life is hid with Christ in God: we have secrets which are best left there. Stephen's death is recorded, for it was the first in the Church, and there was in it a revelation of the Lord's readiness to help His servants in their tribulation—a revelation of the Lord's readiness to receive the spirits of those who believed in Him. But this revelation given for all the ages, it was enough; and the curtain drawn off the inner and deeper experiences of a spirit in Christ's case, is allowed to remain over others, so that the holier in life and the most precious things in death might not become common or be exposed needlessly to the eye of the ignorant and unsympathetic. Precious *in the sight of the Lord* is the life of His saints; *there we have to leave it*—it does not matter—no account whatever whether it be also precious in our

not only so, this silence in reference to the dying experience of the first Apostolic martyr is suggestive of a double lesson to which we are ever exposed—the danger *first* of making the experiences of other men the rule and measure of our own, especially those which belong to times of sorrow and darkness of the valley of the shadow of death. How difficult it is for Christians to be *perfectly natural*—to allow their character to develop itself Christwards or heavenwards, according to its own constituents, or according to their circumstances.

How constantly is it found that what are called *happy death-beds* draw away Christian souls from the simplicity that is in Christ, or hinder their enjoyment of God's perfect peace, by inducing a desire for the same kind of assurance, and the same degree of rapture or of joy. How often do Christians forget that *individuality* of experience and development which belongs to our life; forget that we each have our own peculiarities of character, and *must have*, because of them, a special set of experiences, and a special development of grace and joy. No other man can be what any particular dying saint *is*, and none other, therefore, *can*, naturally, feel, or speak, or act like him. Now, if we had a large disclosure of those particular experiences of dying men in Holy Scripture which have so powerful an influence upon Christian sympathies, we should have been in danger of aiming at their reproduction in our own diverse histories and circumstances, and should have mourned and despaired of our friends when their deaths revealed facts widely different from those recorded in Holy Writ. On this account I am thankful that I do not know how the men I most revere and love passed away from earth, as it enables me to believe easily what otherwise would have been almost impossible, that the death which transpires amid clouds and darkness—amid haze and shadow—amid discomfort and pain—that the death which is without testimony and ecstatic delight, is just as safe to the believer—just as precious in the sight of the Lord, as the most glorious and triumphant departure of which I ever read in the annals of Christian history.

But this silence reminds us not only of the danger of making the experiences of others the rule and measure of our own, it reminds us also of the danger of *saint or relic worship*—the *deification of the departed*. The system of Grecian idolatry was in its essence largely this: many of the systems of Eastern Polytheism into which the Church was to be brought into immediate contact were based on this tendency of human nature to exalt unduly the dead. The ancient and the modern myth alike rest upon this foundation. It would have put in peril the historic character of our holy religion; it would have put in peril its purity as a religion from God and not of men, if this tendency had been fostered. We see to what it would have grown in the pseudo gospels—the false, mythical histories of Christ which are extant, and in the exaggerations of such ancient books as the Apostolic constitutions. Many of the early fathers have been betrayed by this false reverence and veneration for the dead, into the admission of the most absurd and dangerous statements into their writings, and, in consequence, we cannot implicitly rely on them. The system of the Roman Church shows us this tendency in its full development and in its destructive and pernicious re-

alta. The silence of Holy Scripture as to the death of the apostles, the circumstances of their departure, the time and place of their burial, is a most expressive warning of a great danger to which the Church would have been exposed, of erecting thrones over the dead, of reverencing them unduly, of placing them in a false position as mediators, of making them false Christs, or false Gods. *Christ is all*, and that His glory may remain one and supreme, Holy Scripture is silent where most sadly we should have listened to its lengthened and detailed speech.

But coming now to the matter of this simple statement, "he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword," there are several things which suggest themselves, well worthy a devout consideration. *First of all, we cannot but feel the contrast which is here suggested between youthful desires and purposes, and the actual experiences of matured life.*

James was the brother of the Apostle John, the son of Zebedee. He was a man, as was his brother, of great vividness of perception—of great force of character, and of surpassing eloquence and power of utterance. When the Lord called them to the apostolic office he surnamed them because of this torrent and flame-like power of speech, Boanerges or *Sons of Thunder*. They were not *noisy* speakers—though very often that is supposed to be the meaning of the designation. They did not roar like thunder, but they were vivid, flashing, sharp, scorching, destructive as the lightning poured out of the thunder-cloud. They were both *intensely ambitious*—intensely self-seeking, and they dreamt of greatness for themselves, until they could not resist the utterance of their desires and their hopes; and they came with their mother Salome to Jesus, with the modest request of their pride and inexperience, "Grant unto us that we may sit, one on thy right hand and the other on thy left hand in thy glory." But Jesus said unto them, "Ye know not what ye ask. Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? And they said unto him, We can. And Jesus said unto them, Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of; and with the baptism that I am baptized withal shall ye be baptized." That was the beginning, and *this* is the end: "And he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword." That was the prophecy, and this is the fulfilment. That was youth in its heedless, headlong, unconscious utterances of desire for the future; and this is age, experiencing the bitterness of life and of death—realizing the terrible reality of the cup of sorrow and the baptism of blood.

How much of disappointment, as we esteem it, is there here! Grant us to sit on thy right hand and on thy left hand in thy

glory," said the brothers—and the Christ hung upon the cross; and soon after the one brother was joined to the noble army of martyrs. And is not life always this—the very opposite of our own hopes and desires and wishes? Is not life, generally, the destruction rather than the realization of the cherished purposes of our bright and sunny youth? Whose dreams have become substantial every-day-world facts? Whose course has been the success he said it should be? Whose ambitions have been gratified? Whose testimony is to-day, "I have gotten all I ever expected or desired"? Has not the world been stronger and harder and more contradictory than we ever thought, long ago, it could be; and have not *circumstances* been stronger than our own power; and has not the Divine ordination of our Life been very different from what we supposed it was? *Disappointed!* yes, in one form or other that we have all been who have come to mature life; and some can hardly understand how they ever could have dreamt as they did, considering what the painful course of their life has really been.

But there is more here than the disappointment of desire—there is, also, *its change and purification*. James and John both came to know that there was something higher, nobler, truer and in every sense better, than sitting at the right hand of an earthly king, or holding the high offices of the State under an earthly monarch. James was taught, through the life and death of his Master, that there is a spiritual kingdom of truth and goodness to which it is essential that a man should belong—that *there is a glory of character*—a glory of purity and goodness and charity—which infinitely surpasses the brightness and splendour of the richest and mightiest of earth's potentates—a glory without which a man is darkened, ruined, and cursed for ever. And he put away from him as base and unreal the idea of the Redeemer's temporal power and sovereignty; grasped with all his heart the idea of the spiritual kingdom; and, in process of time, his old desire to sit on the right hand or on the left hand of Christ came to have a new meaning; and fellowship with Christ in character—fellowship with Christ in purpose—fellowship with Christ in benevolent labour—fellowship with Christ in life, in death, and in eternity, became the grand aim of his spirit and endeavour.

It is well if we have experienced a change like this—if the inevitable disappointment of life, instead of souring and embittering us, has helped us to feel and know the immeasurably higher worth of the spiritual elements of character—of goodness, of godliness, of purity, of faith, of Divine fellowship;—if thus our ambitions have been turned away from selfish possessions to things higher than self—if we have come to know

that God is our highest portion and chiefest good. It takes much, and the process is painful, to dispossess us of the carnal, the material, the base and selfish projects which we may have entertained ; but our life never becomes real—it never has in it the elements of satisfaction, the elements of blessedness—until thus we learn to dwell in God, and are conscious that God dwells in us.

And it is in this way—in this new and higher, this purified sense, that *youthful desires, disappointed in one sense, may yet be gloriously realized in another*. James might not sit on the right hand of the Lord on earth, but he sits there in heaven. What he could not have realized here is blessedly fulfilled there. What earth never has given, heaven supplies to the humblest saint. The Kingdom of grace is changed into the Kingdom of glory, the light of moon and stars pales and loses itself in the brightness of the morning. There was for the Apostles, as for all faithful souls, a crown of life laid up in heaven. He reached the glory through the path of suffering. He need to be emptied of self—emptied of personal desire, which was earthly—to give up his base ambition—to relinquish the idea of great things which he sought for himself ; and in the service of Christ he attained a greatness nobler far than that of which he had ever dreamed in the hot days of his youth ; and he was crowned with heavenly dignity, with spiritual glory, with Divine honour, and with immortal blessedness.

But more than this. There is here, also, *a contrast between appearances and spiritual realities*. "He killed James with the sword" expresses the fall of a good man before the destructive power of a tyrant—the bloody end of a faithful endeavour to serve the best and highest interests of humanity. A degrading execution, that is the fate, painful and humiliating, of the chief pastor of the Christian Church in Jerusalem. Faithfulness to the Lord, and his Gospel—that fiery zeal and energy which could not be restrained, have brought upon the minister the hatred of Herod, and this cruel and ignominious death. He was beheaded before he had reached middle life—was prematurely cut off—was cut off, just at the time when the Church was entering upon her enlarged Gentile mission, and before he could do anything by which he would be known, and for which he would be celebrated, in the history of the world. Whatever ambition he might have had as the servant of Christ was useless, and he passed away before he had time to make any deep impression upon the life of the Church. Humanly speaking, there is much here that is mournful and sad ; and it seems as though James had lived in vain—as though his whole life were but one continued disappointment and failure.

But it was not so in reality. If James was not permitted to continue long on earth, he did actually fulfil the ministry he had received of the Lord Jesus. His brother John lived for nearly sixty years after he had attained the crown of martyrdom, and yet *his* life was not more perfectly rounded off than was the life of James. The servants of the Lord are immortal until their work is done. The good die not until their testimony has been delivered, their due influence exerted, their character perfected, and their spirits made meet for the skies. It is not always those who live longest who do the most. It is not always that those of brilliant gifts and enlarged cultivation are allowed to exercise them : sometimes, in their case, there has only to be shown the meekness of wisdom, the patient spirit that longs to do, but is content to suffer, so the Lord be glorified. In painful afflictions well borne, and not by mighty deeds, some find the appointed end ; and sometimes the vocation is fulfilled, in and through the quiet resignation of the spirit in an early and painful death. Missing the records of the Christian activity of James, and mourning over his premature death, we are met in the ancient history of the Church with the record of the fact that either his accuser before Herod, or the Roman soldier who had him in charge, was so influenced by his testimony to the Lord Jesus, and his admirable behaviour, that he confessed that he also was a Christian, and was put to death with him. And it is related further that, on the way to the place of execution, he craved forgiveness of the Apostle for what he had done in bringing him to death, and received for answer the Apostolic Christian benediction—"Peace be unto Thee," and the Kiss of Charity. The tradition is valuable as indicating what the impression was which James had produced upon the early Church—what was the kind of personal influence which he exerted—and what was the effect of his death. It shows us that he had not lived unusefully—that he had not died in vain. He had done all that the Lord required him to do ; he had but to endure the baptism of blood, and then, the crown of life was his own.

The lessons are important. Suffering for Christ is as necessary as labour for Christ ; and both they who suffer and they who work do well. Sacrifice, as we see it exemplified and embodied in the cross, has its counterpart in life ; and some have only to make manifest in their mortal flesh *the dying of the Lord Jesus*. In working or in suffering, or in both together, we may be called to fulfil our destiny—to serve and glorify our Master. "They also serve who only stand and wait." Let us see to it *that we be faithful*, however painful, however arduous, our appointed task. The cup may be intensely bitter—the blood-baptism may wring our

arts with agony which cannot be expressed—still let us be helpful. “No cross, no crown!” “But he that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved.”

Life is not wasted because it early comes to an end. The seeds of truth and goodness sown by mortal hands are never lost. They always bring forth fruit. Preparation and discipline are not wasted because they are not used to more purpose in this world. There is another world in which ripened power, perfected character, holy wisdom, find their fitting sphere, and in which the will of the Lord is perfectly done. All is not lost because death comes soon. Those who were early taken from us—who were suddenly cut off, when they seemed to be most needed and were most likely to be useful—who are embalmed in our memories and in our hearts—did not die too soon, for “the world had need of them,” and, therefore, called them into His heavenly kingdom. To die soon is to be early blessed—early released from earth’s sins and sorrows—early taken home. To die suddenly in the service of Christ is to be suddenly glorified. It is all well, therefore, whether, as Christians, we live or die—whether to us to live is Christ, and to die is gain.” “For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord’s.”

THE ECCLESIASTICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE LATE SESSION.

During the last few years there has been but little encouragement to reflection at the close of the parliamentary session; the prevailing feeling having been one of gladness that it was over, if not of wishfulness to forget its characteristics and its events. This, however, cannot be affirmed of the session of 1837; for its proceedings have been of the highest interest; and, at least, of the measures adopted is admitted by all parties to be of the first importance, and even the most light-hearted of politicians and journalists have felt constrained to moralize, as they have compared this year’s political history with that of last year—the promise of the beginning of the session with the performance at the close; and as they have contemplated the political possibilities and probabilities which open before us as the result of the parliamentary action of the last six months.

Nor is there any party to whom the retrospect can be altogether pleasant or satisfactory. For if the Whigs be "dished," where are the Tories? And if a seemingly triumphant government is still in possession of "dignities" which not long ago seemed to be hopelessly distant, is it not because it has eaten "dirt" to an extent which lowers it below any administration of modern times? It is true that the Radicals are, or are supposed to be, left masters of the situation; but even they have to taste drops of bitterness in their cup, and may well be uneasy at the prospect of having to make their way to much-needed reforms through a sea of electoral corruption, which Mr. Disraeli, and his out-door lieutenant Mr. Spofforth, have done their best to widen and to deepen. And what true Liberal, if he be a moralist as well as a Liberal, can reflect without pain on the costly sacrifice which this Reform Act of 1867 has involved?—a sacrifice of all reputation for personal consistency, and of almost all faith in the honour of public men, presumed to be the pledged guardians of truth and of consistency, and the foes of insincerity and treachery in the management of State-affairs. In the Church, which the State has established, we have become so accustomed to double-dealing and equivocation, that the national conscience has become seared or sluggish; but we are less familiar with duplicity, chicane, and shameless tergiversation, as the chosen and unconcealed agencies for keeping a Ministry in office, and for checkmating and demoralizing an Opposition. Happily, though the end has been accomplished, the public have rightly appraised the means, and in the general expressions of disgust, which mingle with the congratulations poured into ministerial ears, we find assurance that conscience has not wholly quitted the domain of politics, and that, as the nation was not permanently mesmerized by a Palmerston, so it will not, for any period, be hoodwinked by a Disraeli.

We have spoken of the dissatisfaction with which all parties must recall the history of the late session; but the statement admits of one, and that not an insignificant exception. For while Voluntaries, in the capacity of members of the Liberal party, must share in the feelings common to the body to which they belong, as the friends of free religion, and the advocates of religious equality, they can look back upon the parliamentary history of the year without aching hearts; as they can certainly anticipate future years with an untroubled glance, and with an inspiring faith. That they have made no mistakes, have suffered no disappointments, have met no reverses, it would be folly to affirm; but how comparatively slight have been any one of these? and how little have Voluntaries had to mourn in August over the shattered expectations and the blighted hopes of Feb-

ruary? Whatever else they have lost, they have not lost honour. Whenever they have been defeated, it has been in the open field, and not in tortuous defiles and political back alleys. For the most part, too, they have had the whole Liberal party on their side, undistracted by Adullamite cabals or Tea-room plottings; while they have also the satisfaction of believing that they have pushed the party forward into new lines of action, all tending—however unconsciously to some of the actors—to that happy consummation, when Parliament will cease to burden itself with affairs of Church-craft, as well as State-craft, and will leave Episcopalians, and all others, free to engage in fair and holy rivalry for the promotion of the common good. Acting on the principle that there is “a time for all things,” they were prepared this year, as they were last, to waive questions of special interest to themselves, should the passing of a Reform Act make such abstinence necessary. But, like the “irrepressible nigger” of American politics, the Establishment question is not to be kept down, and so the Reform Bill has not proved the Aaron’s rod swallowing up all others; seeing that this session the ecclesiastical measures submitted to Parliament have been as numerous as in ordinary years, and have called into the division lobbies as many members as in days when party-fights and critical divisions were rare enough to produce the impression that they would be known no more.

Nor, tried by the practical test, so dear to the heart of average Englishmen, can it be doubted that the recent labours of the champions of religious equality have been rewarded with adequate, if not with large and brilliant, success. We make haste—or we have, until quite lately—made haste very slowly in this constitutional country of ours; and as we know that

Many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest timbered oak,

we are thankful for seemingly small mercies, in the shape of small measures; being convinced that others of the like kind, and of wider scope, are as certain to follow as the sunrise of to-day is sure to be followed by the sunrise of to-morrow. The last Parliament did nothing to extend the religious liberties of Englishmen. The present Parliament last year showed its superiority to its predecessor by passing the Qualification for Offices Bill and the new Parliamentary Oath Bill; and this year it has passed three other measures, based on the same principles, and giving something like completeness to its earlier work.*

* 1. The Dublin University Professorships Act. 2. Transubstantiation Declaration Act. 3. Oaths and Offices Act.

We are, we admit, not moved to ecstasy by the comprehensiveness of these bills, or the probable largeness of their results. It cannot affect many persons to have the Professorships of Anatomy, Chemistry, and Botany in the University of Dublin opened to "all duly-qualified persons, irrespective of their religious creed." It is what some politicians would scornfully term a "sentimental grievance," that many persons, before entering upon a public office, have hitherto been obliged to repudiate the doctrine of transubstantiation, and to declare the worship of the Virgin Mary, and the sacrifice of the Mass, to be "superstitious and idolatrous." The admission of the right of Roman Catholics to hold the office of Lord Chancellor of Ireland cannot benefit many Irish lawyers. Nor will the substitution of an oath of allegiance to Her Majesty for other oaths, which either hurt the feelings, or exposed to disability Irish Roman Catholics, do much to improve the general condition of the Irish people. And, certainly, we hope that no Nonconformist will ever appear at his own place of worship in all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of civic office, because it is now authoritatively declared that "every person holding any judicial, or civil, or corporate office may attend, and be present at any place of public meeting for religious worship, in England, Ireland, or Scotland, in the robe, gown, or other peculiar habit of his office, with the ensign or insignia of or belonging to the same, without incurring any forfeiture of office, or penalty, for such attendance."* But all these measures are *right*—right in what they actually accomplish, and right in the principles which they involve; and therefore we are glad that English voluntaries have given to them generous support, and are as well pleased at their receiving the Royal assent, as though they would benefit English Protestant, as well as Irish Catholic Nonconformists.

It will be noted that it is the Irish Liberal party which has won all the sessional laurels, and that even these measures were not enough to satisfy their aspirations. For Mr. Monsell brought in—though he could not press forward for discussion—a bolder Nonconformist bill for Ireland than has yet been introduced for the relief of English Nonconformists. Mr. M'Evoy had daring enough to propose the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and Sir Colman O'Loughlen would have secured for Roman Catholics facilities for acquiring sites for churches, schools, and glebes, such as are not possessed by other unestablished bodies.

These facts suggest a moral, no doubt; but they are not surprising, and the inference to be drawn from them is—not that English voluntaries should have nothing to do with Irish Catholics,

* 4th clause of the Office and Oaths Act, 1867.

but that they should take care to keep free from entanglements which would paralyse their own action, in adhering to principles avowed with no *arrière-pensée*, and advocated in no selfish spirit. 'Wear your eye thus—not jealous; not secure,' is the injunction best adapted to their present attitude, as necessarily allied with men who, it may be, accept their aid, without sympathy with their ulterior aims. For this reason, we remember with satisfaction that, while the "Liberation Society" helped Sir Colman O'Loughlen to carry his Oaths and Offices Bill, it set its face like a flint against the worst feature of the same gentleman's Roman Catholic Sites Bill, and, by its vigilant action, excited an opposition which, we have no doubt, led to the rejection of the measure.

In connection with Irish topics, we may place among the most important ecclesiastical events of the session the advanced position which the Establishment question now occupies in the estimation, and in the programme, of the Liberal party. For the first time since 1856, it has been found possible to obtain a division on a motion on the subject, and, instead of being defeated, as was Mr. Miall, by a majority of 70, Sir John Gray's motion was lost by but 12 votes. The 121 members who voted or paired for disestablishment in 1856, have swelled to 236; and whereas 36 Liberals voted against Mr. Miall, only 9 voted against the motion of 1867. That the Irish Establishment should on this occasion have been, as its supporters assert, saved "by the narrow majority of 12," is a fact of no small significance, and that it is so regarded by both the great political parties is evident from subsequent events. A Conservative government has consented to the appointment of a commission of inquiry, in the hope of being able to save the Irish Establishment by means of timely reform. Earl Russell has pronounced—somewhat hesitatingly, we admit—in favour of either three establishments—Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, and Presbyterian—or disestablishment, with a tripartite division of the ecclesiastical property of Ireland; his views not being expressed with either fulness or perspicacity. Mr. Gladstone has declared definitely against the Irish Establishment, but is understood to be in a state of indecision in regard to the property. The Roman Catholic hierarchy, inspired, it is stated, by the Pope, with whom they have lately sat in conclave at Rome, have definitely resolved on the cry, "No State-endowment"—not, we may be sure, from love to voluntarism, but from motives of expediency, which we can understand, if not appreciate. Here, then, are the elements of a struggle, the severity and interest of which will make it one of the most memorable of our time. And the "Liberation Society," wisely taking time by the forelock, "deems it to be of vital importance that there should be no

delay in the adoption of measures which may so influence public opinion, and especially the action of the constituencies at the next general election, as to ensure the defeat of any such design" as the extension of the endowment system, and "to hasten the adoption of the only effectual substitute—the disestablishment of the Church of England in Ireland; the impartial disendowment of all religious bodies in that country, and the application of the ecclesiastical property of the nation to national and unsectarian purposes."

It is not unlikely that, if the House of Lords had not had to accept a distasteful Reform Bill, it would have passed the Bill for abolishing Ecclesiastical Tests in the two Universities. As it is, University reformers, as well as anti-state-churchmen, can be congratulated on the substantial progress which their cause has made in the lower House, and on the certainty that their day of triumph is at hand. It is something that Mr. Coleridge's Bill should have gone up to the Peers: it is more that its opponents should not have ventured to oppose it at any stage; and, most of all, is it matter for congratulation that, by so large a majority as 87, it should have been resolved to make the bill a more thorough measure, by including Cambridge, as well as Oxford, within the scope of its provisions. Mr. Fawcett's Bill, which repeals so much of the Act of Uniformity as requires subscription to the liturgy from the holders of College fellowships, has made corresponding progress; the majority on the second reading having been doubled, though an unfortunate accident prevented its being read a third time. We, however, hope that the party at Oxford and Cambridge who are responsible for these measures will, before next session, see their way to adopt the advice of Mr. Lowe, by the preparation of one comprehensive scheme. It is more needful now that Mr. Ewart has obtained a majority for a third bill, which, as a practical matter, is a corollary of the other two; since the cheapening of the University system, by the abolition of the college monopoly, is absolutely essential to the wider enjoyment of the advantages which that system is capable of affording. The majority of the House of Commons is so evidently bent on the nationalizing of the Universities, that what would have been temerity once will be prudence now; and, if the newly-enfranchised masses are to be appealed to, the question of University Reform must be presented to them with a degree of breadth and of simplicity which will commend it to both their intelligence and their feelings.

What shall we say of the Church-rate Abolition Bill, which this session has passed the Commons by the largest majority yet reached, and has also, by the largest majority, been rejected by

the House of Lords? There are, we know, Dissenters who rejoice at, rather than regret, such an issue—who think the sore better kept open than healed, and who will almost feel a pang when Church-rates are consigned to the grave of buried abominations. We begin to doubt the soundness of such a view, and to wish for the end of a war which has well-nigh done its work. Other questions of greater breadth and importance now demand attention, and these annual demonstrations against a system doomed, though not yet destroyed, absorb energies which might be expended with greater effect in other directions. We shall, therefore, not regret if, next session, the House of Lords has the opportunity of voting “Aye” or “No” on Mr. Gladstone’s already-promised Bill. We rather think the “Ayes” will have it. The recent debate was redolent of compromise; and, if their Lordships will practically put an end to Church-rates—as they assuredly will do—by abolishing all compulsion, the rose will smell as sweet under the name of “Compromise” as of “Total Abolition;” and, as Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli have been hewers of wood and drawers of water for Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone, so may Mr. Gladstone put the top-stone on the work in which a Divett, a Duncombe, a Clay, a Trelawny, and a Hardcastle have, in succession, had a share.

So far as ecclesiastical questions affecting the colonies are concerned, it seems to matter but little whether Liberals or Conservatives are in office; both the “ins” and the “outs” having displayed a faculty for going right, which is as novel as it is satisfactory. Lord Carnarvon has followed in the footsteps of Mr. Cardwell, in insisting that, whatever happens to the Church of England at home, it must be self-supporting and self-governed in the colonies; and, in assenting to Mr. Mills’s Bill for extinguishing grants, amounting to £20,300, now made from the Consolidated Fund to bishops and clergymen in the West Indies. Mr. Adderley did not hesitate to say that it was to the interest of the taxpayers and of the Church in the West Indies that this charge should gradually cease, for “he did not believe any church thrive on extraneous support.” Next session, therefore, it may be hoped that this bill will pass, and then a new argumentative weapon will be forged against the “extraneous support” afforded to religious bodies, not in the West Indies only, but in islands this side the western main.

Here our review, so far as it relates to the efforts of our own friends, must close; but, lest it should be thought to be of too roseate a hue, we will compare notes with an observer from the opposite stand-point. The quasi-organ of the Church Institution may be expected to put the best face upon matters re-

lating to "Church Defence;" but this is its gloomy conclusion, in writing of "The Church and the Session:"—

Though no decisive victories or reverses on ecclesiastical questions remain to be chronicled in connection with the session of 1867, the impartial historian will have to observe that the tide of success set in on the whole, in one direction, steadily. In all the preliminaries to decisive operations the Church has been worsted. . . . That the disasters of the last session were neither slight nor few, will appear from the briefest review. . . . Such, then, is the account of losses. What is the other side of the picture? Has any remedial legislation been carried through? So far as we know, the only measure of the kind is one relating to the consecration of churches and churchyards. An attempt was made to enlarge the Episcopate, but at the last moment was abandoned, perhaps without sufficient reason. At all events, the history of Lord Lyttelton's Bill is not hopeful. The same may be said of the Clerical Vestments' Bill, whatever its inherent merits or defects. The balance, therefore, of the whole account of the session, in reference to Church questions, can hardly be deemed satisfactory. Is history to repeat itself? Are we again to behold the scenes enacted during the last days of the Jewish Church and City? The more closely the Established Church is invested from without, the more divided and hostile are we to become within? This we hold, that the internal dangers infinitely exceed any arising from the strength or numbers of the external foe. If the Established Church succumb, it will be by parricidal hands; the verdict will be, not murder, but suicide.—*The Orb*, August 22nd.

This, it must be admitted, is a gloomy picture, and it is drawn with soberness and truth. It even understates the facts: for to say only that the history of the Increase of the Episcopate Bill "is not hopeful," is to put negatively what might be stated positively in far stronger terms.

Considering how passionately many Episcopalians have, for years past, longed for an increase in the number of their bishops, we can sympathize with them in their bitter disappointment, and even irritation, at the failure—just at the moment of expected success—of the recent attempt to obtain the legislative power required for the realization of their wish. Both the Lords and the Commons were willing to assent to the creation of three—only three—additional sees; but the Commons insisted that the necessary endowment should be supplied by voluntaryism alone, and that the new bishops should not have seats in the House of Lords. Such Churchmen as Lord Lyttelton, Sir Roundell Palmer, and Mr. Gladstone were willing to assent to these terms—the first reluctantly; the other two with a conviction that the conditions were beneficial, as well as just. Who were the objectors? They were Lord Derby, the Church's chief political champion, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Oxford, who sit in Parliament for the express purpose of guarding the interests of the Church. These three wish to draw upon the funds of the Ecclesiastical Commission for the maintenance of

new bishops; and, more especially, they object *in toto* to the creation of bishoprics of an inferior order to those already in existence. The Bill therefore has dropped through, and its noble author sorrowfully avows his belief that it will be useless again to introduce it. We need not sharply criticize the folly of the Church's political friends in this matter, seeing that Churchmen have done it with a firm, and with an impartial hand. The *Church Review* does not spare the Episcopal bench when it says that—

It is some of the bishops who have shown too much of that ancient "digital" spirit which has been so long the bane of the best interests of the Church of England. . . . It is from the Bench that we hear it declared that there shall be no more bishops unless with seats or prospective seats in Parliament. By this conduct the bishops have much exposed themselves to the cynicism of their worst critics. They will be represented on their own showing as punctiliously jealous of the social dignity of their order, and insensible to what they themselves consider the Church's wants, in their fever of apprehension upon that absorbing point. To have bishops as open to the approach of every one almost as St. Paul the tent-maker, would take a great deal off the popular awe; and if once it should be thought that the highest of Episcopal functions was not to go to town for the season, and drive every day to Palace Yard, but to stand before the Altar and offer the Great Sacrifice, a bishop would be lowered very much in the drawing-rooms and at the receptions of the Upper Ten Thousand. This is what will be said.

And the *Guardian*, going nearer to the root of the evil, is equally unsparing in its estimate of the lay politicians who have had a hand in manipulating the Bill:—

In provisions of this kind we can see no other intention than that of simple obstruction to the reasonable requirements of the Church. In truth, these wrangling politicians have no mind to serve the interests of religion. They do not care if the zealous diligence of a Cornish clergyman in preparing his flock for confirmation is defeated by the absence of a bishop, or marred by the necessity of turning the solemn occasion into an unedifying holiday. What is it to them if a score of youths and maidens must be dragged over weary miles of Cornish moorland in a farmer's waggon, with noise and merriment, to a distant church, instead of meeting their bishop in quiet and decent order in their own village? Politicians do not think of these things—do not regard them when they are explained. The spirit of party and the strife for place leave no room for attention to such interests as these. From the present Parliament we have little hope of better things; whether a reformed House of Commons may have fewer elements of dissent and partisanship in its composition, remains to be seen. *The Church, at all events, will do well to put no trust in politicians, either of the present or the future era. She has a more legitimate influence, if she will but have faith to use it; and to that influence Parliaments and politicians must in the end submit.*

It is in sentiments of the kind expressed in this passage—sentiments which now give tone and colouring to the contents of almost the whole of the Establishment press—that we find ground

on which to base our strongest hopes for the future ecclesiastical history of our country. Those who, amid misconception and obloquy, have long been seeking the liberation of religion from State-patronage and control, have now on their side the strong logic of events, as well as all the teachings of Scripture, and the intuition of enlightened spiritual natures. The Church of England is learning—rapidly learning—in the school of adversity what she doggedly refused to learn at the hands of counsellors beyond her own pale. Hence we look for coming parliamentary sessions, the retrospect of which will be even brighter than of that lately closed—look, even for a time when, as the result, not so much of struggle and of conquest, as of general conviction and mutual concession, there will be witnessed a grand and comprehensive change, which may, indeed, lead Nonconformists to exult, but which Churchmen may regard with complacency and hopefulness.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

QUEEN'S Speeches are sometimes highly imaginative—that is when they are prospective and full of promise. At the end of a session, when they are but chronicles, they are more exact, but also more prosaic. The document read by the Royal Commissioners at the Prorogation informed the faithful Commons that the session just closed was “long and more than usually eventful”—a statement which will be cheerfully admitted, not only by the legislators themselves, but by their constituents. The speech was not, indeed, successful in discovering a great number or variety of “events” in the session. The Confederation of the North American colonies was a matter virtually settled before the session began, and elsewhere than in the Imperial Parliament. If for the settlement of the Luxembourg affair the session is to have credit, it must also be by the assumption of a responsibility which Parliament disowns and refuses. Some changes in the administration of the Poor Law and some extension of the Factory Acts are really the only achievements of the parliamentary year, except the one great feat of the Reform Bill. Even that is but half finished. Ireland and Scotland are wholly unreformed, England only half reformed, for even Lord Derby anticipates an early revision of the Redistribution scheme;

and when the Boundary Commissioners make their report, the schedules of the Bill will have to be fought over again. The most important passages in the Queen's speech refer to future events. It announces an expedition to bring King Theodore to reason, and points to the revelations of the working of Trades Unions, lately obtained at Sheffield, as requiring "the most earnest attention" of the Legislature hereafter—a hereafter which is further off than next year, for it will scarcely be permitted that a moribund Parliament—a Parliament which is presently to give way for one in which the working classes will be better represented—should legislate on such a subject as Trades Unions.

Another session must be consumed upon Reform, and then will come the proof that this Parliament of 1867 has been "more than usually eventful." It has been eventful, not only in passing a bill which is expected to transfer the electoral power to new hands in two-thirds of the constituencies, but eventful in inaugurating an entirely new kind of parliamentary Government. Mr. Disraeli is your true Democrat. He has not only given us Household Suffrage, but he has made the House of Commons supreme in a sense it never was before. He has altered the relations between the Legislature and the Executive. Hitherto the "Government" has represented certain principles by which it stands or falls. It has really "governed" to the extent of proposing and carrying through Parliament those leading measures which the times seemed to the Cabinet to require. Now, the Government simply asks Parliament what it would like to do, and disavows all preferences or opinions of its own, becomes the humble servant of the House of Commons, ready to give force to its wishes, however distasteful they may be to the individual members of the Cabinet. The history of the session may be written in a sentence. The Government began by having nothing in particular to propose—then it proposed three different things one after another, and finally most complacently accepted a fourth thing, dictated by a hostile majority of Parliament. Here then is the Asian mystery solved at last—Govern without power, legislate without principle, and you shall succeed by giving up everything.

But what is to be the future policy of Reformers out of the House? The two parliamentary chiefs of the popular party have given their advice as to the best way of utilizing the organization and influence of the Reform League. Mr. Bright lays much stress upon the Ballot, without which he deems a wide franchise incomplete and insecure. The secret vote recommends itself to his practical and experienced mind as a preventive of disorder; but he urges an agitation for it on the "higher" ground of a

"shelter" to the independence of the electors in humble circumstances. It would lessen expense, diminish corruption, destroy intimidation, and make the House of Commons more nearly a reflex of the opinions and wishes of the constituencies. If the Reform League and the Reform Union will make this their next great object, Mr. Bright "will heartily join them." The views of Mr. Stuart Mill, the other adviser of the League, look in a somewhat different, though not opposed, direction. His mind seems mainly occupied with a desire that the registration of Liberal electors may be systematically promoted, and that the election of candidates of advanced Liberal principles may be provided for. In achieving the second of these objects he expresses a fervent hope that the League "will not confine their support to candidates who adhere to their own particular programme, but will extend it to advanced Liberals of all shades."

All men of good sense and sound ideas must agree with Mr. Mill in thinking that a "close union of Liberals among themselves was never more needed than it will be at the first general election under the new Act." For, although that statute has been brought about under the Derby Administration, it cannot be supposed that their party have become Radical Reformers. They do not, for example, mean to use Reform for the purpose of either abolishing Church-rates or putting an end to the Church Establishment in Ireland. On the contrary, they will oppose these and all similar measures with might and main; and it seems to us that what is even more necessary at the present moment than either the Ballot or attention to the Register, is a vigorous organization and earnest effort for the instruction of the working classes in Liberal principles. They have hitherto paid but little attention to subjects other than those supposed immediately to affect their own material interests, and they will easily be misled on questions of general politics. It is especially incumbent on Nonconformists at all sacrifice to give themselves to this ministry of teaching.

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Reminiscences of a Highland Parish. By NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains. London: Alexander Strahan.

DR. MACLEOD is a writer who rarely fails to command sympathy and awaken interest. There is a hearty geniality, a broad and kindly mode of looking at men and things, a sympathy with goodness in whatever form it may reveal itself, a freedom from conventionalisms, and a genuine outspoken earnestness about him, the charm of which it is impossible to resist. These reminiscences of the scenes and incidents of his own early life are marked by all his best qualities. They are instinct with life, often clothed in true poetic beauty, rich in quiet touches of humour, and a true and tender pathos which have their charm for all except those snarling critics whom the very greatness and popularity of the man provoke to a display of the worst qualities of their nature. A genuine patriot, a man of strong affection and sympathy, a sincere believer though remarkably free from the trammelling influence of theological creeds and system, Dr. Macleod is thoroughly at home in describing the old Highland life, its quiet manses, its humble cottages, its primitive ideas and occupations, its characters so unlike those of our crowded cities, yet so strong and original in their very simplicity. He is not insensible to the defects of these hardy mountaineers, their fierce passions, their superstitious tendencies, their strong prejudices. But while he does not conceal these, he does justice to those higher elements which give their character so much of true nobility. His book is one which we can heartily commend for its freshness, its truthfulness to nature, its vivid word-paintings, its kindly and religious spirit. It is the picture of a style of life which, of course, is unfamiliar to most of its readers, and which has almost passed away, except in the most remote districts. But those who have visited these Highland scenes will find an additional pleasure given to their recollection of them by the perusal of Dr. Macleod's characteristic and delightful reminiscences.

The Imprecatory Psalms. Six Lectures, with other Discourses, delivered at Bacup, Lancashire. By the Rev. R. A. BERTRAM, Editor of "Parable, or Divine Poesy." London: Elliot Stock.

MR. BERTRAM gives sufficient proof in these Lectures of being an earnest, thoughtful preacher, who is not content to deal out to his people mere commonplaces, but adapts himself to the necessities of the times, and, while preaching the doctrines of the Gospel, also seeks to meet the objections to them which scepticism is ever so ready to suggest, and which sometimes trouble the hearts and break the peace of the most devout Christians. The topic to the elucidation of which

he has devoted most of the discourses in this volume is one specially requiring treatment, because its difficulties lie on the surface, and are therefore just the class of which assailants of the Gospel can most readily employ for the purpose of shaking the faith of simple-minded men. Mr. Bertram has dealt with the various questions involved in a forcible, trenchant, and practical manner. His discourses were designed for a miscellaneous audience, and are therefore naturally popular in thought and style, but there is nothing feeble or superficial in their discussion of the subject. We do not accept all Mr. Bertram's views; we cannot say that he has thrown much new light on a subject which is full of mysteries and perplexities; but he has given us a suggestive and useful volume. The separate discourses in the latter part of the book are of a superior order. We have no doubt they were appreciated by the congregation to whom they were first addressed, and will be valued by many readers.

The Romish Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, traced from its Source. By Dr. EDWARD PREUSS. Translated by George Gladstone. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS is a thoroughly learned treatise on a subject which is daily becoming of greater importance. The boasted intellectual progress of the nineteenth century, so far from having shaken the faith of men in one of the most remarkable superstitions by which Christendom has been possessed, seems rather to have fanned the zeal with which its devotees cling to it, and to have induced them to set it forth with more prominence and offensiveness than ever. To enter upon any attempt seriously to confute it, would be useless; for there is not only no Scripture to support it, but it is in direct contradiction to the whole tenor of Scripture teaching. The best way of exposing it is simply to narrate the story of its development, and this Dr. Preuss has done in a work marked by great research, and written in such a style as to excite interest in a subject which certainly at first sight is not inviting. The book has been translated with great care, and ought to command attention even beyond the limited circle of readers who are interested in purely theological questions. It is a strange chapter in the history of human superstition and folly, which may be studied with great advantage at the present crisis.

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THE DYING SAVIOUR REFUSING ANY
ALLEVIATION OF HIS WOE.

BY THE LATE REV. E. S. HULL, B. A.

They gave Him to drink wine mingled with myrrh, but He received it not.—Mark xv. 23.

THERE are few things perhaps more striking to a thoughtful reader of the New Testament than the simplicity and unity with which the Evangelists narrate the last moments of the Son of God. In approaching a subject so awful, so full of sublime sadness and unutterable meaning, they exhibit no attempt to create an interest; they make no endeavour to describe that scene with eloquence, or to colour it with poetry, but tell the tale as simply and calmly as they have told of Christ's previous career. While a modern writer fills volumes in speaking of an event that will be forgotten as years roll on, those inspired men tell in the fewest words a story that will attract the world till the end of time; that engrosses the attention of angels, and whose meaning shall never be exhausted during the immeasurable immortality of man. It may be that their hearts were too full of reverence and sadness to dwell too long over that history; for all deep emotion utters itself in the simplest language. But whatever may be the reason of their brevity, it is most obvious that every incident they narrate is full of the profoundest meaning. The whole of that scene around the cross which they describe, the calm hypocritical priesthood, the furious people, the careless Roman soldiery, and the great crowd, gazing with different emotions on the expiring One, when looked at thoughtfully, gives us a deep insight into man, and teaches us truths regarding humanity that every one should

learn. Every occurrence in Christ's life is a sign of what He was, and throws new light on the work He designed to do ; but in His dying hour, in the moments when the Immortal was conflicting with mortality, and when the expiring Son saw through the deep agony down the ages to the glorious result of His sufferings ; every incident, every word is of unspeakable worth to the man who would understand the mission of Christ ; for every gleam of His human sympathy *then* gives us power, because it helps us to comprehend His emotions *now*, and every word He uttered then has an infinite value, because it enables us to enter into the deep meanings of atonement and sin. In a word, if we are in earnest to understand God, and to do His work, we shall find that by reflecting reverently on each incident of this scene, we shall gain new light, new hope, and new power. We shall endeavour to illustrate this from the words before us. We want to ask what truth concerning Christ they explain ? What hope they may inspire regarding the work of our lives ? We all know the history. The Saviour, weakened by the agony of the garden, and the weary walk from the Judgment Hall to Calvary, is about to be nailed to the cross. The soldiers perceiving His weakness, offer Him, according to the usual custom, the cup that should stupify the senses and deaden the pains of death. He receives it not ; and why ? Let us put aside all questions of mere curiosity ; that scene is too solemn for such. Let us reject utterly all ingenious endeavours to find a figurative meaning here, for this is too awful a subject for any such solemn trifling of human cleverness. Let us rest assured, however, that this fact has a deep meaning. The Evangelists record nothing that is not of profound value. It was not by accident that Christ rejected any alleviation of His last sufferings, but for a high and sublime purpose. Standing then before the scene these words picture, I would ask devoutly, reverently, earnestly, what does it mean ? What light does it shed upon Christ ? What help does it render us in life ? I think it illustrates—

1. *The source of the moral majesty of the Son of Man.* In this brief occurrence I read at once the greatness and the origin of that majestic character which raises Jesus so immeasurably above all other of the sons of men. He refuses to receive a balm for His agony ; in that He exhibited a moral strength utterly unparalleled, and in that very refusal we learn from whence His strength came. We shall perceive this if we begin by reflecting on the depths of His anguish in that hour, that we may thus estimate in some degree the greatness, and learn the source of the strength in which He renounced any alleviation of His sufferings.

If you look attentively on the greatest men, you will perceive that they consist of two classes, who are very differently affected by suffering. On the one hand we call those men great who are possessed of an iron-like firmness, that arises mainly from the absence of tender emotion. In their resolves they are undisturbed by feelings of pity, and unmoved by deep human sympathies. Only one impulse animates them, and that is the determination to do what they have *willed* to perform. On the other hand, there are men of equal strength and determination, but at the same time possessing profound pity, and tenderness, and love. Their resolves create a great inward conflict that is unknown to those who have no strong human sympathies, and they are impelled only by a deep reverence for Right, Truth, and God. Now, it is profoundly true that suffering is felt by them far more deeply than by others. Even the same degree of bodily suffering is something more to the man of great tenderness than to him whose nature is hard and stern. Inflict the same physical pain on the man who has strong pity and he will feel more anguish than the man who has no pity, for the very suffering of the body has a mysteriour connection with the soul. No one can hesitate to affirm, that in His human nature Christ belonged to this better class of men. His strong determination as a man, rose not from the absence of emotions of pity and tenderness, but overruled them all. His great pity throbbed in sympathy with the woes of the whole brotherhood of men. He was the Son of Man, and combined in His nature the deep tenderness of the woman's heart with the stronger feelings that belong to the man's soul. Therefore, may we not infer that, while He was subject to all the laws of human nature, He felt something more in bodily suffering than any other man can know? Because in Him there was a pity and tenderness infinitely deeper than any other of the sons of men; the very agony of the body must have been to Him keener and more awful than we can conceive. Rise now one step higher than this. In that hour He had come from Gethsemane. He had borne the cross; and if the activity of His soul wears away the strength of the body, if great thought exhausts its vigour, and mental conflict wastes its strength and renders it more liable to suffering, can we ever tell how intense must have been the physical anguish of the Son of God while standing there before His cross? But we stay not to dwell on this. There was in Him another source of suffering so unutterably deeper as to throw all bodily anguish into the shade, an agony of soul. Before the conception of what that was, all human thought grows feeble, and we can *only stand on the brink of a sorrow infinite in its*

depths. For who can tell what it was to be *made sin* for us? Who can tell what it was in Him to feel the world's evil, cleaving to and pressing down His spirit, which in its perfect holiness recoiled in horror from the very shadow of sin? All the spiritual woe that this means was His then when, on the verge of crucifixion, the cup was offered that would have soothed His pain. At that hour a transient rest would have been priceless. Must not His humanity have yearned to forget but for a little that deep agony, to feel the throbbing pain grow calmer, and for the awful run of thought to be for a moment stilled. But from that rest He turned away. So unconquered was He that not for one moment would he yield to the tide of agony that was rising round Him. And to bear suffering thus, brings out in its highest form the moral majesty of the Son of Man. We ask, then, whence came that grandeur of endurance? What endowed Him with a might so tremendous in its energy as to refuse relief from inconceivable suffering at the very moment when that suffering was gathering to its highest strength, and death had still to be undergone? This incident itself gives us the reply. He received not His strength from man, and from the relief men offered Him. He turned away; He received His might from God, and the secret of that might lay in perfect submission to His will. His divinely-ordained plan demanded that he should endure to the end, and by surrendering utterly all the impulses of human weakness to that plan of Heaven, the strength came which enabled Him to stand unshaken to the end. The very refusal to accept any balm for His woe was in its deep self-denial for God, the source of the strength, in the might of which He refused it. Not from human aid, not from outward things, did He gain His moral majesty, but from the simple unhesitating sacrifice of self-will. That was Christ's power, the yielding to the loving will of Heaven, even though it let Him into darkness so deep and woe so unutterable, that His fainting humanity sank beneath the awful burden of the spirit's agony. That was the origin of Christ's nobleness of endurance; not choosing suffering in order that He might grandly bear it, but bearing it because it came from Heaven, and refusing to accept any deliverance from man, and through that self-surrender came the power that enabled Him to endure to the end. And although we stand here before the awful secrets of sacrificial sorrow, which we can never fully comprehend, may we not say, in all reverence, that herein too lies the true nobleness and might of man in endurance, even as Christ—the ideal of all that is noble—endured? Here, my oppressed, tempted, suffering brother, lies your strength. Yield not for one moment to the induce-

ments that would lead you away from the sorrowful path of self-sacrifice, which it may be God's will for you to tread, but *endure*, and in self-sacrificing endurance shall come that heavenly energy which came to the dying Lord, and like Him you shall have the spiritual majesty of a Son of God.

We pass now to notice—

2. *The meaning of the consummation of Christ's sufferings.* He drank the last drop of His cup of agony by refusing the cup that would alleviate its final pangs. We have said that He did not do that for the mere sake of enduring, but in surrender to the will of Heaven. The question comes—what means that will? Why was the sorrowful conflict of His life insufficient? Why must this be added to the woe of the garden that even the relief afforded to the lowest criminals is to be refused, and the only Sinless One is to bring His great agony to a terrible perfection? There must be some deep meaning here.

Men have said, "The Redeemer must bear such an amount of suffering as would be equal to the sin for which He atoned." If that be so, then the awfulness of sin lies only in its suffering. If so, it is not dreadful, because it is the separation of the human child from its Divine Father, and the cause of his wandering away into deep and unfathomable Godlessness, but because it brings sorrow! A doctrine utterly opposed to the teachings of the Bible.

Again, it has been said, "Christ must endure to the utmost in order to propitiate God." I can only say that if God required so much agony from the sinless Christ, in order to make Him kind to sinful men, that God I can neither worship, revere, nor love; and the Bible is no book for me.

But I need not say that such doctrines as these do not answer the question before us. Let us take the Bible teaching. Christ died not to reconcile God, nor yet to compensate for so much evil, but to restore the living spirit of man to the Eternal Father. For that restoration two things were requisite: man must learn the majesty of God's law, and he must be drawn by love to the Divine One. Both these receive glorious illustration from the words before us.

He must recognize the majesty of law, for the law is God's own eternal character expressed to man. We shall perceive the relation of the consummation of Christ's sufferings to this, if we begin by observing that all suffering is the reaction of God's holy law against the sinful. The voice of law is unhesitating and unchangeable. "Do this, and live in fellowship with God; do it not, and die in alienation from Him." Man must be brought to recognize its violated sanctity, and bow to its eternal requirements. *Thus suffering is the voice of law to fallen humanity.*

The deep tones of its offended majesty rung out in the sorrow which thrills through human life. Its voice to man is, "Thou hast broken the law, and it releases not its hold upon thee." And thus it is that suffering proclaims the real dignity of man. It tells him of his nobleness in being made to hold fellowship with God, and of his degradation in having broken away from that fellowship. The animal knows not punishment—it knows not the grandeur of God's moral law. But man does, and hence the nobleness of his nature—he feels the awful results of having violated his true destiny. . . . Hence, then, we learn the meaning of Christ's sufferings. He became human, and thus must bear the penalty of law on man in the form of sorrow. He came to restore him, and He must exhibit a perfect submission to the majesty of law, uttering itself through human agony. If He suffered not to the end, then, so far, the glory of the commandment would be concealed. And, therefore, to show forth the grandeur and perfection of God's law, He refused to accept relief, but endured to the utmost the suffering that man's departure from God had created.

Before going further, observe how this fact in Christ's life overthrows certain doctrines of law and sin very popular in this age. A sentimental philosophy says, "Sin is a trifling deviation. It becomes a necessary step in man's progress to a Divine life." It is proclaimed, "God, the loving Father, will receive His wandering child without enforcing the glory of His law. He has hushed the thunders that brooded over Sinai." . . . Now, stand before the fact that Christ refused to receive any relief from His sufferings, and ask what that means? Do you say He suffered as an example? An example of what? Of this, that God sends the heaviest, most incomprehensible agony on the Sinless One? No! I learn from it the eternal sanctity of the commandment, in that He bore its results to the close. I learn there the meaning of sin. He who came to remove its curse drained to the last dregs the awful cup of woe that sprang from it, and thus proclaimed it to be a thing whose awfulness nothing but the spectacle of a sorrowing Christ could ever shadow forth to the world.

Glance now at the other aspect of Christ's sufferings, and you will find a yet deeper meaning in this refusal of a balm for His woe. He suffered to express God's love to man, as well as to glorify the commandment. Let us start from the old truth that man must begin to love God by loving Him in the form of humanity. Man can never love a stern fatality—an awful Ruler of the great ranges of being—whose word brings to life or death the creatures He has formed. He may tremble before, or submit to such a thought of God; but that very submission is unreal;

for he will not sacrifice his own inner will to such a Being in self-denying love. Man cannot love an incomprehensible and everlasting Lord : he may stand before Him in reverence—he will not render to Him the deep worship of his soul. Through the human we must reach the Divine, through God in man we rise to the Absolute Eternal King. Now, Christ manifested all that is loveable in man ; all that is great in calm endurance, and noble in sublime self-sacrifice, and overpowering in deep human sympathy. He came nearest man by bearing all that man can bear. From no peril would He shrink ; from no death of horror would He draw back ; from no deep degradation or dreadful conflict would He turn aside that He might, in tears and sorrow, reveal God to the deep heart of humanity. . . . Is there not a meaning now in this ? Had He submitted to a lessening of His fierce agony, would He not so far have lessened His perfect expression of that love which could fully express itself in no other way than by enduring to the very utmost of human woe ? So He went on to the bitter end, and from that cup turned away, and thus to the last manifested the illimitable pity of the unseen God for His ruined and wandering child. Thus in that simple, grand refusal to accept relief in the moment it was most needed by His sinking humanity, I read what God is, by a love whose height and depth I cannot fathom, and whose marvellous glory melts man's heart to tears, and leads him to yield himself for ever to the Great Father on High.

3. We learn, too, from this history *the clearness of Christ's vision of death*. He resolved to die—with His mental vision clear and calm. In full self-possession He went to face Death's horror. There is a deep significance in this, in relation to the manner in which Christ has conquered death for every man. The source of much of our terror of death arises from its loneliness and mystery—from these our human nature shrinks. We feel that alone we must die. All that strength which springs from the nearness and communion of our fellow-men in the living world ; all the support created by the ties of brotherhood and sympathy, which strengthen for many an earthly conflict, are of no avail in the last stern battle. We cling to the human to the end, and seek the grasp of a brother's hand during the bitter moments of our expiring mortality. But the moment comes when the earth recedes, and we must go forth alone—from the known to the unknown ; alone on that mysterious sea o'er whose dusky margin the mists are hanging, and on whose hidden shores we know not what surges are beating. It is this loneliness and this mystery—this ignorance of what death really is, for we can only see its outward signs—which makes our physical nature shrink.

But in death there lies a still darker terror than these. Its

deepest horror springs from its being the witness of the soul's separation from God—from its being the inevitable result of sin. Death is but the last act of Sin's tragedy upon earth—the final testimony of man's alienation from Heaven—the last visible blow of the righteous anger of the Most High. Now, see how Christ, by facing death, destroyed its terrors. Its solitude He feared not to face. Its mystery He calmly fronted. The awful separation which it signified He resolved to pass through in all its keenest dreadfulness.

This refusal of the cup they offered Him shows that He submitted to death not as to an inevitable necessity, but because it was the loving will of God; and thus He deprived it of its fiercest sting, and testified to the world for ever that it was no longer a sign of separation of man from Heaven. By His obedience unto death He perfected the union of the Son of Man with the Father. He slept its dreadful sleep, tore away its veil, and henceforth consecrated it a blessed path to the eternal home.

We learn, again, from this subject—

4. *The duty of Christ's disciples.* It may seem strange to attempt to read any human duty here. Is it that we are to choose suffering and refuse relief, in order to make ourselves noble? That would be a departure from Christ's example. It is rather this: when suffering meets us in the path of obedience we must not shrink back from its approach, but, trusting in Christ's strength, calmly, resolutely, fearlessly face it. Our modern Christianity stands much in need of this spirit of Christ-like endurance. It may not be ours to have to face the fierce sufferings of the martyr-ages. We may not be called to endure the baptism of fire. But if we are Christians at all, we have each a battle to fight, which needs a spirit of stern self-sacrifice and unflinching self-denial. Measure your sacrifices with Christ's, your sufferings with His, my brother, and shall you, named in His name, shrink back from any sorrows God sends you? Hold fast to the life Christ has revealed to you, to the example He has shown you, and go calmly on, and all suffering will glorify you.

This subject suggests, lastly—*The power of Christ's claims on all men.* My brother, He bore this agony for *you*. Wilt thou not give thyself to Him? He rejected alleviation in His immeasurable pain, that by such obedience unto death He might reconcile you to God;—wilt thou remain unreconciled? By despising His love, you "crucify the Son of God afresh;" you burden your own soul, and transform the love of Him who refused the cup of balm in His anguish, into "fearful judgment and fiery indignation." I know not what the *wrath* of the Man of Sorrows can mean, but I can only contrast with this picture of

the suffering Christ that which is foreshadowed in the Book of Revelation, and when those who have despised Him shall "call on the mountains and rocks to fall on them, and hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of *His wrath* is come, and who shall be able to stand?"

HOW BISHOPS GREW.

THERE are two theories as to the origin of the office of Bishop, as distinct from that of Elder, in the Christian Church. One makes the office coæval with the Church, of Apostolic institution, and therefore—as it is claimed, though this is by no means a logical consequence,*—an essential part of the church organization. The other supposes an original parity in the ministry, and that the Episcopal order grew up by degrees out of the Presbyterian, after the death of the Apostles. It will be the main object of this Article to weigh the evidence between these two views. This evidence must, from the nature of the case, be purely historical, and is to be sought in the New Testament and in the writings of the early Fathers.

In the New Testament we find both the words *bishop* and *presbyter*—ἐπίσκοπος and πρεσβύτερος—frequently used. It is now agreed by all that these terms are there used interchangeably—being applied to the class who were afterward called presbyters only. In the Episcopalian view, the Apostles themselves at this time filled the place of bishops, the title ἐπίσκοπος not being applied to them.

All agree that the Apostles did exercise a general supervision and control over the whole Church. The question is, did they appoint successors to themselves in this authority, who were to appoint their successors, and so render the office a permanent one—or was this authority peculiar to themselves personally, as the founders of the Church, and was their office thus to terminate with their own lives?

* If the Apostles did appoint bishops, why does it follow that they intended the office to be perpetual? Did they not establish it, if at all, for the same reason for which we have supposed that their successors did—because it suited the time? We see no more evidence for its necessary permanence in this case than in the other.

In support of the former position, is urged the fact, which is shown by some of the New Testament epistles, that there were certain men—Timothy, Titus, and others—who were empowered by the Apostles to ordain elders, and in other respects exercise an authority similar to their own. This indeed proves that the exercise of these functions was not strictly confined to the thirteen Apostles. But its extension to Timothy and others may have been due to the same temporary necessity by which we account for the official position of the Apostles themselves. Besides, it is important to observe that Timothy and Titus were not *local* officers,—as were the earliest bishops of whom we have distinct mention afterward,—but travelling missionaries. This is evident from such passages as that (2 Tim. iv. 5) where Timothy is bidden to “do the work of an evangelist”—*i.e.*, of a travelling preacher. So it is said (Tit. i. 5), that Titus was left in Crete to “set in order the things that [were] wanting, and ordain elders in *every city*,”—Crete being an island 120 miles long, and thickly populated. Clearly, neither of these men was a “bishop,” as the word was used in the second century.

Next, the first chapters of Revelation are appealed to, on the ground that the seven angels of the seven churches must represent the bishops of those churches. This interpretation seems unnatural, as giving an unaccountable prominence to seven individuals not otherwise known. John says that he saw “One like unto the Son of Man, in the midst of seven golden candlesticks,” and “having in his right hand seven stars.” He is told “The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches, and the seven candlesticks are the seven churches.” The message proceeds: “Unto the angel of the church of Ephesus write; these things saith he that holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks.” Is not this image of the seven stars too exalted to be referred merely to the seven men presiding over the churches? There seems no occasion in the context for this personal reference. And what is addressed to the “angels” in the second person, is applicable only to the churches themselves—“I will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent,”—addressed to one of the “angels”—is manifestly said to a church; and so throughout. The natural interpretation seems to make these “angels” *personifications* of the churches, and this view is now adopted by most commentators.

We find in the New Testament, then, not a single distinct reference to bishops, as that term was used in the Episcopal system. In that system, which we find existing soon after the close of the New Testament period, the bishop was the presiding officer of the local city church. In the New Testament we have

the officers called *ἐπίσκοποι*, between whom and the presbyters no difference can be traced ; the Apostles, whose authority was not local, but universal ;* the class represented by Timothy and Titus, who were not local church officers, but travelling missionaries ;—and no others. The silence of the New Testament, then, gives a presumption against the existence of any distinct order of bishops during the time it was written.

It may be said in reply to this, that as the local bishops were to supply a need occasioned by the death of the Apostles, it is natural that we should not hear much of them while the Apostles were living. We think there is some force in this. Yet, it is claimed that the first local bishops were ordained by the Apostles ; and as their appointment would hardly have been left until the last two or three of the Apostles were on the verge of the grave, there must, therefore, on the Episcopalian theory, have been a large number of them in office before the close of the New Testament period. So the silence of the New Testament regarding them is, after all, noticeable, and has no small weight as an argument against their existence at that time.

We come now to the evidence of the early Church Fathers, whom we take up in their chronological order. The first is Clement of Rome, who flourished about the close of the first century. We have an epistle written by him to the church at Corinth, undoubtedly genuine, and probably written in A.D. 96 or 97. Its especial object was to compose the dissensions in the Corinthian church. In this epistle we have frequent reference to the Presbyters, and they are referred to almost unmistakably as the *only* rulers of the church. Thus, in the forty-seventh chapter, it is said, "Shameful, my beloved, yea, very shameful is it, and unworthy of the life in Christ, that it should be heard that the most firm and ancient Church of the Corinthians is led by one or two persons into a sedition against its Presbyters." In the fifty-fourth chapter, "Who, then, among you is noble, who is tender-hearted, who is full of love ? let him say, 'If through me there be sedition, and strife, and schisms, I will depart, I will go away wherever you wish, and will do what is commanded

* James, however, resided long at Jerusalem, and was head of the church in that place. Gieseler says the Episcopate was "foreshadowed" in this arrangement. What we wish to show above is, that in the New Testament period there was nothing like the fully developed Episcopal system of the next century. We suppose the authority exercised by James, just as in the case of the other Apostles, to have been due to his personal acquaintance with Our Lord, and his own character. This personal fitness of the Apostles corresponded to the great fact, that for the *founding* of the church there was needed such a central authority as could be dispensed with when education and the possession of the New Testament Scriptures had fitted the churches for self-government.

by the majority; only let the flock of Christ live in peace, with its appointed Presbyters.'” In the fifty-seventh chapter, “You, then, who have laid the foundations of sedition, submit yourselves to the Presbyters, and receive correction unto repentance, bowing the knees of your hearts.”

Ἐπίσκοποι are also spoken of, who are, beyond a doubt, the same as the presbyters. In the forty-second chapter occurs this passage: “They, then, [the Apostles], preaching the word throughout provinces and cities, appointed their first fruits, [i.e., the first converts], when they had proved them by the Spirit, as bishops and deacons of those who should believe.” It cannot be that a first and third order are mentioned, while a second is omitted. “Bishops” here clearly means Presbyters. The next sentence goes on, “And this not as a new thing, for ages before it had been written concerning bishops and deacons; for thus, somewhere, saith the Scripture, ‘I will establish their bishops in righteousness, and their deacons in faith.’” This is a free rendering of Isaiah lx. 17, where the Septuagint translates the Hebrew words for “officers” and “kings” by ἀρχόντας and ἐπισκόπους.

Clement, then, uses the words ἐπίσκοποι and πρεσβύτεροι interchangeably, just as they are used in the New Testament. Does he recognize another order in the ministry, above these? The passage just quoted, certainly, gives the impression that these two were all.

The object of this part of the Epistle is to reprove the Corinthians for wrongfully deposing from office some worthy presbyters. The forty-fourth chapter is as follows: “Our Apostles also knew through our Lord Jesus Christ that there would be strife about the bishop’s office. For this reason, then, having received full foreknowledge, they appointed those whom I have mentioned;” i.e., the ἐπίσκοποι and διάκονοι spoken of two chapters before—“and afterward gave commandment that when these died other approved men should receive their ministry. Those, then, who were appointed by the Apostles, or afterward by other distinguished men, with the approval of the whole church, and who have blamelessly ministered to the flock of Christ with humility, peacefully and honourably, and who have many times received favourable witness from all, these we think it unjust to depose from their ministry. For it will be no small sin in us if we cast forth from their episcopal office those who have nobly and blamelessly discharged its duties. Blessed are those presbyters who have finished their course, and received a rich and perfect release; for they have no fear lest any one should remove them from their appointed place.”

Notice, first, that in this passage the words bishop and pres-

ter are freely interchanged, showing that they were then equivalent in meaning; and, secondly, in the whole passage there is no reference to any order in the ministry above this. And nowhere in the Epistle is there any mention of such superior order.

Now this silence is a weighty argument against the existence at this time of such an order, if we consider the purpose and contents of the Epistle. There were dissensions and strife in the Corinthian church; blameless presbyters had been wantonly exposed from their office. Suppose there had been in the church one officer superior to the presbyters, the head of the whole church? Is it conceivable that Clement should have written a long epistle, full of exhortations to unity, to respect to the presbyters and submission to their authority, and not a single word about the chief officer of all, or their duties toward him?

This epistle, then, seems to show almost beyond doubt that there was as yet no Episcopate, in the later sense, in the Corinthian church; and that the office, therefore, in the case of this church, must have grown up later.

Our next witness is Ignatius. We have seven epistles bearing his name, and generally regarded as genuine, which were probably written about A.D. 115—ten to twenty years later than that of Clement. In Ignatius we seem to find a strong witness at least for the very early establishment of Episcopacy. His epistles are full of such injunctions as the following: "Be subject to the Bishop as to the commandment [of God], and also to the Presbytery" (Trallians, 13). "When ye are subject to the Bishop as to Jesus Christ, ye seem to me to live not after the manner of men, but according to Jesus Christ" (Trallians, 2). "It is needful then, just as ye do, to do nothing apart from the Bishop; but be subject also to the Presbytery as to the Apostles of Jesus Christ." (*ib.*)

An examination of all these Epistles leads us to the following conclusions:—

1. The terms "presbyter" and "bishop" are always distinguished, the latter being used of the superior officer. In no case, we believe, are the words used as equivalent.

2. These epistles, assuming them to be genuine, seem to establish beyond doubt the *existence* of an Episcopal organization, with the three orders of Bishop, Presbyters, and Deacons, in each of the churches, except Rome, to which they were written—*i.e.*, in Ephesus, Magnesia, Tralles, Philadelphia, and Smyrna.* This is evident, because Ignatius, in addressing these

* It is noticeable that these churches are all in the very region (Asia Minor) where Episcopacy is supposed to have first arisen, by those who

churches, continually *assumes* the existence in each of a bishop, superior to the presbyters. If we say that his own idea of the bishop's proper prerogatives was exaggerated, nevertheless he must have written in such a way as to be understood by those he addressed—and his epistles would have been simply unintelligible, if such an officer had not existed. It would be easier even to question a direct assertion of the fact, than to explain away this constant assumption of it.

3. As to the precise *degree of authority* which was exercised by these bishops, the epistles give very little evidence. Ignatius himself has a strong disposition to magnify the office, and the exhortations to obey the bishop are repeated almost endlessly. But he rarely omits to unite with each of these an injunction to obey the presbytery also—and this conjunction of bishop and presbytery is so frequent, and indeed almost invariable, as to suggest the inference that there was in fact a close connection between the two. As to the exact relation between bishop and presbyters, there is almost nothing definite. The subordination of the latter is implied, but in such terms that we cannot determine its degree, nor can we learn anything as to what were the special prerogatives of the bishops.

4. As to the *origin* of the Episcopal office, we have in Ignatius no direct testimony. The most noticeable circumstantial evidence is this : that the *presbyters*, and not the bishops, are frequently spoken of as the representatives of the Apostles—the bishop, in such cases, being represented as standing in the place of Christ or the Father. Thus, in Magnesians, 6, “I exhort you to strive to do all things in divine concord, the bishop presiding in the place of God (*εἰς τόπον Θεοῦ*) and the presbyters in the place of the College of the Apostles.” We have a similar representation in numerous other places (Trallians, 2, 3; Smyrnæans, 8, etc.), except that the bishop is more frequently represented as standing in the place of Christ, than in that of the Father. He is never made a successor of the Apostles.

Ignatius is a great advocate of authority; the unmeasured language he uses in enjoining submission to the church rulers, and especially to the bishops, is surprising, and wholly unlike anything in the New Testament. That he never attempts to

think that it grew up gradually. It is also noticeable, that while six of the epistles are overflowing with injunctions of obedience to the bishops, that to the *Romans* alone contains nothing from which we could even know that that church had a bishop. This looks as if the system had not yet got a foothold in Rome. This last point seems to us to afford some evidence of the great antiquity and probable genuineness of these Epistles. If forged in a later age, in the interest of Episcopacy, they would hardly have been silent as to the form of the church in Rome itself.

port the bishops' authority by an appeal to the Apostolic institution of the office—as Clement appeals, in behalf of the presbyters' authority—seems a reason for supposing that such institution was not believed in his day.

To sum up his testimony in a word, it shows that in A.D. there were, in numerous churches in Asia Minor, bishops prior to the presbyters; the degree of their superiority being known, and the origin of their office no less so.

We have assumed the genuineness and substantial integrity of these epistles. Yet there are grounds of grave suspicion as to them. The unnaturalness of their sentiments makes them suspected. As Neander says, a man going to martyrdom, Ignatius, would have had something else to say than all this about "obeying the bishops." In a later age, there was a strong motive to forgery in the interest of the then established system; in fact, we have a longer version of these very epistles, now generally considered as interpolated—suggesting that the others may be interpolated also.

We have dwelt at length on Clement of Rome and Ignatius, whose time was so soon after the New Testament period; their testimony is very important. We have no other important witness until Irenæus, seventy years later than Ignatius. (*Antirhetorica Hæreses*, written A.D. 182-88.)

In Irenæus we find abundant evidence of the acknowledged fact that in his time the churches generally, if not universally, were under Episcopal government. But we also find, for the first time, the important additional idea that the first bishops had been appointed such by the Apostles, so that the authority of their office was directly transmitted from them. Thus, mention is made (*Contra Hæreses*, I. 27, 1) of a bishop of Rome, "Hyginus, who held the eighth place in the Episcopal succession from the Apostles." So (in III. 3, 1) he speaks of "those who were by the Apostles appointed bishops in the churches, and their successors down to our time." And (in III. 3, 3) he gives a list of the bishops of Rome, from Linus, appointed by the Apostles, down to his time—twelve in all, Clement being one of them.

Can this direct and positive statement be accounted for on any other supposition than its truth? To answer this, we must consider two things; that there was at this time a strong motive for deriving the authority of the bishops from the Apostles; and the circumstances of the time admitted of easy mistake as to the facts.

As to the motive. It is a natural tendency in the supporters of any existing form of government, civil or religious, to seek to derive its authority to some legitimate source in the past. In the case of Irenæus, this tendency must have been especially strong

in the Church, because it was an age of heresies, the bishops were regarded as the guardians of the orthodox faith, and therefore support for their authority would be highly valued and eagerly sought. Irenæus, in the very passages cited above, refers to the Apostolic authority of the bishops, to give weight to their testimony against the heresies he is combatting.

2. Further, there would have been the opportunity for easy mistake. There is no trace of carefully-kept church records of the first century; close attention to governmental forms, and careful transmission of them, do not seem to have been characteristic of the New Testament age. The very scarcity of allusions to the subject of the New Testament, which so limits our knowledge, shows that it had not then a prominent place in the heart and mind of the Church. In an age when printing was unknown, the history of all events which had not deeply impressed contemporaries, descended by tradition only; and soon grew vague and plastic, unconsciously moulded by the wishes of the present.

If, as we believe, the Episcopate, as a distinct office, grew up by degrees; having been at first a mere presidency among the presbyters, with no superior authority attached; then there may have been such a head-presbyter at an early period in the Roman church. A century later, when there had been for many years a *ruling* bishop in that church, tradition would with the greatest ease transform the first chief-presbyter into a full-sized bishop, in the later sense—and thus complete the connection of the office with the Apostles.*

We can understand then how this tradition of Apostolic institution might have grown up in Irenæus's time, and been adopted by him—and in view of the tenor of the other evidence on the whole subject, this seems the most rational explanation of his account.

It is noticeable that Irenæus sometimes uses the words bishop

* An illustration of the way in which the record of the past was unconsciously altered, so as to reflect the usage of the present, is found in the passage where Irenæus refers to the parting interview at Miletus, between Paul and the heads of the Ephesian church. His information is evidently derived from the same source as our own, the twentieth chapter of Acts, for he quotes Paul's language as there given. Now in this chapter in Acts the same men are called *ἐπισκοποι* in one verse and *πρεσβύτεροι* in another; and the passage is one of those which all now admit show that these words are used synonymously in the New Testament. Yet in Irenæus's account, borrowed from this passage, he speaks of bishops *and* elders,—clearly supposing the same distinction which the words expressed in his own time. In this case, the testimony even of a written record was changed, doubtless unconsciously, so as to represent a state of things like that in Irenæus's own time. How much easier for unwritten tradition to be shaped by the feelings of the time! (See Iren. III. 14, 2.)

and presbyter as interchangeable.* The present seems a natural place to consider the bearing of the use of the words *ἐπίσκοπος* and *πρεσβύτερος*, in successive authors, on our question. In the New Testament both are applied to the same persons indifferently. In Clement we find the same usage. Ignatius uses *ἐπίσκοπος* only of the superior officer, *πρεσβύτερος* of the lower. This is the general usage of subsequent writers ; yet for a time, as in Irenæus, the bishops are still sometimes called presbyters.

Now suppose that there was at first no order in the ministry above the presbyters ; that by degrees, individuals from this class were elevated above the others, at first very slightly, as *primi inter pares* ; then more and more, until a distinct order grew up with superior authority and peculiar prerogatives. In that case, it was perfectly natural that of the two terms applied indifferently while there was but one office, that one which was within itself the more expressive of authority should be appropriated to the superior order which gradually arose ; the use of the words becoming fixed as the distinction in the things became more marked ; yet the old use of the terms, as equivalent, occasionally recurring, and not disappearing until after the original identity of the offices had been completely forgotten.

But the Episcopalian theory supposes that *from the first* there was an order above the presbyters. This superior order, according to this view, had for many years no name of its own, but two names in common with the other order. That is, we are to suppose that there was from the first an entire distinction in the things, and an entire confusion in the names. It is hard enough to suppose that two wholly distinct and familiar things should receive but one name in common. But that *two* different names should be applied indiscriminately to two wholly different things, which had never been identical, is too extraordinary for belief. From such a supposition there is in the present case no escape, but by supposing that the two things were once identical—that the earliest bishops *were* presbyters, and the earliest presbyters, bishops.

Space forbids us to enter into any close examination of early writers subsequent to Irenæus. Hardly any of them throw

* The most striking instance of this usage in Irenæus, occurs in a letter from him to Victor, Bishop of Rome, quoted by Eusebius (Ecc. Hist. v. 24). In this he speaks of "those presbyters who governed the church before you," and goes on to mention the very men whom (in Adv. Hær. III. 3, 3) he elsewhere enumerates in the line of Roman *bishops*. In two other places, in the same passage, the same usage occurs. To suggest a misquotation here on the part of Eusebius, would imply that Eusebius himself (A.D. 225) used the words *interchangeably*, which would be still more remarkable.

any valuable light on the *origin* of Episcopacy, though all show it as henceforth generally prevailing and steadily increasing in strength. Some traditions occur as to the Apostolic institution of the first bishops; but none of them bear marks of authenticity. Church writers of the succeeding centuries generally adopt and insist on the theory of Apostolic Succession. In accounting for this we must remember, in the first place, that the order of bishops came into existence at an early period; and in the absence of exact record as to its origin, the idea of Apostolic institution, when it had once obtained a foothold, would be the natural resort of all earnest advocates of the system. Secondly: along with the external conception of the Church, which, in the third century so generally prevailed, was the idea that the power of the Holy Spirit was specially transmitted in the line of the regular rulers of the Church—*i.e.*, the bishops.

To the completeness of this theory it was essential that that line should have sprung from no less a source than the Apostles. The idea of formally transmitted spiritual power, inevitably involves that of the divine institution of the existing church order. Cyprian, then, and the writers near him in time, are, to us, anything but reliable witnesses to the actual, historical origin of Episcopacy. If we accept their belief in the formal transmission of divine grace through a certain line of men, we must also adopt their belief as to the origin of this line. If we reject the former doctrine, their belief as to the latter has little weight with us.

To this general current of testimony, there is one very important exception. Jerome, at the end of the fourth century, the first scholar of his age, declares the original parity of the clergy, and supports this view by the striking case of the church in Alexandria, where, down to the middle of the third century, the presbyters continued to choose and install their own bishops. Hilary gives the same view of the matter.

Clearly these presbyters *made* one of their own number bishop—not merely nominating, but installing him. If “*nominabant*” meant only “*nominated*,” the practice of this church would have been the same as everywhere else. Jerome mentioned it as an *exception*—the exception clearly being, that the authority of the Bishop was conferred by the Presbyters.

The illustration in the case of an army and of the choice of an archdeacon, clearly shows that this is meant—“just as if an army should make its general”—*i.e.*, choose and confer authority on him.

The historical evidence which has now been considered, shows that the office of bishop, as distinct from that of presbyter, grew up after the Apostolic age. The question naturally suggests

itself, How do we explain the early origin and universal prevalence of the Episcopal system in the ancient Church ?

As to its origin, we quote from Neander : " Since the presbyters constituted a deliberative assembly it would of course soon become the practice for one of their number to preside over the rest. * * * * Soon after the Apostolic age, the standing office of president of the presbytery must have been formed ; which president, as having pre-eminently the *oversight* over all, was designated by the special name of Ἐπίσκοπος, and was thus distinguished from the other presbyters. Thus the name came at length to be applied exclusively to this presbyter, while the name presbyter continued at first to be common to all ; for the bishops, as presiding presbyters, had no official character other than that of the presbyters generally. There were only *primi inter pares*. The aristocratic constitution will ever find it easy, by various gradual changes, to pass over to the monarchical ; and circumstances where the need becomes felt of guidance by the energy and authority of an individual, will have an influence above all things else to bring about such a change."

In this last sentence, it seems to us, Neander indicates the great cause of the rapid spread and speedy general prevalence of Episcopacy in the early Church. We are familiar with the idea that times of danger in a community favour the concentration of power in the fewest possible hands. In the early Church, there were continually occurring heresies within and persecution from without. To repress the former with authority, to rally their forces to withstand the latter, need was felt of acknowledged and capable single leaders in every church. In the great Decian persecution, for example, the ardour and wisdom of Cyprian would make men turn to him as a leader, and gladly submit to his authority. When the immediate danger was past, it was unnatural that this authority should be relinquished.

Again, popular self-government was a thing unknown in the political life of the time. All civilized men were subjects of the great Roman Empire. The idea of central authority, of order and peace secured by strong and absolute government, must have been continually present to all minds. There is a strong sympathy between men's feelings as to political and ecclesiastical matters. And so the drift of the Church toward a compact organization may have been partly due to the influence of the existing constitution of the State.

It is not the province of this Article to balance the advantages and evils of the Episcopal system of church government against each other. We have considered simply the historical question, " What was the origin of the Episcopate, as a distinct office ? " That it was *not* of Apostolic origin, seems shown by the facts.

that there are no traces of the system in the New Testament; that the next earliest authority, Clement of Rome, says nothing of it, and strongly implies its non-existence in the Corinthian Church; that Ignatius, the first known advocate of the system, furnishes no proof that the Apostles founded it; that the first assertion of this is found at a time when there was a strong motive for believing it, and the opportunity for mistake; that Jerome gives a clear and well-sustained account of the *gradual* rise of the Episcopal order; and that the interchange of the words *ἐπίσκοπος* and *πρεσβύτερος* proves almost certainly the original identity of the offices. It appears, therefore, that the distinct office of bishop originated in a simple presidency over the presbyters, at first adopted for convenience sake; that its growth in importance and its general establishment were due to the circumstances of the age, especially the various dangers which led to concentration of power, and the influence of the political habits of the time upon ecclesiastical organizations.

"BEING ILL" AND "GETTING BETTER."

HE who has passed from one end of life to the other without having had a severe illness, must have very much for which to be thankful; but he has also most undoubtedly some cause for regret. Perhaps he may never be able to learn the full meaning of the words "Being ill" and "Getting better," for this may be the only state of existence in which the things expressed by these words can form a part of our experience.

Very wonderful experiences these are; made up of lessons hard to learn; lessons full of pain, but with a few positive pleasures in them. The pain all can discover; the pleasure, only they who seek can find. Leaving quite alone the direct religious lessons and purposes which afflictions are intended to teach, and ought to accomplish,—purposes so inestimable that we have no measure by which to measure them, let us look at some of the minor benefits which the "Being ill" brings to us. Of course these are small and insignificant, and unable, by their own weight, to overbalance the scales; but if looked at closely, they

will be found to be some of the fine gold-dust that clings to the golden scale of mercies.

Perhaps the one of these that comes up first to notice is the satisfaction of knowing exactly *what one has to do*. There are many times in the most ordinary life, when the burden of life seems more than can be borne; not so much from the actual sorrows and trials it contains, as from its manifold complexities, its overwhelming responsibilities, its intricate relative duties, so perplexing in their combinations, its many conflicting interests whose claims are so difficult to adjust! And these duties, these interests, involve the well-being of others, many of them dear to us as our own selves, others far dearer still; and we must act, and our acts may harm or bless; from our decisions may come many results, each one having more or less of life or death in them, and that not for ourselves but for others; and yet, knowing this, we must decide. It is at our peril to turn aside from acting because of the dread of derision; to refuse to take upon us the burden of responsibility because of its galling weight. But, oh! the misery of doubt—if we only knew exactly what it was best to do—or if the necessity for action lay but in other hands than ours.

Then comes positive illness, and takes us away from the ordinary routine of life, shuts to the door of our chamber, and leaves on the outside of that door a countless host of dreads and difficulties.

It is no more now a question of acting for others, it is simply a matter regarding ourselves, and thus at once the path of duty becomes comparatively easy; if narrow, it is strait; if difficult, it is definite.

There is often a sense of great relief in this sudden contraction of our sphere of work. After a time a feeling of something akin to sorrow arises when we find how well we can be done without. We fancied we were necessary to the well-being, and well-going on of some set of persons or things. But we are laid aside, and our small world still goes on apparently much the same. As the teaching of the illness progresses, the pain becomes lost in the pleasure that this is the case, and we learn that though all may help or hinder God's plans, so much as this lies in their power, and is their privilege; yet that none are essential to their being carried out, none can effectually prevent. And so for awhile we enjoy the rest from responsibilities.

Another "good" that comes to us from the "Being ill" is, that we find out how much we are loved. It is sad that this has to be *found out*; but so it often is. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, may live side by side for years; and the friction of daily small cares, the jarring of

contrary tempers, the inconvenience of opposing temperaments, tastes, and pursuits, may so weaken and hinder the power of outward expression, that it will need some sharp and sudden break to the ordinary course of life, to destroy the barriers, and make evident how much love each really has for the other. Illness often does this good work in the family circle; and as we catch a glimpse into the inner hearts of those who anxiously watch around our bedside, we wonder at the wealth of love therein concealed; feel that the discovery of it is worth all our personal suffering, and gratefully thank the angel of pain who has procured for us this glad surprise, this exceeding comfort.

There are also many other discoveries made during illness, not all equally agreeable. If the illness is a first one, after many years of uninterrupted health and strength, the experience is found to be most inconveniently new and startling. All the previous habits of mind and body are *bouleversées*, and the man scarcely recognizes himself as the same under these unprecedented circumstances. He has so suddenly to contract himself and his desires, that the effort is quite painful. Then he has, very likely, hitherto looked upon illness as the ordinary Frenchman does upon religion, as something fit for women and children, and beneficently suited to their capacities, but by no means as that which is in any way intended for his consideration; and it irks him to find that the same thing comes to him; the leveling is annoying! Worse than all this, the fear arises that he can never more be so sure of himself and his powers; what has come may be again, and this is very bitter to him. We once knew a young fellow to whom this breaking down of the pride of his strength was just the one point in his first acquaintance with severe illness, that tried his manhood more than all the rest put together. Acute and continued pain he bore with considerable patience, and behaved himself, in every way, as a model invalid; but the dread that the power of his muscle might be eventually less than it had been—that he might have, in future, to descend to the effeminacy of "taking care of himself, avoiding cold and over fatigue"—was more than he seemed able to grapple with. His irritability on the subject would have been laughable, only that it was the sign of such great distress and struggle, that it became pathetic, and suggested other thoughts than amusing ones.

What a variety of character comes out under the disenchanting wand of suffering. Doctors and nurses, if given to observation of the minds as well as bodies of their patients, must often be amused, perhaps amazed, at the difference between the man carefully dressed, well-appointed, self-possessed, guarded in utterance, suave and courteous in manner, that was yesterday to be

seen in the Exchange, or met with at the *Conversazione*;—and the same man, crumpled up with pain, tossed about with disquietude, irritable, inconsiderate, exacting. The other day, quick to plan, eager to execute, directing, arranging, controlling—to-day nerveless, fanciful, unable to rule, unused to submission, prostrate, with all the helplessness, but none of the grace, of infancy. Illness has torn to shreds all his silken disguises, broken his close-fitting armour, and attired him, body and mind, in a species of mufti, that shows him altogether at a disadvantage.

Perhaps delirium takes a man in its hot-iron grasp, and then the revelations as to the inner character and past life are more startling still; for as the erratic luried light is cast upon the dark background of his life, very ugly things are sometimes brought out into momentary distinctness, suggesting the possibility that there may be worse behind, hidden away in that darkness; hidden, till some burst of light—strong, unerring, pitilessly clear—bring them out of their obscurity; light that shall come, not from fevered recollection, or diseased imagination, but from the cool, steady eye of an omniscient Nemesis.

Of course, it would be frightfully unfair to judge definitely of a man's life and character from the ravings of delirium, for the simplest objects, seen under exceptional conditions of light and shadow, may present hideous and distorted forms; still, happy is that man who has no materials, in his past life, of deeds of crime and thoughts of shame, that can in time of illness yield images for his brain, and spectres for his conscience.

One of the most prominent thoughts suggested by the words 'Being ill,' is the amount of *pain* that has to be endured; and surely this must be allowed to be an unmixed evil. Not quite; there are a few small pearls in this rough, awkward-looking shell that will well reward the search.

As this paper professes only to skim the surface of things, it will not be expected that it should touch upon the subject of "the mystery of pain," nor offer the slightest attempt at an answer to that never-ceasing "Why," which in reference to it and its kindred mystery sin, is for ever ascending from earth to heaven. Nor does it venture to speak of those more awful forms of agony that sometimes assail the human frame, and that most of us may have seen, heard, and read about; pain so terrible that the mere thought of it confounds us, makes us dumb, and blind, and deaf, in its presence—yet pain that has been borne, can be borne, may be borne, by successive selected portions of humanity, as long as this world lasts! Great indeed is "the mystery of pain." But pain, in its most terrific forms, does not enter into the majority of lives, though the more bear

able kinds of pain belong more or less to every life. Few, indeed, are the exceptions—into the many lives pain is a wide far-reaching element, and it is this more moderate kind of pain that we think has in it a species of fascination.

"Then Satan first knew pain," says Milton, and we all accept what he says as historical truth. It must have been a singular and fearful sensation to him, for pain is felt in proportion to the greatness and complexity of the organization, and Satan had, at that time, all his arch-angelic powers in full celestial vigour. We all know the saying of Arthur Hallam, a strange utterance for one so young, that "Pain is the deepest thing in our nature." The capacity for suffering is certainly that which gives to human beings the greatest measure for infinity, for it is that in them which is the most tested, and yet which still remains by them unmeasurable. It is a great gulf into which the coral stone is falling, and for ever falling, and yet the bottom is not reached, the depth not fathomed; so that watchers from other worlds cannot yet say, "Man's nature is probed, the utmost depth is found, now know we the utmost height to which he can be raised." No; man's nature, in its depths and in its heights, is still to us the unknown, still therefore is to us as the infinite.

Taken thus as a measure by which we can form some idea of our capacity for enjoyment, an interest, almost a pleasure, attaches to pain; dark, ugly thing that it is, a bright phosphorescent light plays athwart it.

There are many things in pain worth noticing. One is the great variety, not only in degree but in kind. There is the continuous, homogeneous pain that belongs to the strong inflammation of any part; pain unbroken by any pauses of comparative ease—unvaried by any alteration in its character.

Then there is the intermittent—measured pulsation of nerve pain, as rhythmical in its ebb and flow, and as varied in its rhythm, as any piece of music.

If any one doubts this, let him try the experiment—it will be one way, at least, of making the best of circumstances, when compelled to endure a long session of suffering. Having resolved that the pain has to be borne, and of course as bravely as he can, let him take it up in his own hands, give himself up to the feeling and thinking about it; let him, watch in hand, measure the times of the rise, duration, and fall of the tides of pain, and he will make some curious discoveries. If he be gifted with the power of musical expression, he might make some use of his experience of the *rhythm of pain*. An Opera on pain would be a unique production, but would require such an amount of experimental knowledge as one might, perhaps, shrink from acquiring. Then after pain comes ease! We will not

say that the one balances the other, but there is such a positive pleasure in the latter; such, for a time, intense concentrated enjoyment that, as an occasional experience, it is quite worth the purchase.

One remarkable thing about pain is, that the memory of it so soon dies. You may easily live over again, in imagination, the hour of weakness and exhaustion; and if you much wish, it is possible to reproduce, by an effort of will and attention, any number of small aches—but you cannot recall acute pain. Once gone, it is gone for ever; memory cannot give it a *quasi*-after-life. Thus, even in this world, there is in this forgetfulness of pain an earnest of that state of being, and that order of things, in which it is declared that, "There is no more pain." A state of things strange and almost incomprehensible to many of us—a cheering and delightful prospect to all of us.

"There are many worse things than illness," said one who had had large experience of this, and many other forms of trouble. Most people will agree to the truth of this, for illness admits of alleviations that other trials will not, and they who can look back upon a life, and pronounce personal illness to be the heaviest trials that have befallen them, must either have had an exceptionally happy lot, or have been possessed of an exceptionally organized temperament.

Still illness, like every other experience of trouble that comes to us, leaves us in a different state from that in which it found us. How can it be otherwise? No one who has had the opportunity given to him of seeing life, himself, the world, from an entirely different point of sight from that at which they are viewed during the ordinary course of health, but must be either the better or the worse for the sight. It would be curious and instructive to trace out the various alterations in our course of life, that can be tracked back to some illness or other, as their starting-point. As when an unexpected land-slip suddenly brings the traveller and the precipice close together, he recoils with horror, and then slowly turns his steps in another direction. So when illness has crumbled away a man's life before him, and brought him to within a few feet of death, he may, after a pause, begin his journey again, but surely it will be with slackened speed and solemn thoughts as to the nature and direction of his way.

Can he soon forget the shock of that surprise? He alone can tell how great it was, or whether the wind from the far distance blew chill—or whether the out-look was dreary.

A. C.

DAY-SCHOOL EDUCATION: HOW IT MAY BEST BE PROMOTED BY CONGREGA- TIONALISTS.

* * The following paper, read at a Congregational meeting in Lancashire, is inserted by the kind permission of the writer. As a contribution to the impending discussion on Educational questions, the value of the paper will be acknowledged even by those who dissent from its conclusions. All thinking people among us will soon have to make up their minds on the subject; and it is well that every side should be represented by men of large knowledge, definite views, and lucid speech. If some old convictions have to be renounced, and prevalent modes of action to be changed, no one who loves truth more than party, or is willing to learn the lessons of time and experience, will complain.—EDITORS.

THE terms in which the subject assigned me is expressed seem to take for granted two things long and seriously discussed—1st, the necessity for such a provision of day-school education as shall be coterminous with the wants of the people; and, 2nd, the propriety of contributing to this provision by denominational means.

On the first of these points, it may be remarked that, if we take our own county as a fair illustration of the zeal of Congregationalists in this matter, we cannot boast. I believe it is a fact that, for our churches to have day-schools connected with them, is the exception, not the rule; while in two at least of our most important towns, Preston and Bolton, the Independents have not a single day-school. It is to be feared, therefore, that before much can be done to promote such institutions, a sense of their importance must exist amongst us far exceeding any feeling at present exhibited. Supposing this sense awakened, and earnestness as well as unanimity secured, the second point suggests another on which agreement cannot be anticipated. I mean, whether or not Congregationalists shall continue to rely on voluntary effort and support.

Whatever else we may consider, the question of the acceptance or rejection of Government money is to be settled before any person can feel at ease in recommending a course of action to our denomination. So long as many amongst us (perhaps a majority) refuse to fall in with the arrangements of the Government Committee of Council, one feels somewhat at

a loss what to advise; and this uncertainty is greatly increased by the suspense in which we are held for a short period as to the suggestions to be issued by the Committee of Education of the London Congregational Board,—suggestions which may govern the proceedings of three-fourths of our churches. Having, however, long held decided opinions upon the subject, I could very easily and briefly state my wish that every Congregational church which has not a day-school, and every one that has a difficulty in sustaining a day-school already in existence, should apply for Government aid, receive a grant from the Exchequer of the country, and accept the supervision of an authorized inspector. Unpalatable as this advice may be to many, it is the pith of what I have to say, believing as I do that no sounder, no more profitable advice can be offered in the present stage of the education question; and after much reading, some experience, and a moderate acquaintance with what has been said in and out of Parliament on the subject, I think that this advice may be given and taken with perfect loyalty to the great principles of religious liberty we desire to maintain and extend. It is quite unnecessary—perhaps would be presumptuous in me—to discuss—*de novo*—the application of these principles. But I would suggest at the outset that the receipt of money from the State to assist the *secular* education of the poorer classes is not to be mixed up with the receipt of money for purely *religious* purposes. The first is not only permissible but desirable, as a rational means of helping the *prevention* of the crimes it has become so burdensome and expensive, as well as so difficult, to punish with propriety and strict equity.

Enlightened opinion is moving in the direction to which Christianity itself points, viz., the employment in the first place of moral preventives to evil rather than reliance upon primitive methods and arrangements, however skilfully contrived or ably administered.

As matters now stand between the executive and the various denominations, I confess that there is danger in acquiescing in a system which dispenses the national revenue for the impartation of mixed religious and secular education. State money, or money obtained by local rates, should be employed in giving *secular* instruction, and if congregationalists take State money, they can righteously use it for that purpose only. Shall they accept it for the purpose of purely secular education? My opinion is that they ought. Shall they refuse it because Episcopalians and others may take it also and pervert it to help them in peculiar denominational teaching? I see neither reason nor prudence in such a course. We can take the money with clean hands and use it for an honest purpose, and in so

doing we shall neither compromise our principles, nor sacrifice any vantage ground we possess, in agitating for an improvement of the present government system, or in endeavouring to secure a new and more truly national one. With these general remarks, I ask your attention to some further considerations which have assisted me to the views on which the action I recommend is based.

1st. When our predecessors so determinately refused to touch State money for any purpose, or to permit State interference, they had not a Government such as we have now, whether *Whig* or *Tory* or *Coalition*, which so largely reflects public opinion. Since the *Reform Bill* of 1832, successive ministries have displayed increasing liberality, have been more truly national, have been less the representatives of a single or dominant party in religion or politics.

The result of the large extension of the franchise recently adopted will be still further to popularize succeeding governments, and thus will be removed a very legitimate and serious objection to the use of State money or the permission of State supervision in secular schools. It will be admitted that only a liberal feeling—and by liberal, I mean impartial, as regards the sects—could have sanctioned the scheme, limited, imperfect, as it is, now known in its amended form, by the name of the "*Revised Code*." That it is a liberal and practically an unsectarian scheme may be speedily proved. Under its provisions, a sum of money is annually granted by Parliament for public education in Great Britain, to be administered by an establishment called the Education Department, in aid of schools for the children of classes who support themselves by manual labour. The means consist in giving assistance to *voluntary local exertion* (a point to be carefully remembered, for nothing is given where there is no voluntary initiatory action) and only to schools in connection with some recognized religious denomination, or such schools as read the Scriptures daily, besides affording secular instruction.

It is provided by article 14 of the Code that "the inspectors do not interfere with the religious instruction, discipline, or management of schools, but are employed to verify the fulfilment of the conditions on which grants are made; to collect information, and to report the results to the Committee of Council."

So far the intention and the arrangements of the legislature infringe no right, trespass on no sacred ground, while doing what has proved to be a most valuable and necessary work. Nor does any evil arise until we come to consider the condition of districts, particularly small country places, and towns, where

one denomination is stronger than another. In article Twenty-two, section B, it is fixed "that the religious denomination" of a new school seeking aid for building purposes, must be "suitable to the families relied upon for supplying scholars;" a requirement apparently reasonable enough, but issuing in the great number of places of the kind named, to the advantage of the Episcopalian denomination, which, under the name and consequent influence of the Established Church, is usually the most important—sometimes the *only* denomination with a building. I confess that as now I review these conditions, they seem very unobjectionable; and but for the extreme sensitiveness of our body—a sensitiveness I in no sense condemn *per se*—might have been, and still may be, accepted by any churches or persons who wish to provide suitable education for the working classes. I think, however, that this sensitiveness is unnecessarily excited, when caused by the "Revised Code." It is within the power of any of us, with a good case in hand, to apply for and to obtain Government aid both in the erection and maintenance of a day school, to have it inspected by a competent and unobjectionable person, and to enjoy all the satisfaction a successful school can afford, without the slightest offence to our religious feelings, the slightest infringement of our religious liberty. Testimony to this effect may be obtained from various dissenting churches, now and for some time in receipt of State money.

Some of us may be resident in places where the Episcopal Church has "taken the lead," where, according to present legislation, only one school will be aided by Government, and that school connected with the Episcopalians. In such circumstances, a conscience clause has been provided to meet the religious difficulties of dissenting families.

For the complete statement of this matter, I beg to epitomize a portion of the evidence given by Mr. R. W. Lingen, before the Select Committee on Education, which sat from 13th Feb. to 5th July, 1866 (last year):—

The conscience clause is applied in those cases where a school has to be provided for a population which contains Church people and Dissenters, where the promoters of the school are Church people, and where Dissenters will have to use the school in connection with Church people. There are *two* forms of conscience clause,—one has been in use for many years past, and another has been suggested in the correspondence with the National Society.

When a conscience clause is suggested to the promoters of any school, both these clauses are brought under their notice, and they are told that they may adopt either of them. The old form

runs thus :—" And it is hereby declared that the instruction at the said school shall comprise the following branches of learning, namely, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, Scripture history, and (in case of girls) needle-work ; and it is hereby further declared that it shall be a fundamental regulation and practice of the said school that the bible be daily read therein, and that no child shall be required to learn any catechism, or other religious formulary, or to attend any Sunday-school or place of worship to which respectively his or her parents, or other person having the custody of such child, shall on religious grounds object ; but the selection of such Sunday-school and place of worship shall, in all cases, be left to the free choice of such parent or person, without the child's thereby incurring any loss of the benefits and privileges of the school, the trusts whereof are hereby declared."

The alternative form, as proposed in the correspondence between the Committee of Council and the National Society, is this :—" The said committee shall be bound to make such orders as shall provide for admitting to the benefits of the school the children of parents not in communion with the Church of England, as by law established ; but such orders shall be confined to the exemption of such children, if their parents desire it, from attendance at the public worship, and from instruction in the doctrine or formularies of the said church (or as the case may be), and shall not otherwise interfere with the religious teaching of the scholars as fixed by these presents, and shall not authorize any other religious instruction to be given in the school."

Of course in such trust deeds as are drawn up by Episcopalians, the religious teaching is to be under the superintendence of the parochial clergyman, with appeal to the bishop ; and Mr. Lingen says that the conscience clause of the National Society, which clearly implies such superintendence and appeal, is the clause most commonly selected by promoters of schools. A large amount of evidence has been given respecting the unsatisfactory working of a conscience clause, especially in Wales and other places where Dissenters are more numerous than Churchmen. A considerable amount of evidence is also published as to the harmonious and successful operation of the clause ; and it is admitted that in some places where Dissenters have originated, still sustain, and manage schools, a conscience clause is requisite for the protection of Episcopalians.

A candid review of this matter will lead to the opinion that in all denominational schools, in districts where one body is supreme, the minority are in considerable danger of unfair treatment, and that the danger is rather increased than lessened by

the fact that the impartial, not to say the generous, interpretation and application of the clause depends entirely upon a clergyman. Here, then, is a topic of great importance, the arrangement of a conscience clause free from objection, or its total abolition by insistence upon purely secular instruction in schools aided by Government. To attain either of these ends there is no reason why a church, or a society, or an individual should stand aloof from the offer of aid made by the Government. Accept aid, and you are in no worse position to agitate for improvement, nay, as I think, you are in a much better, for there must be gain of leverage in all familiarity with the working of a system we desire to amend. Reject, ignore, and decline to touch that system, and you lose vantage ground of a most valuable kind. This question of the conscience clause, however, does not affect, and need not alarm, those who are in a position to make a fair and sufficient independent claim to Government aid. Such I repeat can have that aid and the inspection it implies on terms which are inoffensive and equitable.

The next consideration which has had very great weight with me, is the boon provided of careful, competent, and regular inspection by men set apart for the purpose.

I look upon this inspection as the chief advantage in the Government system. For what does it secure? *In respect of school curriculum*—unity, intelligence, and suitableness of organization and modes of study. *In respect of teachers*—careful training for their work, and whatever stimulus can be obtained by examination, certificates of ability and success, and payment by results. *In respect of scholars*—constant responsible supervision, and enforcement of regular attendance under reasonable and proper penalties and rewards, as suggested by competent examination by inspectors.

Can these results or any approaching to them be affirmed as characteristic of any other system devised and sustained by voluntarism? I believe not. It has always appeared to me that every unsuccessful system of education arranged by voluntaries has ended in defeat and vexation, from the lack of unity of purpose, methodical arrangement, and permanent inspection, and some just method of payment by results. Congregationalists have seldom failed in a worthy object for want of funds. The willingness of the body has been sufficiently prompt and productive; but the administrative care and sustained organization necessary to make the gifts of that willingness really profitable have fallen signally short.

That there is no inherent necessity for this, I admit. But there is the fact proved, as I think, by the history of our educational action.

No department of effort demands such well-considered and unflinching attention as that of the instruction of the young in day schools, and unless there be authoritative, continuous, and reliable supervision of teachers and pupils, a creditable or successful system of day school education cannot be maintained.

Another consideration has been the difficulty experienced by many of our churches in obtaining the necessary funds to carry on day schools alike creditable to themselves, acceptable to the population, and able to hold their own against competitors aided and inspected by Government. Indeed, I need not confine this consideration to churches of very limited resources. It is an acknowledged fact that there are few independent, that is unassisted schools which will compare favourably in organization, appliances, teaching-power, and educational facilities generally with their rivals under inspection.

The reason is too apparent to need statement beyond what I have already made; and there is a well-grounded fear, nay, a presentiment almost reaching to a conviction, that all schools which are not aided and inspected by Government will gradually lose influence, attractiveness, and, indeed, the confidence of the labouring population.

To these considerations I now add another of a purely denominational kind, viz., the probable effect of continued refusal to accept State aid upon the influence and success of our body. Sustained as the refusal has long and conscientiously been by an opinion that the secular instruction of the masses is not the real duty of religious sects, it is being confronted by the fact that Dissenters are being driven to undertake that education by the absorbing action of the Episcopalian body. While still not accepting nor undertaking it as a natural duty—the logical outgrowth of a truly spiritual system—they are compelled to it by self-defence, if not by an instinct of self-preservation.

On this point Mr. Joseph Bowsted, one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, gave the following evidence to the Select Committee on the 17th April, 1866—Report p. 153:

“3041. (Question by Mr. Bruce.) ‘What have you found to be the state of feeling in Wales towards education conducted upon strictly Church principles?’

“‘Undoubtedly, with the Nonconformists, Church schools are very unpopular and very much distrusted; I have found that to be the case universally among Nonconformists.’

“3042. ‘Upon what alleged grounds?’

“‘I think that they allege that the object of Church schools is really solely to bring back the children to the Church; they do not think that the real object is the instruction of the people

In fact, some years ago, that was laid down as a kind of principle by some representatives of the Church party. I believe the Bishop of St. David's made a great speech in which he represented that it was no use to attempt to get back the present generation, but that they must plant national schools everywhere, and instil Church principles into the children, and so get hold of the next generation.

"3043. 'Do you think that the expression of those opinions alarmed the Dissenters?'

"It alarmed the Dissenters very much, and in fact was one of the great causes which induced them to cease to be mere voluntaries in education, and a great number of them look immediately to asking for government aid, and promoting British schools with great enthusiasm."

Assisted by superior educational facilities, Government *prestige*, and the money which is obtained by the Established Church with comparative ease from the national exchequer, it need not be a matter of surprise that the Episcopalian clergy endeavour to make up for lack of religious power by educational power, and to realise from the latter what they feel themselves incompetent to secure from the former. Unfortunately for us, the appeals they can thus make reach the masses sooner, and come home to them with much more force, than do those of a purely religious kind. With the exception of a small minority, always behind, always impassive, always in the sewers of social life, the working classes will buy at the best markets. Education, like bread, or beef, or calico, will sell precisely in proportion to its quality; and if Episcopals can bring the best article into the market, they will get both the custom, the fame, and the influence, which successful trade always brings. It may be, therefore, that those who have endeavoured, and honourably endeavoured, to carry out the principles of a severe and consistent willinghood, will be compelled to alter their conduct by a force which has grown to be irresistible, although never acknowledged to be legitimate, and not now in any sense palatable. Perhaps fear of the future, real, pressing, and indeed salutary, may induce acceptance of a course of action hitherto repudiated with indignant contempt.

Were there time on such an occasion as this, I could accumulate *reasons of policy* for the acceptance of State aid and inspection, but not without going into details of school discipline, uninteresting to many, and of quite secondary importance. If, however, a further examination of the present state of the whole question should decide our denomination still to refuse to have anything to do with Government in educational matters, I can only suggest the following alternative course:

Let the Education Committee of the Congregational Board in London (or let a county or district committee) adopt a systematically-arranged organization similar to that developed in the "Revised Code." The details would probably involve—

1. The appointment of a thoroughly competent inspector (or inspectors) to traverse the county (or country), and—(A.) to inspect and report upon day-schools already existing ; (B.) to survey districts or localities now without and needing day-schools, and to report as to the money, &c., required for building and afterwards sustaining such schools.

2. The apportionment and grants of money for—(A.) building purposes ; and (B.) for the annual maintenance of schools, on a plan of payment by results ascertained by inspection and examination.

3. The improvement and extension of the present training college for teachers (perhaps the institution of others), and the adaptation of the present collegiate system to such a plan of denominational aid and inspection.

4. For the help of the Central Board, it might be desirable to have an Education Committee in every church and congregation, composed of deacons and members of the congregation (not necessarily church-members) with the pastor *ex officio*. The secretary of such committee should be an active, if possible, an enthusiastic and intelligent person, able and willing to prevent the burden of the necessary duties of the post being thrown upon the pastor.

At first sight such a scheme may appear too large and costly for realization. Whether it would prove so or not, will be matter of careful calculation dependent, of course, upon the liberality of the congregations. All depends upon the zeal we have for the extension and improvement of day-school education. The money required by a central board for such a scheme could only be known after such an authoritative body had declared the necessity of every church taxing itself honourably for educational purposes. Missions to the heathen of foreign countries touch our sympathies and open our purses to an amount which ought to suggest an enormously-increased contribution for the education and social redemption of the heathen of our own land.

- This "flesh-and-blood" argument has never yet had its due weight with us ; but it *ought to* and *will* have in any honest consideration of our responsibilities as a large and wealthy sect to the body politic. At some risk, I will venture a calculation on a limited scale. Last year we had in the county of Lancaster 233 Congregational "places of worship." We had something over 20,000 members in our churches, and the yearly collec-

tions for the London Missionary Society reached in round numbers £6,000, or an average of 6s. per member for the year. There are nearly six times as many sittings as church members, so that we gave 1s. per sitting to that society, or allowing a sixth for unlet sittings; we gave 1s. 3d. per "member of congregation," including the members of the churches. Would it be a difficult thing to raise for the use of a County Board of Education, say, twice that sum? Or an average of half-a-crown a-year per let sitting for the adaptation and expenses of a thoroughly satisfactory system of education, assisted by the voluntary gifts of the whole body, and inspected under the direction of a committee of men commanding the confidence of every member of the body? It ought not to be difficult to find means and appliances for such a scheme. If we were all sufficiently alive to our duties as citizens, and pre-eminently as members of that divinely-instituted society which has laid upon it the renovation and elevation of the whole nature of man, we should do it speedily.

I close by stating my belief, that the two courses so imperfectly suggested, are the only ones open to such an influential denomination as ours. If we refuse, as a body, to accept State aid supervision, still believing that day-school education is a part of our Christian work in the world, I think we ought to be ready to sacrifice as largely as needful for such a complete denominational system as I have sketched out.

THE RITUALISTS.

THE Royal Commissioners appointed to inquire into the differences of practice which have lately arisen in the Church of England have reported, as to vestments, "that while they are "regarded by some as symbolical of doctrine, and by others as a "distinctive vesture whereby they desire to do honour to the Holy "Communion as the highest act of Christian worship, they are by "none regarded as essential, and they give grave offence to many;" and being of opinion that it is "expedient to restrain all variations in respect of vesture from that which has long been the established usage," they think they may be best secured "by

providing aggrieved parishioners with an easy and effectual process for complaint and redress."

If this were a dispute which had suddenly arisen about ceremonies and decorous external observances merely, the verdict of the Commissioners would be worthy of all commendation for its good sense and moderation, but in view of the actual state of affairs in the Church of England, nothing could be more pitiful or more mischievous than this Report. Consider the situation. A party has risen in the National Establishment which avowedly sets itself to reverse both the principles and practice of the Reformers, boldly re-introduces into the service of the Church all those usages which were indissolubly associated with the corruptions and superstitions which the Reformation was intended to displace, and striking at Protestantism by the root. For the Ritualists—or Anglicans, as they desire by way of eminence to be called—are developing Sacerdotalism in a manner upon which Popery itself has never ventured. The faith of Rome is professedly established by Universal Councils, and its practice fixed by a multitude of venerable precedents; the oneness, the central authority, the antiquity of its customs, the solemn sanction of its decrees, seem to present a stable resting-place for those who can find no security for their faith in the exercise of the reason with which God has endowed them, or the answers of their hearts to Divine Revelation. But the Anglican Sacramentarian clergy have none of these pretensions. They demand the submission of the laity in their own name. It is hardly too much to say that they have no head either in earth or heaven—the Pope is nothing to them, the Queen is nothing to them, the Archbishop of Canterbury is nothing to them; and according to our notions they set at naught the plain directions of the Lord Jesus Christ. They are a law unto themselves; and Roman Catholics who should drop their Romanism to become Catholics in the Anglican sense, would find that they had exchanged one Pope for many Popes, in the persons of the Anglican priests. Each one of them makes his own doctrine, fixes his own usage, and arranges his own service. They try to conjure with the words "English Church," and talk about the "Saxon use" and the "Sarum use," although they were but restoring the ancient customs of an old National Church, which was altogether independent and self-governed. Their plea is that they only are the true interpreters and obedient servants of the rubrics and canons of the Church of England, but all this is a sham. They put their own gloss upon the rubrics, and when these do not serve their turn they look anywhere, everywhere, for a pattern or a precedent. If they cannot find what they want in pre-Reformation records, or in the "Sarum use," or in the Fathers, or in Levitical appoint-

ments, or even in "the Church of the Apocalypse," they manufacture it according to their own sweet wills.

The evidence of the leaders of the Ritualistic movement, when questioned on their authority for their various garbs and ceremonies, was astounding, and ought to be better understood by Englishmen. The Rev. C. Le Geyt, of St. Matthias, Stoke Newington, was asked where he got the patterns of the vestments he uses, and answered that he got them from pictures, from brasses, and "various other sources." He "believed" they came from "old authorities." They "slightly differ" from those used in the Church of Rome, being of the "old catholic shape." As to the colours of the vestments, he was "unable to say" whether they were the same as those used in the two years of Edward VI., "because there had been the Sarum use and the Roman use, and various uses with regard to colour." Pressed still further, he said—"I believe our authority for using the different colours is the practice of the whole of the Western Church. It is so very doubtful what the practice of the Sarum use was." Presently the Earl of Harrowby took this subject in hand, and questioned Mr. Geyt thus:—

What guided you in the selection of the vestments?—Do you mean in the kind of vestments to be used?

Yea.—The use of the Church at the Reformation, and, as far as we could ascertain, as I mentioned before, the English use, especially the ancient Gothic vestments.

I think you said the Sarum use had been abandoned for that of the Western Church?—The details of the Sarum use were so very obscure that we were almost obliged to take the Roman use.

Is there any recognized authority by which a clergyman wishing to act according to the rules of his church can be guided authoritatively in knowing what vestments to use and what not to use?—He would be able to ascertain without much difficulty what was in use at the time referred to in that rubric. His great difficulty, perhaps, would be about colour; he would find various colours used, but he would have no difficulty about the kind of vestment.

It would be left open to him to take some interpretation of the use of Sarum, or to take that which is common in the Church of Rome?—I imagine so. I do not know what authority is to decide the question.

There is no book of authority to guide a clergyman in the Church of England, if he uses vestments, to ascertain what vestments he ought to use?—As to colour, there is none that I know of.

Therefore you conceive every clergyman, in regard to the colour of the vestments, has it left to his own discretion?—At present it is so, as to which use he adopts.

Changes in the order of the service may also, according to this clergyman, be made to suit the convenience of the vested priests:—

Do you always preach in the morning after the Nicene creed?—No, we do not; rarely. We preach before the Communion service, immediately after the morning prayer.

Is that a recent alteration?—Within the last two years.

Had you any particular reason for making that change?—Partly from the length of the services and the inconvenience of it, and partly from the fact that it was more convenient in consequence of wearing vestments.

The “mixed chalice” was a usage for which the Royal Commissioners were at a loss to find a precedent, and they were anxious to know how Mr. Le Geyt justified it. “By the same rubrical authority,” he replied, “on which I justify other usages. There were certain usages authorized at a certain period which have not been forbidden.”

You do not then in any way justify that by any rubric, or the omission of any rubric in our present Prayer-book, as compared with other Prayer-books, but you base it wholly upon pre-Reformation authority?—No; I cannot say that, because it has been a custom of the Church of England, which has been left out simply, not prohibited. I am afraid I can hardly give the date for the authority.

Do you then infer that what has been specified and omitted, the omission notwithstanding, is permissive?—I think in some cases it is: omission does not amount to a prohibition. That is my opinion merely.

What would be the sources of authority from which a person wishing to conform to the rules of the Church would get all these directions?—From the old service-books of the Church, which were the authorities before and at the Reformation.

Then you do not think that the Prayer-book with the canons and rubrics would be sufficient guidance to a clergyman performing his duty?—I think not. It never has been so in the history of the Church. There never has been one book only.

Dean of Westminster.—You said, I think, that in cases where the rubric says nothing, you are justified in going back both to the general usages of the Western Church, and also to the usages prescribed in the Levitical law?—I said this. I would fall back on the united action of the Western and Eastern Churches, provided it were scriptural—Levitical and the Church of the Apocalypse.

Now let us hear what the Rev. George Nugee, of Wymering, has to say on this matter. He began by telling the Commissioners that he had “retained the bolder features of ritual, but had not adopted its very great minutiae.”

For instance, changing the epistle and the gospel side, the deacon coming and taking the book away, and changing about; all that kind of minutiae I have particularly avoided. The Saxon character is a simple, grand character, and should be treated as such. What the Saxon wants is a grand ritual in its bolder and nobler features, without all the minutiae which would suit an Italian. That would not suit a Saxon.

However, he observes both minor and major, black letter and red letter festivals, and honours, in a secondary degree, the saints in the English calendar. He “slightly” elevates the elements, not, as he assures the Commissioners, from any superstitious purpose, but as “a custom of the Church throughout the world, east and west.” Amongst his vestments is an “alb-

surplice," which, as far as the Commissioners could make out, was a new vestment altogether, and quite unlike anything worn elsewhere. His views are very distinctly and candidly stated in the following answers :—

Where you find observances prevailing over the whole of Christendom which were not forbidden by the Church of England, that would rather weigh with your mind?—That has been the great motive of my action. If the Eastern Church agrees with the Western Church on any given point, and I can satisfy myself that it was in the Levitical law and in the Church of the Apocalypse—as, for instance, incense—I should have no hesitation in adopting it, and abide the issue as to whether the Church of England could legally sanction it or not. I felt that the Church of England was a body of the Church Catholic; and I felt certain that the time would come when she would not go against Scripture or against the Catholic Church.

Where do you get your directions as to the mode of performing the service from?—The Church Catholic throughout the world, as far as I can gather. I do not know any particular book.

Supposing, when a clergyman is ordained, he wishes to conform loyally to the Church of England, where, according to your view, is he to get his directions?—He must go to some of the books.

What books?—There is a directorium and other things, which are most minute in all their explanations.

Are you aware that the old books were ordered to be destroyed in the time of Edward VI.?—I do not know; I do not think it concerns me very much.

If the books were destroyed, where is a clergyman of the Church of England to get his directions?—From the traditions of the Church which have come down.

Is it your opinion that a clergyman could not conform or know how to conform without being trained and familiarized with all those traditions?—It ought to be part of his training.

It is not now so much Divinity that needs to be taught at college as archæology. The students who take a degree in vestments or honours in posture-mongering, will be those likely to rise in the Church, and become distinguished in the Anglicanism of the future; and as they will have to rout from Leviticus down to the Apocalypse, and through all the usages of the Eastern and Western Churches in all the Christian centuries before the Reformation, it must be owned that if they are found to be pretty well "up" in Ritual they will deserve a certificate for scholarships which ought to satisfy the Examining Chaplain of any Bishop on the Bench.

To the exposition of the opinions of the Ritualists, as given by Mr. Bennett, of Frome, much weight must of course attach. His view of the duty of every English clergyman is, that he should "get for himself the best information he can as to the usages of the Catholic Church generally, and, if possible, being an Englishman, the use of Sarum, and to work up to that as fast as he can get the approbation of his congregation." Even he has not been able to work up to it altogether yet. "I should like," he

said, "the chrism to be used, and I should like the bishops to anoint in confirmation, and to use the sign of the cross; and I should like a great deal more if you ask me my likings."

It is worth remarking here that Mr. Nugee does not take to the "Sarum use" as his standard. He was asked—

Do you consider the Sarum use still binding in any respect?—No; I do not. I very much prefer the other use, because I think the Sarum use, in the event of anything like an effort being made for further re-union, would be a hindrance to us.

You think there is another use that was so largely followed that it deserves to be called the Western use?—Yes; that is the Latin use.

And this is the man who talks so much about "Saxon" customs, and professes to be so anxious to reinstate a perfectly English Church! The Sarum use, indeed, is sometimes insufficient even for Mr. Bennett. The Archbishop of Armagh asked him—

Where do you find in the canons the chasuble mentioned, or any authority to use it?—I said that it was a difficult question to answer off-hand, but I could produce the answer if I had time and the references, because the canons are involved in very great obscurity. I say the canons of the Church, not only the canons of the English Church, but the canons of the Universal Church, which are not forbidden by the canons of the English Church. It would require a great deal of time to answer that question. I beg particularly to remark that, and also that I can only answer off-hand in the shortest possible way.

Do you not think that we are bound by our own canons, by the canons of our own Church, with respect to the vestments we use in Divine service, and that we should not go round the world for the canons?—No; by the canons interpreted by the various injunctions and other authoritative decrees that have passed throughout the history of the English Church, and have been *pro* and *con*. at all times.

Not that Mr. Bennett would impose his opinion upon his fellow-clergymen—he would have the Act of Uniformity respected, and each incumbent left at liberty to set up what form of worship he pleased. Even as to the meaning of these clothes and ceremonies the Ritualists are not agreed, and are ready to leave great latitude of interpretation to their votaries. Thus the mixing of water with wine at the communion may signify the two natures of our Lord, but Mr. Nugee will not answer for that interpretation, and Mr. Le Geyt suggests that it may mean the two sacraments. The "Amice," a small piece of linen now worn round the neck, may memorialize the napkins which the Angels folded in the tomb, or the rag with which the Jews blindfolded our Blessed Lord. Incense may set forth the ascent of prayer to heaven or our Lord's intercession. "There are a great many symbolical interpretations attached to it." The works "of ancient writers of all kinds" are consulted for symbolical meanings. The cope is but "a garment of magnificence," and even the

chasuble, according to Mr. Nugee, though here he is at direct variance with his brother Ritualists, is nothing more. "What I have taught my parishioners," he says, "is this:—The Church is the bride of Christ, and the earthly bride has ornaments, and therefore the heavenly bride ought to have them." All these things are "for edification," for the setting forth of the truths taught by the services more clearly, and to attract the poor. The Commissioners were therefore quite justified in reporting that the vestments were not "essential," and if they had upon that premiss founded the conclusion that it was useless to legislate about them or interfere with them, as long as matters that were essential was left untouched, and the priestcraft to which they were accessory was left to grow rampant, they would have showed that they comprehended the situation and were prepared to give honest counsel for the preservation, if not of the Protestantism, at least of the consistency, of the Church of England. What the Ritualists are agreed about, and what they do deem essential is plain. They are the commissioned servants of the Most High, to them is delegated divine power to absolve, to regenerate, to offer sacrifices, to secure the objective as well as the subjective presence of Christ at the Communion; therefore it is that they revive the confessional, and wear special "Eucharistic vestments" to mark off, as Mr. Le Geyt explains, "the priest offering the sacrifice at the Holy Communion from the rest, as being the principal priest in office offering the sacrifice at the time." The evidence of Mr. Bennett upon this point is most remarkable:—

Is there any mysterious signification in the chasuble or in wearing it?—That is a question which involves doctrine. If I am to be launched into doctrine, of course that again will involve an immensely long discussion.

I think it does not require a very long answer, to say whether there is any doctrine involved in your using the chasuble?—I think there is.

What is that doctrine?—The doctrine of the sacrifice.

Do you consider yourself a sacrificing priest?—Yes.

In fact, *sacerdos*, a sacrificing priest?—Distinctly so.

What authority have you in the Prayer-book for that?—That again would involve a long answer. It has been so interpreted by our divines, the divines of our church, from the time of the Reformation downwards.

Then you think you offer a propitiatory sacrifice?—Yes, I think I do offer a propitiatory sacrifice.

The *Times* thinks this the most audacious answer ever made by an English clergyman. Possibly, yet if all the literary forces of this leading journal were set down to argue out with Mr. Bennett that question which he said would involve a long answer—the question on which the whole controversy turns—what is the doctrine of the Prayer-book? it is by no means sure that the vicar of Frome might not throw the oracle of

Printing House Square into confusion. Whatever the Ritual Commissioners shall pronounce upon this point, their report will be of vital interest. At present they have done nothing but increase the confusion. If they do hereafter "provide aggrieved parishioners with an easy and effectual process of complaint and redress," they will only have succeeded in grating an entirely new principle on the polity of the Church of England—they will make it a congregational instead of an Episcopal establishment. They will have said to its laity, Your Church system is altogether a mistake and a delusion. Neither the State nor the Convocation nor the bishops can secure the Protestantism of the Church, or provide uniformity of practice, or settle what doctrines shall be taught on the subject. Go ye, my children, therefore, and do all of ye what seemeth good to you in your own eyes. That, if anything at all can be made out of it, is the net result of the first report of the Ritual Commission.

CHRISTIANITY IN ABYSSINIA.

WE are going to war with Abyssinia. That must be matter for deep regret to all readers of THE CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR. It is to be feared that it will cost many lives—not in the battle, but on the march. It is not sword or spear that are likely to make this expedition deadly, but drought, fever, and poisonous air. With the Abyssinian people we have no quarrel—only with the despot king whom they seem to abhor. Whether we shall ever find him and make him amenable to justice is doubtful. Probably he will kill the prisoners whom we desire to rescue as soon as he learns that the expedition has entered his territory; and, if we are fortunate enough to release them, each captive will have cost us more than half a million of money. Of the money cost, however, a nation like ours ought not and cannot afford to take heed. A consul of ours, and a diplomatist sent to effect his release are kept in custody to gratify the capricious whim of the king, who has never pretended to have the slightest excuse for detaining Mr. Rassam; and these must be rescued. The East Indians and others interested in our supremacy in Asia insist that the rescue of the captives and the punishment of King Theodore are absolutely necessary, if we would retain our reputation throughout the East. We must

hope that Theodore will not continue his provocations, but will arrest the starting of the expeditionary force from Bombay by sending home the prisoners safe and sound. In any event we shall believe that the expedition will be overruled for visible good, for Abyssinia is a goodly land, and, with a settled government, it could not fail to be a prosperous one, flowing, as it does, with wine and oil, and rich in all vegetable and mineral products. On the political aspects of the question, however, we do not intend to enter here, but prefer rather to give our readers some account of the efforts which have been made at different times to bring the people of Abyssinia to a knowledge of the truth. The greater part of the captives whose lives now hang upon King Theodore's word and whim are Missionaries, though it is not for their release that we are going to war. We should be sorry indeed if it were so. The Missionaries of the Cross must go forth with their lives in their hands, ready to lay them down, if need be, in attestation of the truth of the Gospel which they preach; and it would be an ill day indeed for the cause of Evangelical Christianity in the world if it was understood that its Apostles had an army at their back, and that any wrong or injury done to them would be avenged by fire and sword.

To inquire at any length into the history of Christianity in Abyssinia, would be attended with little certainty and less profit. It seems probable that the new faith was introduced by the Lord High Treasurer of one of the Candaces, whom, he being already a Jewish proselyte, Philip the Evangelist showed how to read and to receive the prophecies of Isaiah in an evangelical sense. Whether the Ethiopian Queen, as tradition thus represents, was in turn converted by her chief officer, is more than historical investigation can pretend to determine; but, as circumcision is still practised in Abyssinia, we may the more readily believe that its notions of Christianity date from Apostolic times, and not first from the fourth century when Frumentius was sent by Athanasius, patriarch of Alexandria, in 330,—a fact interesting to bear in mind in connection with the recent conciliating mediation by the Patriarch of Jerusalem through an episcopal envoy. In 356, the King of Abyssinia was personally addressed in a letter by the Emperor Constantine. In 525, a travelling Greek merchant, Cosmas, reported the whole country to be Christian, and to be well provided with ministers and churches; of churches there are yet remains, eight or nine centuries old. It might require both skill and pains to determine exactly to which of the ancient churches the Abyssinian church most nearly belongs. The resemblances between the Greek, the Armenian, and the Coptic, are so numerous and close, as to make the place almost identical. And there are more traces of a Greek than of

an Armenian origin in the ecclesiasticism of the modern Ethiopia; while the interposition of Egypt betwixt it and Greece or Syria, naturally accounts for whatever particular influence the Copts may have had over the faith and practice of the Abyssinians. Next, in the Coptic hierarchy, to the Patriarch of Alexandria (who resides at Cairo), comes the Abuna of Abyssinia, customarily the patriarch's nominee; and, indeed, the Greek Church and the Coptic appear to be positively united in the person of a dignitary who, while head of the Copts, is co-ordinate with the Patriarchs of Constantinople, Antioch, and Jerusalem, in the synodical government of all the Greek Christians in Turkey.

The connection of modern missions with the ancient Ethiopia was originally established by the Portuguese priests in the sixteenth century, although the existence of Christians in the country has been discovered in the fifteenth, when an Abyssinian ambassador found his way to the Council of Florence. The Jesuits from Portugal saw the country abounding in monks and hermits all along from the Thebais into Abyssinia. Covilham, one of the two envoys despatched from Lisbon in quest of PRESTER JOHN, penetrated to the king's court in 1490, at Shoa, and brought back an Abyssinian prince as the true Timon prince. This practical result was a connection between Portugal and Abyssinia, lasting more than a century; during which, still more efforts were made to win over prince and people to the Romish faith. In 1603, at the persuasion of Paez, the king, his brother, and the nobles of the Court, publicly conformed.

The first thing Dr. Johnson wrote for the press was the translation, in 1735, of the Jesuit Lobo's "Voyage to Abyssinia in 1625," a book which records the conversion of Sultan Segued, Emperor of Abyssinia, with many of his subjects, to the Church of Rome, and is recommended by the translator for its simple probability in a thoroughly Johnsonian preface, every antithesis and epigram of which are levelled at the exaggerations of Bruce. A quarter of a century later, he reproduced in his "Ras-Selas, Prince of Abyssinia," the scenery and colouring which he had stored up from the vivid pages of the Portuguese father.

The Jesuits were now in the ascendant; and historical inquirers find themselves referred on all questions to two of their writers, Ludolf and Tellez. But, in priority of time, that influence became implicated, perhaps conflictingly, with the French; and in fact, in 1634, the Portuguese, priests and laymen, to the number of four hundred, were driven out of the country. In the last years of the seventh century, a French surgeon, Poncet, had the good fortune to cure the king, then at Gondar, of some severe complaint. Bruce was the first of

English travellers to visit the country. He also made a great impression by curing the king's son of small-pox, became a great favourite at court, and after spending some four years in the country (1768 to 1772) left behind him "a great name." Notwithstanding the vanity which marks his narrative, it was not published till within four years of his death in 1790, when after escaping so many perils by land and by sea, he died from the consequences of a fall downstairs as he was conducting a lady to her carriage. The Herodotus of modern times, he startled and stumbled Europe with marvellous narrations, some of which, however, have been confirmed, though others retain the fabulous taint first attributed to them. Next came Salt, who visited Abyssinia twice, in 1805 and in 1810; and about the same period, Lord Valentia; and, from time to time, until now, Pearce, Gobat (Bishop of Jerusalem), Küppel, the German, Isenberg and Krapf, also Germans, and our own countrymen, Major Harris, Kirk, Beke, and others.

Mr. Salt was the man who first made our nation reliably acquainted with the social, intellectual, and moral condition of the Abyssinians. The king of his day retained a court jester, a historiographer, and a painter. Paintings (such as they were) adorned both churches and private dwellings. The copying of manuscripts was a distinct profession, with cane for pens, parchment for paper, and we know not what for ink. At the head of the church spiritually (for the king was head of it politically), was a sole bishop styled Abuna, or Our Father. We are speaking of 1810, when the Patriarch of Jerusalem had just commissioned a Greek as Abuna, the presumption being that this office had been held by a succession of foreigners from the time of Frumentius.

When Mr. Salt visited the country, polygamy was still allowed, some gentlemen having five wives, and the king as many as he pleased. But the secular clergy were restricted to primitive example, not merely having only one wife at a time but not being allowed to take a second on the death of the first. Mr. Salt could not make a very favourable report of the intellectual attainments of the clergy; but he gave them credit for decision in the performance of their offices, some of which resembled those of the Church of England. He himself, indeed, consented to stand godfather to a boy at baptism. After naming the infant George, he was called upon first to prove his own competence for sponsorship by reciting the Belief and the Lord's prayer, and then "to make much the same promises as those required by our own church."

Besides narrating many illustrations in his book, Mr. Salt brought the religious condition of the Abyssinians under the

special notice of the leaders of evangelization in this country. The Jesuit fathers gave the people the Scriptures when they made proselytes of them. The copies were from the ancient Ethiopic version, taken (according to Ludolf), from the Septuagint. Bruce brought back a complete copy of the two Testaments in Ethiopic, and acquainted us with the quadripartite division of each adopted by the Abyssinian priesthood, including the Apocrypha with the Canon, and putting the Apocalypse into a supplement by itself. He also brought over three copies of the Book of Enoch in Ethiopic (one of which is in the Bodleian), taken from a Greek manuscript, of which all but a fragment had been lost. On examination, it was found to contain, in the second chapter, the very passage, word for word, quoted in Jude. An English translation of the entire book was published in 1822, by Dr. Lawrence, of Oxford.

Twelve years before (namely, at the close of 1810), the attention of the British and Foreign Bible Society was first called to the subject of supplying the Abyssinians with printed copies of the Ethiopic Scriptures. This was done by the Edinburgh Bible Society, at the instance of Dr. George Paxton, Professor of Divinity to the Antiburgher General Associate Synod, and author of the well-known "Illustrations of Scripture." The claim of the Abyssinians to consideration was urged on the grounds of their unshaken adherence to Christianity under peculiar temptations and discouragements; of the declension of that religion among them from the want of instruction; of their disposition and ability to read the Scriptures; and, lastly, of "the opportunity of communication at that time existing, and which," as Dr. Paxton observed, "if lost, might not be recovered for ages." These arguments had such weight that a sub-committee was appointed (of which Mr. Salt and Lord Valentia were made members), whose deliberations, after a year and a half spent in diligent inquiry, resulted in a recommendation to print a portion of the Ethiopic Bible by way of experiment, until Sir Evan Nepean, then about going to Bombay as Governor, should ascertain whether a complete copy of the Bible in that version could be procured from Abyssinia. Either, therefore, there must have been some mistake as to the completeness of the copy brought by Bruce, or it had escaped the memory or eluded the search of the Committee. From the testimony of that traveller himself, it is evident that much difficulty would attend the endeavour to procure a complete copy of all the books from Abyssinia, where, except in churches, and not always in them, it was unusual to see more than the Gospels or the Acts in individual keeping or possession. The Bible Society began with the Psalms and the Gospels of

Matthew and John, all of which were printed from the text of the Vulgate.

While, however, these were being prepared in Ethiopic, it came to the notice of the French Consulate at Cairo, under the direction of M. Asselin, Chargé d'affaires of France, one Abraham, an Ethiopian by birth, who had travelled with Bruce, had acquired a good knowledge of English in India, and was well versed in both modern and ancient languages, was engaged in rendering the Scriptures into Amharic, the spoken tongue of the majority of the Abyssinian people. This enterprise, entirely new, was completed in ten years, when the translator, retiring to Jerusalem, there to die and be buried, caught the plague in that city, and thus early obtained the consummation of his wish. The existence of this version being made known to the Committee in Earl-street, instructions were sent out to the late Rev. W. Jowett, author of "Christian Researches in Syria," uncle of the present Professor of Greek in Oxford, and then himself an agent of the Church Missionary Society in the East, to negotiate for the purchase of the manuscript, which thus, in 1819, became the property of the Society.

As in some other similar cases, so in this, the precious merchandise had a narrow escape of being lost at sea. On its safe arrival, arrangements were immediately made for the simultaneous publication of the four Gospels in Ethiopic and in Amharic, and under the care of Mr. Platt, the Society's learned librarian. This took place between 1822 and 1824. The books, when printed, were sent to Malta, and conveyed thence by missionaries to Abyssinia, where they were so gladly received that the Society determined to print two thousand copies of the whole of the New Testament in Amharic, and as many in Ethiopic, the Old Testament likewise being put to press. The printing of the Amharic Bible had in 1834, proceeded as far as to the end of the book of Moses, when Mr. Gobat, now Bishop of Jerusalem, who had laboured under the Church Missionary Society in Abyssinia, came on a visit to England, and encouraged the Committee of the Bible Society with pleasing accounts of the value set by the people upon the Gospels. Two years later, the Pentateuch was put to press; and, in 1839, the completion of the Old Testament was put to Mr. Platt at liberty to concentrate his whole attention upon the New, which was by and by issued in a corresponding form. Thus were the whole Scriptures given to Abyssinia by the Bible Society in both the learned language and the vulgar tongue.

The literature of the Abyssinians is considerable for a people who have not the printing press. They catalogue some 150 books, most of which are quasi-religious, and many of them translations from the Greek fathers. The Ethiopian version of

the translation is traditionally ascribed to Vicentius, their first bishop. In the list compiled by Krapf, are a calendar, a liturgy, and hymns, many of which are addressed to the Virgin Mary. There are also the Last Words of Christ to the Apostles before His ascension; Revelations to Moses not in the Pentateuch; a Letter written by Christ; a Book of Exorcisms (often buried with the dead); Prayers to Saints; Miracles of the Virgin, while three years and a half in Abyssinia with the infant Jesus; the Nine (Greek) Apostles of Abyssinia, with many others partly of an historical or biographical character, but to a large extent apocryphal and legendary.

The best means that we have of continuing the narrative of modern evangelization in Abyssinia from this point is furnished by Dr. Krapf, secretary of the Crishona Institute at Basle, and from 1837 to 1855 an agent of the Church Missionary Society. Intimately acquainted with Bishop Gobat and other missionaries in that region, he made several visits to Abyssinia, covering a space of eighteen years, and obtained, probably, as intimate a knowledge of the Abyssinian character as is possessed by any foreigner living. On his arrival at Adowa, the capital of Tigré, about the close of 1837, he joined Isenberg and Blumhardt in diligent prosecution of their labours for the Church Missionary Society. Accompanied by them, he visited the Prince, Ubie, who made them prisoners, but did not keep them so. Both the priests and their chief men were inimical to Protestantism, partly from bigotry, but more from greed; and, from that time, Krapf and his companions were overpowered by the adverse influence of two French explorers and two Roman Catholic priests accompanying them, who won Ubie with gifts, and persuaded the Alaka (or unordained superintendent of churches) that their two paths were identical. Instigated by the Frenchmen and their priestly companions, the Abyssinian priests destroyed all the Bibles and Testaments brought by Krapf that they could lay hands on. Quitting Tigré, he turned his face towards "the Christian Kingdom of Shoa," his companions awaiting at Cairo or elsewhere the decision of the Church Missionary Committee as to their subsequent movements. Isenberg, meanwhile, having been invited by Sahela Selassie, the King, to Shoa, went with Krapf to his court. In June, 1839, they found their way to his mountain capital at Ankober. His Majesty, being satisfied of the purely religious purpose of their mission, went with them to Argolala, the secondary capital, bordering upon the country of the Galla tribes. They requested him to give them a few boys to educate. He promised compliance; but, having misgivings, retracted, under the plea that they wanted doctors, masons, and smiths,

rather than religious teachers ; and it was a fact, that he himself took a lively interest in watching the operations of weavers, gunsmiths, and other artisans. The missionaries, therefore, were ordered back to Ankober, where, for a while, several boys came to them, of their own accord, to be taught. Isenberg, however, was recalled to London to assist Mr. Platt in the printing of the Amharic versions.

While Krapf was thus left solitary, there came another of those Frenchmen whose unseasonable appearance so often thwarts the objects of Protestant missions. The powder-mill invented by M. Rochet established him at once in the good graces of the king; while Dr. Krapf had the misfortune to offend his subjects by rendering his Galla version of the New Testament in the Roman, and not in the Ethiopic character. The simple-hearted doctor relates a characteristic anecdote of his unscrupulous rival, who wished him to join in affirming that they had discovered the sources of the Hawash. "How could they," answered Krapf, "when they had not even traced its course?" "Oh," replied Rochet, "we must be *philosophes*!"

Dr. Krapf, having a great idea that all East Africa will be converted through the instrumentality of the Gallas, was rejoiced to learn from the king, returning from his campaign against those tribes, that he had discovered Christians and Christian churches upon a mountain, severed by the Gallas in the lowlands from the northern churches in Shoa. To this day it is a favourite idea with the veteran explorers to go and seek out the little knots of Christians who are shut in among the mountains by the barbarian tribes in the south of Abyssinia. At that time his Majesty was in the habit of making three expeditions a year to levy tribute and extend his territories among the Gallas, "who," as Krapf sagely remarks, "are very foolish in provoking these calamities, as they might secure themselves by moderate payments in cattle and grain, were it not that their pride and passion for freedom lead to continual revolts and defeats."

Krapf, it may here be noticed, was in Shoa during Major Harris's political mission in 1841, and the king said he would hold him responsible if, by things going wrong, he should unwittingly offend the Major and his Queen. One may judge of the deep sincerity of this feeling from the circumstance that, though the king had five hundred wives already, he aspired to the hand of a British princess. The doctor did all he could to promote the success of the negotiations, foreseeing the advantage to Christian missions of a connection between Shoa and the coast, and thence to Aden; but the only result was the Major's three-volume book, and we must wait for a more enlightened set of native rulers.

The Shoan Christians, according to Krapf, are, in point of faith and ritual, Kopts; and in fact, since 1820, the Abuna of Abyssinia has been usually, if not invariably, nominated by the Patriarch of Alexandria. The Abyssinians have a superficial knowledge of Christian truths, but much corrupted with superstitions. Like the Eastern Christians in general, they are monophysites as to the nature of our Lord, while holding other fantastical notions common to the Greek and Latin communions. A monk at Gondar persuaded them that, though Christ has but one nature, and that divine, he has had three births; and in 1841, this same Sahela Selassie elevated the fancy to the dignity of an article of faith. This dogma is intimately connected with the cause of subsequent events in Abyssinia; for the Abuna at Gondar took the two-birth party under his protection, and, in the end, prompted Theodorus to make the matter a *casus belli* with the King of Shoa. The third birth has thus been suppressed as a doctrine; but the remaining two are stigmatized as the "knife-faith," in allusion to theological mutilation by the edge of the sword. Some of the absurdities of these Abyssinian Christians would entitle them to a high place among our own Ritualists: for example, when Cyril was Abuna in Gondar, he filled a bag with his own knight-known breath, in order that therewith some more priests might go forth and ordain candidates for priests' orders in Susa!

The residence of Krapf at Ankober was not wholly fruitless. He fed, clad, and taught ten boys in his own house, and the king liked him so well as to give him a silver sword, the badge of a "governor." Longing, however, to see the new Abuna who arrived at Gondar in 1841, and to ascertain his sentiments towards Protestant missionaries, he set off in March, 1842, with a quantity of the Ethiopic and Amharic Scriptures with which the Bible Society had furnished him, the king parting with much regret from "the only adviser who understood the customs of England as well as those of Shoa." A variety of obstacles frustrated the intentions of the worthy missionary, who thereupon went into East Africa, and made important explorations among the negro tribes.

In 1850, he returned to Europe, to advocate before the Committee in Salisbury-square his grand scheme of a complete equatorial chain of missions, extending from east to west across the African continent. Probably, the idea was too large to be then entertained. He visited Africa once more, and returned to Europe again in 1853. Having recruited in Würtemberg, he proceeded in 1854 to London, and found the Committee full of Bishop Gobat's plan for sending out to Abyssinia a number of mechanics, trained in the Crishona institution, in order to revive

and extend the mission which had been suspended since 1843. Krapf volunteered to pioneer the way with one of them ; namely, " brother Martin Flad from Württemberg," now among the captives. Taking Jerusalem in his route, that he might confer with the Bishop, he made, in 1855, his third and last visit to Abyssinia. Arrived at Gondar, he found the road to Shoa closed by the war that Theodorus was waging with that country. At Massowah, he had heard that Ubie, Prince of Tigré, had been visited by the new aspirant. Mr. Plowden, then British consul, expected great things from the success of Theodorus. The Abyssinians were themselves inclined to believe that he might be *the* Theodorus of their favourite book, " Fakra Yasous " (love of Jesus), who was to arise from queen, and subject the whole world to his sway. " It is probably," says Krapf, " out of regard to this saying, that Cassai adopted his Greek name." It is to be noted that, on conquering Tigré, he appointed a viceroy favourable to Europeans, turned out the Roman Catholic priests, prohibited the slave-trade, forbade polygamy among his soldiers, sought an alliance with the Emperor of Russia, and ordered the Mahomedans either to become Christians or to emigrate in two years.

On reaching the court of the ex-queen, Krapf proceeded to the tent of the Abuna, who met him half-way, and gave him a cordial reception, furnished as he was with letters from the Bishop of Jerusalem and the Koptic Patriarch at Cairo. The Abuna described Theodorus as more favourable to the Church than the ruler whom he had deposed, and explained his great object to be the establishment of the great Ethiopian empire on a Christian foundation, he proving his sincerity to the Abuna by reading the Bible, going to church, and taking the sacrament. The Romish missionaries being mentioned, the Abuna declared that, so long as he lived, they should not be allowed to return, having intrigued for his expulsion from Gondar. Protestants like Kruse and Lieder he should be always delighted to receive ; but Romanists, never. We learn from Krapf the position occupied by the naturalised Englishman, Bell, in the retinue of Theodorus. He is one of four who have the unenviable privilege of wearing royal clothing in battle, in order to give the king five chances of escape instead of but one. The Abuna bade Krapf be very careful not to let his Majesty know the religious character of the artisans whom Bishop Gobat was wishing to send, " as religious matters belonged to the jurisdiction of the Abuna, who was our friend." The king, on hearing of them, was well content with the prospect. " Your Majesty," said the Abuna, " will not interfere with their religion ?" " No," he answered, " that is your business ; and, in regard to that, I will do whatever you advise me." After this audience Krapf took leave, the king ordering

for him every accommodation on his return journey, and then setting forward with his army on new enterprises. He afterwards defeated the King of Shoa, took possession of his dominions, and ordered the distribution of the Bibles in Amharic, which were found in Krapf's house at Ankober, declaring his preference for the language understood of the people. In April, 1856, a new batch of four missionary students from Basle were sent out, and were well received by Theodorus.

After the departure of Dr. Krapf and his countrymen, the mission seems to have been terminated by the Church Missionary Society, and continued by the Institute at Basle in connection with the Bishop of Jerusalem, with the addition of a new mission to the quarter of a million of Jews (Falashas) in Abyssinia by the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Hebrew race. The missionary captives all belong to this mission. They are the Rev. H. A. Stern, Mr. and Mrs. Flad, Mr. Staiger, Mr. F. Brandeis, and Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal. Messrs. Stern and Rosenthal, by the last accounts, were in confinement at Magdala, a strong natural fortress, and Mrs. Rosenthal and Mr. and Mrs. Flad were following the king.

This is Mr. Stern's second mission to Abyssinia. On the first occasion he left Constantinople in November, 1859, with instructions to explore the parts of the country inhabited by the Jews, and report upon the opportunities for a mission to them. He returned to England in April, 1861, and induced the Committee to send out Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Rosenthal. The companion of his first journey was Mr. J. H. Bronkhurst, a Scripture reader, whom he left behind to prosecute the infant mission, aided by Mr. Flad, who had been engaged by the Committee on the recommendation of Bishop Gobat, together with Cornelius Joseph, a colporteur from Jerusalem, who died in April, 1864. Rosenthal, a converted Jew, had been formerly engaged in the London City Mission, and more lately at Jerusalem, where, for a while, he fell away, "though the oldest proselyte," from the Christian faith. Mr. Stern also was trained in the Operative Jewish Converts' Institution at Bethnal Green, but is a man of evident culture, and an ordained clergyman of the Church of England. Messrs. Stern and Rosenthal left Constantinople, and arrived, April, 1863, in Abyssinia, where they have ever since remained.

The missionaries fell in with the Abuna on his way to marry Theodorus to the daughter of his fallen foe, Ubie. The "boy ecclesiastic," as Stern styles him, received them coldly at first, but was cordial enough when satisfied that their real and only object was the conversion of the Falashas. By his advice, they

followed to congratulate the king on his marriage, and were entertained at a royal breakfast of cooked meat, though rather roughly prepared. But there is observable a certain tone in Mr. Stern's letters. When pleased, he is enthusiastic; when disgusted, sarcastic; on himself, complacent; and somewhat large upon his own doings, hardships, and dangers. The communications of Bronkhurst are less sanguine in expectation and more moderate under disappointment. "The king," writes the former, "received us with his usual affability;" a statement, adverting to which, among others, the secretaries of the Society wrote of Theodorus as having been "wonderfully raised up;" and at Khartoum, on his way back at Christmas, 1860, Stern mentions, as a proof of the king's good faith, that he had given to Flad and Bronkhurst, for instruction among the Falashas, a number of the copies of the Scriptures which had been presented to his Majesty by Bishop Gobat's German artisans. Flad and his coadjutor were established by Stern at Gondar, as the most favourable centre for their mission. In the spring of 1861 they write of their own recovery from illness, and of the death of Flad's child.

Stern's report of his first visit was given *viâ voce* at the annual meeting of the Society in 1861, and in more than thirty closely printed pages of the *Jewish Intelligencer* for July. In his speech he launched out against "the senseless idols of the Abyssinian Church." This scarcely seems a fair return for the kind and even brotherly letter of commendation which "Salane, Archbishop and Metropolitan of Abyssinia," gave to Mr. Stern, as "a pure apostle," in furtherance of his mission. In this report, which contains several points of interest, Mr. Stern describes Atzec Johannes, the Shadow King, and, according to Abyssinian annals, the legitimate successor to the Union, and lineal descendant of Solomon by the Queen of Sheba's son, as "that lump of monkish vanity," which he "could not help blessing God that brave Theodorus, and not weak, superstitious, and querulous Atzec Johannes, occupied the throne of Ethiopia." Be it observed that this thanksgiving is quickly followed by a relation of what happened when the king got hold of a copy of the Heidelberg Catechism, which Stern had brought with him. "He made it a text-book to examine his priests; and as, unfortunately, the majority could not answer the simplest question, his previous contempt got so intensified that, for a mere trifle, many were mercilessly beaten; and, if the transgression was a shade deeper, had their hands amputated; in fact, to use the late Mr. Bell's words, 'Give his Majesty a similar book, and he will *behead* the whole tribe of idle drones who prey on the ignorance of a degraded church and people.'"

This passage is immediately preceded by a grateful tribute to the king's "usual urbanity," and followed by the description of a "cordial welcome" to the palace, with a gracious inquiry why the royal guest "had not brought Mrs. Stern with him, and settled down in Abyssinia."

The Bishop Gobat, in his annual letter for 1860, complains, that, on account of the disturbed state of the country, he had received little news from the seven Crishona brethren in Abyssinia. Two of them had died on the frontiers; of the rest, Flad and Meyer were teaching children and adults, while Mrs. Flad was keeping a girls' school, chiefly for Galla pupils. The other four, who are not married, were working at different trades for the king, who, says the bishop, "continues to be as a father or brother to them," and "to cherish his love for the Word of God."

The correspondence between the missionaries and the Society and private friends is copious from the spring of 1864 to the autumn of 1865, but less frequent since. Intelligence of Mr. Stern's imprisonment first came from Haussmann, a Basle missionary, who had received verbal communications from Flad. In October, 1864, a letter came from Flad, dated Gaffat, May 27th, 1864, stating that Stern was still bound, but that Rosenthal was free, and with his wife and child in the camp at Gondar; Flad, with his wife and two children, living three days' journey off, with the two missionaries of the Scotch Society, unchained yet prisoners. On the 29th of March, 1865, another letter was received from Flad, dated Gaffat, November 16th, 1864, stating that the German brethren who were at liberty, besought the king on their knees, three times, to release the captives, but in vain. This letter enclosed one from them to Flad, in which he wrote: "If the British Government act wisely, we may all get out; but, should they adopt harsh and severe measures, the consequences will be serious." On the 5th of June, 1865, the Society heard from them direct, under date of April 6th, 1865, to the effect that, "conciliating letters failed to produce the desired result." A month later Mrs. Stern received a very full letter from her husband, dated Amba Magdala, Southern Abyssinia, April, 1865. He had now been a year and seven months in captivity. After narrating the king's interview with Consul Cameron, and his exceeding dissatisfaction with the letter that M. Bardel had brought from the Emperor of the French, he states the circumstances of his own capture. His work being finished, he had made preparations for return, and reached Gondar, intending to take leave of the king, but, being prevented by his Majesty's sudden departure on a warlike expedition, he bade adieu to the Abuna, and, on October 13th, 1863, quitted, as he thought for

ever, the capital of Abyssinia, Consul Cameron and M. Bardel accompanying him two hours on the road. Falling in with the Royal Court at Woggisa, he stopped to salute his Majesty. The king's brow wore an ominous frown, and, in less than ten minutes, two of Stern's servants lay dead men. The missionary was seen to put his hand to his mouth, and this simple circumstance was construed to his disadvantage, and he was stripped, and beaten till he lay nearly lifeless on the ground. He was then fastened by the wrist with a hoop and chain to the arm of a soldier; and, while his guardian slept, he passed the night in agony and groans. The king left him in the hands of keepers more pitiful than himself, who told him that he owed his hard lot to his intimacy with the Abuna, who, it was reported by jealous priests, had sold the church lands to Consul Cameron and himself. The appointment of Flad to wait upon him, and other circumstances, inspired him with hopes of speedy release, which were brightened by the king's sending for the European artisans at Gaffat, to come and reconcile the prisoner and his captor. But the king's mind was incensed with new reports to poor Stern's disadvantage. He seized all his papers, and put him under stricter guards, some of whom, snapping their fingers in token that all was over, exclaimed, "We are all but dust, and must die." At length the whole court was summoned to witness his public trial, when, looking round, he beheld Rosenthal in chains. Various crimes were laid to his charge, some without foundation, and others based upon imprudent expressions of opinion which had been found among his books and papers. Mrs. Flad, against whom a similar kind of evidence had been found, was pardoned for the sake of her artisan husband; but both Rosenthal and Stern were pronounced guilty. M. Bardel, who, according to his own expectation, was selected to examine the seized books and papers, had promised Stern that he would make it out to the king that everything of a compromising nature belonged to somebody in England. Who shall decide how that Frenchman redeemed his promise of a friendly lie? From this time (November 23) poor Stern and his companions in trouble expected death, and actually experienced the usual fate of those on whom a king has frowned. Stern, however, was promised freedom if he would confess that he had learned the history of the king's divine book from the family of the royal mother-in-law. Stern had no such acknowledgment to make. On the 4th of December the prisoners were taken before the king, who wished to know why they had insulted him; and, as they could only say that they had not written *in the language of the country* anything to give him umbrage, they were sent back to prison,

stripped almost to the bare skin, and for some hours were in momentary expectation of death.

Just before Christmas, a tantalising offer of release was sent, if Stern would furnish Flad with letters to England, enabling him to procure men and apparatus for making gunpowder. He assented; but nothing came of it, for, while the affair was pending, Consul Cameron's formal demand of letters of departure for his post at Massowah aroused afresh the king's jealous resentment, and on the 3rd of January, 1864, Cameron, his European servants, and all the missionaries were put in fetters, and clapped, with Stern and Rosenthal, in one immense prison within the royal inclosure. Arrived at this point, it is unnecessary to continue a particular narrative of events already, for the most part, known. Mrs. Flad, Mrs. Rosenthal, and their children, though not imprisoned, were abused, denied food, and harshly treated; yet, under the heaviest trials, maintained a heroic courage which surprised their oppressor. As for the German missionaries, they were soon liberated. Then Rosenthal, having gratified the king with some answer on a point of Scripture, was liberated from chains, and allowed to join his wife in a free captivity, and they have not since been separated. As to the cruelties, indignities, and insults heaped upon the other captives, there would be no end to their narration.

In November, 1864, they were removed to Magdala, their present place of confinement. In August and September of the following year, ample details were received from Mr. Stern of the alternate coaxings and tortures by which it was attempted to extort from him the names of those who were suspected of having furnished him with the facts the publication of which was so offensive to the king. Nearly a year wore away in vain hopes that some means would be found of effecting the deliverance of the captives. In November, 1865, the Committee instructed the secretaries to prepare a statement as to the efforts which had been made for that object. It appeared to them that the action of Theodorus was based upon considerations with which the Queen's Government only could deal. Dr. Beke was, however, sent out simultaneously with Mr. Rassam, whom the English Government had chosen for their agent, to solicit the release of Consul Cameron. Dr. Beke was kept back awhile, as it was feared that his appearance might interfere with Mr. Rassam's success; and while he was waiting at Massowah news came down that all the missionaries were released, and were on their way home. And so, indeed, they were; but before they had got many steps on the journey they were surrounded again by the king's soldiers, and, by the orders of the capricious despot, once more placed in chains. Mr. Rassam and his friends were also

detained, while the king sent Flad to England with a demand for English machinery and workmen. Dr. Beke, hearing the story of the release, but not of the re-capture, returned to England.

And thus matters remain to the present hour.

Letters continue to arrive from the captives, showing that, though with occasional relaxations in severity of treatment, they are still in durance. On the 10th of December they were in a more spacious prison, being distributed in four brushwood tenements, instead of being huddled in one miserable dungeon, where one could not lie at night unless the rest followed his example. Mr. Rassam had a dwelling somewhat better furnished, and with a few feet of cultivated ground attached to it. Mr. Stern, too, had liberty to pray and preach on Sunday. The prisoners, generally, did not quite despair. More recent letters still from Mr. Stern and Mr. Rosenthal, dated June 10th, describe the king's power as rapidly falling; so that he might, perhaps, not return at all to Magdala to resume and continue his massacre and spoliation. The imprisoned Europeans at Gaffat were deemed to be in hardly less danger than those in chains; for, though the pets of the king, they were obnoxious to the nation; and he had already told them, "If I am to die, you are to die first; do not therefore rejoice yet." Whether he meant by his own orders, or as victims to popular prey, is a moot point: for, only a few days before Mr. Rosenthal wrote, the maddened oppressor had, for no apparent reason at all, ruthlessly ordered the instant execution of a number of his own silver-shield bearers. The effect of this was to cause the desertion of a body of his best and bravest troops, who, to a full half of his whole army, coolly went over to the rebel forces. Mr. Stern also represents the career of the tyrant as drawing towards a close, his only doubt being whether he would first immolate himself and his companions in suffering, or carry them with him to the pestilential jungle, or wait on that rock the utter annihilation of his nearly exhausted power. Meantime, Mr. Flad had arrived from the coast without the artisans expected (for the English Government would not suffer them to put themselves in the despot's power), with a telescope through which, though an excellent glass, the bungling king complained that he could not see, and, in fine, with nothing to satisfy the greed of a barbarous ambition. "Why," he exclaimed, "did not England destroy the Turks, and give him their country: let them confront him, and if he did not beat them, call him woman." The next intelligence may probably be crises both of the political fortunes of the king and of the united destinies of his prisoners. In the meantime, they exhibit the courage of heroes and the constancy of martyrs; while, to Mr. Stern, as the moral leader of the hapless band, it

TRUTH AND MIST.

TWO SONNETS.

I.

'Twas early morning, a transparent veil
Of sun-lit mist, hung o'er the landscape round,
Not resting lake-like, low upon the ground,
But lightly covering both the hill and dale.
The mellowed beauty of the scene, words fail
To picture, for to every object there
An added grace seemed given, as if more fair
Enshrouded thus, than seen in clear detail.
But all at once the Sun, with brightening beam,
Pierced through the Mist—it vanished like a dream
And hidden beauties, one by one, concealed
Till then, were by His glorious rays revealed.
Lovely in Mist—but when it passed away
How far excelling in the Perfect Day!

II.

Truth lies outspread around divinely bright—
We look, and think we see it, but between
Our minds and It, as o'er that Nature's scene,
A mist from Earth is spread, and till the Light
Of Heaven's Sun reveal it to our sight,
Although its beauty shrouded thus, imparts
A joy so deep to pure and loving hearts,
Say, Can we see one single truth aright?
Philosophers—the Poet, and Divine,
Confused with doubts and dreams, try to define,
But veil the Truth with words, and like a pall
Sin hides, alas! its Perfectness from all.
And yet we love it in the *dimness* given.

'CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.'

PRIZE POEM, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, 1867, BY W. H. ELLIS,
OF TORONTO, GRANDSON OF REV. WILLIAM ELLIS, OF THE
NASCAR MISSION.

O WEARY child of toil and care,
Trembling at every cloud that lowers,
Come and behold how passing fair
Thy God hath made the flowers.

From every hill-side's sunny slope,
From every forest's leafy shade
The flowers, sweet messengers of Hope,
Bid thee "Be not afraid."

The Wild-flower blooms in yonder bower,
All heedless of to-morrow's storm ;
Nor trembles for the coming shower,
The Lily's stately form.

No busy shuttle plied to deck
With sunset tints the blushing Rose :
And little does the Harebell reck
Of toil and all its woes.

The Water Lily, pure and white,
Floats idle on the summer stream—
Seeming almost too fair and bright
For aught but poet's dream.

The gorgeous Tulip, though arrayed
In gold and gems, knows naught of care ;
The Violet in the mossy glade,
Of labour hath no share.

They toil not—yet the Lily's dyes
Phœnician fabrics far surpass ;
Nor India's rarest gem outvies
The little Blue-eyed Grass.

For God's own hand hath clothed the flowers
With fairy form and rainbow hue,
Hath nurtured them with summer showers,
And watered them with dew.

To-day a thousand blossoms fair,
From sunny slope or sheltered glade,
With grateful incense fill the air—
To-morrow they shall fade.

But thou shalt live when sinks in night
Yon glorious sun : and shall not He
Who hath the flowers so richly dight,
Much rather care for thee ?

O faithless murmurer ! thou mayest read
A lesson in the lowly sod ;
Heaven will supply thine every need :
Fear not, but trust in God.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE chivalrous Garibaldi, the hero of Italy, is shut up in prison—arrested by the Government of the country which he was on his way to serve, by restoring to it its ancient capital and scaring away that which has for ages been its curse—the Papal conspiracy against the freedom and civilization of the world. His cry was, “Forward, Romans; break your chains on the cowls of your oppressors, drive the priests and foreign mercenaries out of Italy, and your country will bless you.” He supposed he would thus put the top stone on Italian independence, and make his country the most glorious under heaven. Yet there cannot be a doubt that Ratazzi did rightly and wisely in ordering his arrest. Perhaps the convention of September ought never to have been made, but being made it must be kept. No pretext must be given to France for interfering in Italian affairs again. Italy has need of peace; broils must be avoided, and the Roman difficulty must be allowed to solve itself without violence; and this it will soon do. A Government which, like that in Rome, is upheld by foreign mercenaries, is self-condemned, and it will now be the duty of the Italians to insist that the temporal authority of the Pope shall not be imposed on the Roman people against their will by French recruits. Garibaldi must go back to Caprera, and not launch any more enterprises in Italy, except at the call of its lawful and constitutional Government.

The rescue of Fenian prisoners from the Manchester police van, by an organized force, armed with revolvers, and ready to shoot down all who may stand in their way, is a very serious business. It is not probable that the Fenian conspiracy has any very extensive ramifications in this country, or that it will venture on any demonstration except in the half-dozen large towns where the Irish mostly congregate; but half-a-dozen such outrages as that reported from Manchester may very seriously affect our national credit, and injure the national prosperity. For these daring law-breakers there can be only swift and heavy punishment; but how dares Fenianism to lift its savage head amongst our quiet and orderly civilization? It supplies numbers of needy adventurers with money; but they could do nothing if the Irish people loved us and loved our laws. We have alienated them, and it is hard work to win their confidence again. Give them tenant right and sweep off the Irish Church. These acts of justice must be done, and done quickly, but there will still be needed long years of good government, &

generation of generous landlords, and persistent private kindness, before they will bless us with that warm-hearted affection which would have been as great a source of strength to us as their hate is now our weakness.

The Pan-Anglican Synod has met at Lambeth, and may have done great things of which we are ignorant. The only visible result is, merciless ridicule of the Bishops. There were 78 of them present. *All* the Scotch Bishops, for, as the *Times* observes, people of a doubtful position in society accept all invitations, 23 Colonials, 21 Americans, 9 Irish, and 18 English—10 of the Home Bench refusing to attend, including the Archbishop of York. They resolved that the best way of promoting union would be found in prayer and the cultivation of a spirit of charity. To which we devoutly say Amen, and trust we may henceforth ourselves reap the benefit of a little more charity in the Bishops and clergy of the Establishment. They also promise to seek "to diffuse through every part of the Christian community that desire to return to the faith and discipline of the undivided Church which was the principle of the English Reformation." The Ritualists say that is exactly what they are doing—striving to return to the faith and practice of an undivided church. From the ends of the earth these Bishops have assembled, and creating themselves into a synod with a great-sounding name, have discussed "letters mandatory" and points of ecclesiastical etiquette; but the divisions that are rending the Church, the assaults upon the Christian faith, the evangelization of the masses whom their ministry at present leaves untouched—every one of the great religious, ecclesiastical, and social problems of the day—they have passed over without a word. They dared not touch them. They have declared to the world that they would fain aggrandise the authority and profit of their office, without being able to perform any of the more important functions that belong to it.

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Apologetics of the Christian Faith. By the late W. H. HETHERINGTON, D.D., LL.D. With an Introductory Notice by ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THE subject of these lectures is one of the most important and difficult with which a theological professor can deal. In order to its

successful treatment, it requires an extensive acquaintance with literature, a power to appreciate the force of any currents of thought tending to weaken or undermine faith, a broad and generous spirit capable of defending the truth without asperity or bitterness, an inspiring confidence by the candour which it displays and the freedom with which it prosecutes its inquiries. The objections to be encountered come from so many sides that the man who has to grapple with them must needs possess considerable versatility. He will have no success with those who take their stand on purely philosophic grounds, unless he possess a metaphysical subtlety equal to their own; but he must also have other qualities to meet those whose scepticism arises from historic difficulties; while those of a dreamy, imaginative, romancing character like Rénan, on whom hard, dry reasoning falls almost powerless, must need a still different power wherewith to confute them. Dr. Hetherington, like many of his fellow-countrymen, was best fitted to meet objectors of the first class. He had a clear, cool, logical mind, but his logic was apt sometimes to be rather hard, and his style somewhat dry and uninviting. These lectures are a posthumous publication, and might probably have been recast with, we should hope, the omission of some passages if he had himself prepared them for the press. We do not suppose that they will exert any very material influence upon an age like ours, which has too little sympathy with the particular style of thought by which they are characterized; still they are able, learned, and scholarly—sometimes too narrow and dogmatic in their tone, occasionally needlessly severe, but revealing considerable metaphysical acumen, great logical force, extensive reading, and a large acquaintance with some branches of the subject.

The first division is devoted to Natural Theology. Dr. Hetherington gives more prominence to the *à priori* argument than has been the practice of most modern theologians, and he certainly employs it with remarkable skill and ability. He does not attempt to base any decided conclusions upon it, yet he insists that it has its own distinctive value, and that it is only in connection with it that a posterior reasoning acquires its full force. The chapter in which he combines the two arguments, and develops their united results, is remarkably able, and constitutes a strong, we should say an impregnable, foundation for the truth which he desires to establish. In the second part, which relates to Revealed Theology, he does not advance anything particularly new; but he discusses the subject of revelation and inspiration with great fulness, follows the history of speculation on the important questions involved, exhibits the characteristics of some modern schools of thought, tracing them to their respective sources, and examining their claims. We fully agree with him in his aversion to that excessive theorizing about the mode and degrees of inspiration by which some of the defenders of revelation have, in our judgment, often weakened their own cause. We are not so satisfied with some of his judgments on particular men. Dr. Pye Smith, who is dismissed in a single sentence, as holding a theory almost identical with that of Dr. Henderson, deserves much more respectful and

thoughtful attention than he has received ; and indeed the real merit of these two divines, and others who sympathize with them, is hardly appreciated. Coleridge and Schleiermacher are discussed at greater length, and the former, in particular, meets with kinder treatment than we might have anticipated. On Mr. Maurice our author is severe, maintaining that he does little more than reproduce Schleiermacher, and that he has but little title to the laudations which he has received. Mr. Morrell comes in for a still more emphatic condemnation as a servile disciple of the German, in whose philosophy there is not a single thought which can be called his own. It would lead us further than our limits would allow were we to attempt a discussion of these opinions ; but we cannot help saying that a more generous criticism would have carried more weight. We especially regret to see the very severe attack upon Mr. Macnaught. His book exerted but little influence ; and, considering the subsequent history of the author, the strong censures upon him might with advantage have been omitted. As a whole, the book is but imperfectly adapted to meet our modern forms of scepticism ; but it is a valuable review of the course of thought on the important subject of which it treats.

Personal Recollections of the Hon. G. W. Gordon, late of Jamaica.

By the Rev. DUNCAN FLETCHER. London : Elliot Stock.

MR. FLETCHER, the author of this brief sketch of Mr. Gordon's life, was an intimate friend who thoroughly knew the man, and whose testimony to his personal worth is therefore most valuable. If anything could add to the guilt of the shameless injustice with which Mr. Gordon was treated, it is the cruel way in which his character has been assailed by the defenders of Governor Eyre. The admirers of the chivalrous gentlemen who displayed such remarkable promptitude and energy in suppressing a rebellion after every appearance of it had ceased, might surely be content with the blood of the man martyred in defiance of all law and justice, to quiet the fears of the panic-stricken governor, without seeking to filch from him his good name. If indeed Mr. Gordon had been all that his calumniators assert, it would avail nothing towards mitigating the harsh injustice of the treatment he received. We are not in the habit of arraigning men before courts-martial, and hanging them, either because their pecuniary affairs are embarrassed, or because their religious life is a piece of hypocrisy, or even because their political utterances are somewhat strong and decided. If, therefore, the utmost that has ever been alleged against Mr. Gordon were proved to be true, the damning guilt of Mr. Eyre would remain the same. This little book, however, which is in perfect harmony with the testimony of men who have personally known Mr. Gordon and on whose judgment we can place perfect reliance, proves that Mr. Gordon was a man worthy of honour and esteem, alike in his social, political, and religious life. It proves, on the other hand, that Mr. Eyre's feeling against him was not of recent date, and lends additional weight to the suspicion that personal spite had not a little to do with the proceedings taken against him. There is no special literary merit

about the book, which is interesting mainly because of the personal reminiscences it contains.

Ante-Nicene Library.—III. *Tatian, Theophilus, and the Clementine Recognitions*. IV. *Clement of Alexandria*. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS fresh instalment of Messrs. Clark's valuable series fully sustains the reputation of its predecessors. The "Clementine Recognitions" are specially valuable because of the prominence given to them in recent discussions. Students therefore will be exceedingly glad to have this very careful and, so far as we have been able to examine, impartial translation. Tatian and Theophilus are but little known, but the fragments of their writings which remain well deserve the place which has been here given them. Of the importance of the works of "Clement of Alexandria," it is unnecessary for us to speak. With all their merits, they are marked by those faults which mar the beauty and detract from the value of much of the Patristic literature. They serve, however, to exhibit the early development of tendencies, which soon began to exert an injurious influence in the Church, and will well repay careful study. We are glad to see that the series has already received a support which it so richly merits, and would express our sincere hope that ministers and students generally will give it that hearty encouragement which is essential to success. Messrs. Clark are amply redeeming their own promises, and those for whose good they are labouring ought heartily to sustain their efforts.

The Christian Year Book, 1867. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

THIS has long been a desideratum. As a rule, Christian men are ignorant of what is passing in the church beyond the narrow circle of their own sect, and, as the result, are too often narrow in their sympathies and judgment. In a time when happily there is a daily increasing catholicity of feeling this ought not to be, and yet, from the difficulty of obtaining the information, the remedy was not easy to find. The publishers of the present manual have, however, done something towards meeting this difficulty, by the publication of this very complete and valuable digest. It would no doubt be possible to discover errors and suggest some improvements, but the idea is too excellent, and it has been worked out with too much care, to allow of the indulgence of mere petty cavils. We only hope that it will be so supported as to warrant its continuance in future years, when, we doubt not, it will be made to approach nearer to perfection.

THE
CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

NOVEMBER, 1867.

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD.

BY THE REV. J. H. HINTON, M.A.

"Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."—2 Corinthians vi. 17, 18.

"I WILL BE A FATHER UNTO YOU!" This is undoubtedly one of the "exceeding great and precious promises" spoken of by the Apostle elsewhere (2 Peter i. 4), as made to believers in Jesus. But, when we read it, does it not occur to us that (according to some teachers, at least) God is already our Father, inasmuch as He is the Father of all mankind? So, in these days, we are earnestly taught; and it is strongly maintained that Fatherhood, if not the only relation which God bears to mankind, is yet the great and comprehensive relation which rules, and over-rules, all others, and regulates the entire conduct of God towards us. It is certainly an important question whether this is really so.

In order properly to answer this question, it is important to determine in what manner the word Father is to be understood. It is very well known that, in our every-day language, many words are used in two senses, the one literal and the other figurative; the former having a direct, and the latter an analogical, meaning. So we use the word "bread" literally, when we speak of that which we eat; and Christ used it figuratively, when he said (John vi. 35), "I am the bread of life." In like manner, the word "father" may be used in two senses. There can be no doubt that on some occasions it is so; and a preliminary question for us is—in which sense is it used in the case before us—the literal or the figurative?

We are aware that it has been laid down by some writers that the paternal relation rests primarily and originally in the God-head itself. We hesitate, however, in adopting this general statement. We are aware that in the scriptural representation of the Divine Trinity the terms Father and Son are employed, and that the Son is called "the only begotten of the Father"; but we do not know how to understand these phrases as implying any *real* act of generation—a process which seems to us utterly incompatible with the essential unity, equality, and eternity of the Deity. It seems to us, rather, that the paternal relation exists primarily among men. In our judgment, a father is strictly a human person, and fatherhood an exclusively human relation; so that, when the terms Father and Son are applied to the first and second persons in the Trinity, they are used analogically—denoting, indeed, some wonderful and glorious distinction in the Divine nature, but not a *real* brotherhood or sonship.

It has been strongly asserted that God is, at any rate, the Father of the human nature of our Lord Jesus Christ, and a passage from the Gospel by Luke is relied upon as fully proving this. The passage is as follows:—

And the angel answered and said unto her [Mary], The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God. (Luke i. 35.)

To us, however, on the most attentive and serious consideration of the passage, it appears that no true act of generation is here ascribed to God, and that, consequently, no true relation of fatherhood results. Mary became a mother by an immediate exercise of Divine power: so much the scripture asserts—no more. To say that this constituted or involved an act of generation is to us an intolerable misapplication of words.

And, as the terms father and fatherhood are to be understood analogically, when applied to God himself, so they might be understood in a similar manner when applied to the relation of God to mankind. God is not *literally* the father of the human race, or of any portion of them, to whatever extent he may be *figuratively* so; all that we are taught by the use of this word is that He is in some respects like a father. The question that comes before us, then, is properly this: In what respects is God like a father?

Now, in the use of figurative language it never happens that one thing is like another in all respects. There are always some differences; and, together with these, there may be resemblances in various respects or degrees. So in the case before us.

There is a sense in which God may be said to be the Father of the entire universe, inasmuch as He is the author of its existence;

as a father is (instrumentally) the author of the existence of his child. An example of this use of the paternal relation may be found in the highly poetical language of the Book of Job.

Hath the rain a father ?
 Or who hath begotten the drops of dew ?
 Out of whose womb came the ice ?
 And the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it ?
 Job xxxviii. 28, 29.

There is a higher sense in which God may be called the Father of the human race, and of the human race in its entirety, partly on account of His having created man in His own likeness (Genesis i. 27), and partly on account of the beneficial administration of His providence towards all men.

It does not appear to us, however, that there is any higher sense than this in which God is scripturally said to be the Father of all men. We know that a different view is maintained by some good and able men, and we shall proceed to give due consideration to their arguments.

The most important arguments in such a case are, of course, those which are drawn from the Holy Scriptures; and we notice particularly, therefore, some passages which have been adduced.

A passage principally relied on is to be found in the Gospel by John, chap. i., ver. 18, where we find the following words of John the Baptist:—"No man hath seen God at any time: the only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." By some writers John is understood to say that Christ "declared" or revealed the fact that God is "the Father" of all mankind, this being "the essential name of God in His relation to our souls." We cannot but think this a misunderstanding of John's words. The word "Father," in this passage, means clearly to relate, not to mankind, but to Christ personally, and to correspond most appropriately with the phrase "the only-begotten Son," and just before. The idea would be more completely expressed if one were to read thus—"the only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of [His] Father." It was "God," in a more general view, whom no man had seen, whom Christ came to declare, or reveal, and the word "Father," here employed, determines nothing as to the import of that translation.

On this subject we are referred also to a more extended passage in the Gospel by John, chap. v., vers. 17, 37.

17. But Jesus answered them, My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.
 18. Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he not only had broken the sabbath, but said also that God was his Father, making himself equal with God.

19. Then answered Jesus and said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do: for what things soever he doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise.

20. For the Father loveth the Son, and sheweth him all things that himself doeth : and he will shew him greater works than these, that ye may marvel.

21. For as the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them ; even so the Son quickeneth whom he will.

22. For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son :

23. That all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father. He that honoureth not the Son honoureth not the Father which hath sent him.

24. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation ; but is passed from death unto life.

25. Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God : and they that hear shall live.

26. For as the Father hath life in himself ; so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself ;

27. And hath given him authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of man.

28. Marvel not at this : for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice,

29. And shall come forth ; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life ; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.

30. I can of mine own self do nothing : as I hear, I judge : and my judgment is just ; because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me.

31. If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true.

32. There is another that beareth witness of me ; and I know that the witness which he witnesseth of me is true.

33. Ye sent unto John, and he bare witness unto the truth.

34. But I receive not testimony from man : but these things I say, that ye might be saved.

35. He was a burning and a shining light : and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light.

36. But I have greater witness than that of John : for the works which the Father hath given me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me.

37. And the Father himself, which hath sent me, hath borne witness of me.

We are told by some writers that our Lord is here unfolding the fatherly relation of God to mankind at large, "holding fast the name ['Father'] even when he speaks of judgment" (v. 27). Now, it is quite true that the phrase "the Father" is continually on the lips of our Lord throughout this passage, but there is no evidence that is intended to express God's relation to mankind ; on the contrary, it is clear, in our judgment, that it relates to our Lord himself exclusively. It anywhere means "my Father," or "His Father," and the omission of the pronoun is a mere example of euphony. This is evident, we think, from the commencement of the passage : "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work" (ver. 17). Immediately after this our Lord changes *His* mode of speaking of himself from the first to the third

person, and says—not “I,” but “the Son;” and then He, naturally and appropriately, says—not “My Father,” but “the Father;” meaning throughout *His* Father, but not using the pronoun, which is with sufficient clearness understood, because its frequent introduction would be displeasing to the ear. If any one of our readers should wish to put this to the test, he can easily do so by reading aloud the passage with the pronoun inserted, and saying everywhere “*His* Father” instead of “*the* Father.” In verse 30 our Lord resumes the first person: “I seek not mine own will, but the will of *the Father*, who hath sent me;” the meaning being (as we think, evidently), “*My* Father.”

It has been further observed, that our Lord, in His last prayer (John 17), speaks of declaring the name of the Father as a work which He had faithfully accomplished. Now, it is no doubt true that, in one view, to declare the name, or character of God was the great object of Christ’s ministry on earth; but the nineteenth chapter of John contains no evidence whatever that this name, or character, was the Father, or God’s fatherhood, of all mankind. Throughout His last prayer our Lord addresses God exclusively as *His* Father; and throughout the whole of the wonderful discourse which precedes it, His use of the name is similarly restricted, as is evident, not only from the general structure of the discourse, but more particularly from His occasional use of the express formula, “My Father”—chap. xiv. v. 2, 7, 20, 23, 28; chap. xv. v. 8, 10.

In relation to the subject before us, stress has been laid on the language of Paul at Athens; “As certain also of your own poets have said—For we are also His offspring” (Acts xvii. 28). This saying, which, although quoted from a heathen writer, Paul by quoting it adopts as his own, has been supposed to indicate a relation of sonship belonging by a common right to all men. This interpretation of it, however, cannot, we think, be sustained. There was something in the occasion on which Paul quoted it which restricted its meaning within far narrower limits. He was addressing the assembly on Mars’ Hill as a preacher of the gospel, and one part of his object was to expose the falsehood and the folly of the idolatry which prevailed around him. For this purpose he aptly cited a pagan authority: “One of your own poets has said, we are also His offspring;” and he thus applied the saying: “Forasmuch, then, as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like to gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man’s device.” The Apostle’s object is simple and obvious. We ought not, he asserts, to regard graven images as gods; and his argument is direct and conclusive. We are the offspring of God; but such

gods as these cannot have any offspring—that is, they cannot give existence to any other being; and, consequently, they cannot to gods. The general fact that God is the author of our being is all that the argument of the Apostle requires or implies, and is obviously all that he has in his view. This, no doubt, is a universal fact, and comprehends not only the whole race of man, but a great deal besides; but it does not imply the relation of fatherhood and sonship in any higher sense.

Another scriptural phrase on which considerable stress has been laid occurs in the third chapter of the Gospel by Luke. In this chapter the Evangelist gives the genealogy of Jesus, beginning with His immediate (reputed) father, Joseph, and ascending up to Adam, who he says, “was the Son of God.” It would not seem, however, that any particular stress can safely be laid on this phrase. The only object of Luke was to trace the fact of the genealogy, which he does by the use of the same phrase throughout; and when he rounds off the list by saying that the last member of it was the Son of God, he means no more than to represent God was the author of Adam’s existence, as other parents in succession had been of their children’s.

To this examination of Scripture references—and we know of no others than those we have adverted to—we may add a brief notice of the general argument that the paternal relation is necessarily involved in the act of creation, and grows naturally out of it. An obvious and fatal objection to this argument is that it has far too wide a scope. Upon this supposition, God must be the father in the highest sense of at least every intelligent being He has made, without any respect to their character; not only of angels as well as men, but of fallen angels as well as fallen men; a conclusion quite inadmissible.

To us, indeed, it seems obvious that the primary and only essential relation of God to mankind, is that of the Creator to the created; a relation which He holds in fact to the entire universe, and to mankind in general with it. All other relations which He may hold to it, and any other relation which He may hold to any part of it, must be regarded as arising out of His sovereign will, and as varying with the character borne by the portions of the universe respectively, whether inanimate, animate, or rational. With respect to His intelligent creatures, it would seem that the Creator is entitled to form any relations He pleases between himself and them, provided only that they are characterized by equity—that He requires of them nothing more than can be justly demanded, and that He inflicts upon them nothing more than may be justly deserved.

Pursuing this line of thought in relation to mankind, we arrive shortly at the method of moral government, or govern-

ment by command and recompense, the method which God was pleased to adopt in relation to our race, and thus He constituted between himself and us the relation of moral governor and subjects; both His law and its sanctions having an equitable relation to our faculties, circumstances, and events.

In addition to this, however, God has been pleased to assume an attitude of far richer benignity, conferring on the criminal and unworthy privileges of a much higher order, and securing them by arrangements of infinite wisdom and love. As expressive of this attitude, He calls himself Father, and thus constitutes the relation of fatherhood and sonship. According to the Scriptures, however, as we read them, this fatherly relation God bears, not to the whole of the human race, but to a part of them only; to such part of them, namely, as believe in the name, and are renewed in the image of His Son, Jesus Christ.

Of this tenor is clearly the passage which we have placed at the head of this paper.

"Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.

And fully to the same import are the following words from the Gospel by John:—

He came unto his own and his own received Him not; but as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to as many as believe in His name." John i. 11, 12.

And similar passages abound in the Epistles, the following are examples:—

Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. Gal. iii. 26. Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. 1 John iii. 1.

God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to receive them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. Gal. iv. 4, 5.

For as many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God. Romans viii. 14.

We are constrained to think, or confess, that the testimony of Scripture on this subject is at once plain and decisive, copious and unequivocal.

We have taken the more pains to show that the notion of the universal fatherhood of God is at once without scriptural foundation, and contradicted by Scripture testimony, because of the important position which it is made to hold in systematic theology, and the momentous practical influences which are drawn from it. It is laid down by its advocates that a real paternal relation is the one and all-comprehensive relation of

God to mankind, ruling and over-ruling every other; and that according to which all God's methods towards mankind must be regulated. That this cannot be so, must be now manifest to all who have come with us to the conclusion that no such relation exists; but it may be worth while to glance at the conclusions which are without scruple drawn from it by its advocates.

It is laid down, then, as a general principle that since God is to us a father, He can adopt no method towards us which is not accordant with those of domestic life; that whatever the father of a family cannot be supposed to do, God, in His ways towards man cannot be supposed to do. And this principle carried out into detail, leads to such conclusions as these—that in the divine administration there can be no destructive punishment, and especially no everlasting punishment, since all paternal punishment must of necessity be remedial, intended for, and issuing in the benefit of the offender; and that, in the divine administration there can be no such thing as expiation for sin by the suffering and death of another, it being quite inconceivable that a parent should, with respect to his erring children, pursue so frightful a method. It is quite monstrous, we are told, to suppose that a parent would not forgive the transgressions of a repentant child without executing the curse of a bloody sacrifice.

Now we fully admit the certainty of these conclusions, *if the premises be granted*. Once let us be convinced that God is a father to the whole human race, and we should no longer hold either of these doctrines; that, on the one hand, God "will render to every man according to his works" (Rom. ii. 6); or that Christ "bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Pet. ii. 24). We resist this process of reasoning at its commencement, by denying the premises from which the conclusions are drawn; and we must deny them, or prepare ourselves to abandon what we hold to be vital and all-important doctrines of the Gospel.

We wish our readers to understand, therefore, that, in refusing to admit the notion of the universal fatherhood of God, we are not magnifying a trivial distinction, or contending against a mere form of words. The conception is a practically fruitful one, and is pregnant with consequences of the greatest importance, we may add, with the most fatal mischiefs.

If we are now asked, what relation, then, we conceive God to hold towards all men, we answer with perfect readiness and entire simplicity, the relation of a moral governor. To repeat in a single sentence what we have already said, the primary and essential relation which God bears to mankind, is that of the Creator to the creature; a relation to which it is quite com-

petent to Him, in His holy sovereignty, to superadd any other which may seem to Him good. On this broad basis it has seemed good to Him to establish a process of rule by motive and recompense, or a government by persuasion and reward; otherwise called a *moral* government, to distinguish it from the *physical* government, or the rule of force, which He administers over the inanimate and brute creation. This method of government comprehends all the human race who acquire the use of their rational powers, and, with this single limitation, God holds towards all men the relation of moral governor.

It is very clear that the principal elements which enter into the constitution of a moral government, or a government by persuasion and reward, are to be found in the Holy Scriptures. Thus, in an important passage in the Epistle to the Romans—the Apostle says:—

God will render to every man according to his deeds.

To those who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory, honour, and immortality, eternal life:

But unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation, and wrath,

In the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ, according to my Gospel. Romans ii. 6—16.

Here the great principles of a moral government are clearly expressed. And in perfect accordance with these are the facts of human conviction. God has given to us a law, which is "holy and righteous, and good;" and which our blessed Lord summed up in the two great commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself" (Mark xii. 30, 31). He observes with a judicial eye, the conduct of those whom He has thus subjected to law, and "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men" (Romans i. 18); while, for the consummation of this great system, "He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness" (Acts xvii. 31).

Such being the leading features of the divine administration towards mankind, distinctly stated in the Scriptures, it is obvious that it cannot be illustrated by any analogies drawn from domestic life. If we wish to find any proceedings among men which bear a resemblance to these features, we must look, not to the domestic, but to the judicial—not to the father, but to the magistrate. On a careful observation, it is plain that these two relations differ, not only widely, but essentially. A father has before him the welfare of his children, a magistrate the welfare of the community; a father must be guided by love, a magistrate by law; a father may do many things which a

magistrate must not ; a magistrate must do many things which a father could not. The parental analogy, therefore, fails altogether in its supposed adaptation to illustrate the method of God with man, and its use, instead of being instructive, is deceptive—even ruinously deceptive.

To a certain extent, the forms and processes of human judicature afford points of resemblance far more justly applicable. Human government, in some of its forms, is a moral government, a government of persuasion, of motive and recompense. Among ourselves there is a law which we are required to obey, there are magistrates to ascertain and to punish disobedience ; and there are defined penalties proportioning the punishment to the offence. And here, in its salient points, is a shadow of God's administration.

Like a magistrate, God has not before him the well-being of the individual, but the maintenance of a government ; like a magistrate, God has not to show kindness, but to execute law ; like a magistrate, God has not to cover iniquity, but to search out and to condemn ; like a magistrate, God is not to show mercy, but to maintain righteousness.

The illustration thus to be derived of the ways of God towards man is, indeed, far from perfect, as all such illustrations inevitably must be ; but, so far as they extend, they are just. Inasmuch as God is not simply a magistrate, but a sovereign also, and blends these two characters in one, it is competent to Him to do much that a mere magistrate could not, and especially to devise and adopt some mode by which righteousness may be maintained and yet may be extended to the sinner : as it is written, " Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other " (Psalm lxxxv. 10).

The conclusion to which these observations have conducted us is this : that the analogies which the paternal relation supplies are not, in their fullest sense, applicable to the attitude of God towards mankind universally, but to a part of mankind only ; to that part of them, namely, who are reconciled to Him by faith in His Son, and so brought into a state of gracious fellowship with Him. Antecedently to this great change, God holds to us all the attitude of a moral governor, and the analogies illustrative of this attitude are to be devised from human judicial institutions ; when, however, " being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ " (Rom. v. 1), He acts towards us on a different principle—no longer as a magistrate, but as a father ; as it is written, " I will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, with the Lord Almighty " (2 Cor. vi. 18).

And the practical bearing of this view is at once obvious and important.

In the first place, it teaches us how very serious are our earliest transactions with God. If we had to regard Him as a father, and exclusively as a father, we might form slender notions of the criminality of our disobedience, or of the gravity of His displeasure. We might cherish a fallacious expectation of His unqualified kindness towards us, and might totally misunderstand His method of forgiveness. It is of unspeakable importance for us to understand our position better than this; to know that God has founded on His sovereign rights over us, as His creatures, a system of government by law and retribution—of holy law and righteous retribution—which in all His dealings He will inflexibly maintain. On our own part, every sin is a violation of His law, and a provocation of His wrath; on His part, is the necessity of maintaining in full operation a government too “glorious in holiness” for Him to permit it to be dishonoured. He “will render unto every man according to his deeds, in the day when He shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ.”

In the second place, the view we have taken opens to us the true and only method of acceptable approach to God. Although righteous in condemning the transgressor, the eternal Judge is not eager to condemn. “For God hath so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but should have everlasting life” (John ii. 16). He is, indeed, plenteous in mercy, and ready to forgive; but the manifestation of His mercy is in a peculiar method, devised and prepared to reconcile its exercise with righteousness. It is exclusively through Jesus Christ, “whom He hath set forth as a propitiation for sin, through faith in His blood,” in order that He may be “just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus” (Romans iii. 26). A sinner, therefore, has no reason for either despair or discouragement; he may, on the contrary, be assured of a gracious reception at the hands of his offended Father; but he must approach in the way prescribed—in submission to “the righteousness of God.” It is “the precious blood of Christ,” and that alone, which cleanseth from all sin, and that because it has been shed in expiation for sin.

In the third place, the view we have taken, introduces us to the highest view of Christian privilege. It is to those who have peace with Him through Jesus Christ that God is a father. He loves them “like as a father pitieth His children” (Psalm xiii. 13). The very highest exercises of parental love, as it is found to exist among men, may be expected from Him, and infinitely more than these, because we are men and He is God. And if God told us as a father we shall be to Him as children; and children, then heirs; “heirs of God, and joint heirs with

Christ" (Rom. viii. 17). "Behold, what manner of love," exclaims the Apostle, "the Father hath shown unto us, that we should be called the sons of God! . . . Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is" (1 John iii. 1, 2).

JONAH: THE PROPHET AND THE MAN.

THE position of the book of Jonah in the Old Testament canon, is a fact of some apologetic value. It is found a standing rebuke of intolerance among the sacred writings of a most intolerant people. Intense nationality has always been a Jewish characteristic. In the earlier history of the people, their prophets were most exclusively national. In later times, the national religion had degenerated almost entirely into intolerance. Yet, withal, this book was recognized and preserved as divine. We need not commit ourselves to any theory of a miraculous formation of the canon; but this fact is worth contemplating. We say nothing of any Divine interference with circumstances for the preservation of the sacred parchments; but there must have been a Divine influence in the nation. God's Spirit lifted readers and guardians of the Holy Writings above prevailing national sentiment; He who gave to his people a succession of men, inspired to recognize and value all Divine teaching, was thus vindicating for this book its place in the records of his revelation.

It is because it exposes and rebukes the sin of intolerance that this book has been preserved; this constitutes its claim to be in the Bible, and has secured its place here. Jonah was a Jewish prophet, but his words to Israel have been lost. We read, 2 Kings xiv. 25, that Jeroboam the Second "restored the coast of Israel from the entering of Hamath unto the sea of the plain, according to the word of the Lord God of Israel, which he spake by the hand of his servant Jonah, the son of Amittai, the prophet, which was of Gath-hepher." This is all that is recorded of the prophet's relations with his own people. But for Nineveh, we should know little more of Jonah than his name.

The reason of Jonah's disobedience to the heavenly voice,—

a voice of God still heard directing us to duty, and that once
ard can never be mistaken, how hard soever, how unwelcome
ever the task to which it bids—is boldly and frankly told in
a history. No tenderness for the prophet's reputation is
owed to veil his sin: exclusiveness is laid bare in all its base-
ss and malignity. It would be quite possible to find gentler
asons for his flight to Tarshish. We should have found such
reason in timidity,—the shrinking of a dweller in an obscure
wn of a petty nation from entering the proud and stately
y to rebuke it; or in the reluctance of one whose pleasant
ork it had been to utter messages of deliverance, now to
nounce and threaten. But Jonah has no such mild excuses
: himself. He was not a timid man; the history sets him
th as one of turbulent spirit and obstinate force of will. He
d not shrink from threatening; it was quite a congenial task
: him to denounce woes against Nineveh. The thing that
d did in sparing the city "displeased him exceedingly, and he
us very angry. And he prayed unto the Lord, and said, I pray
ee, O LORD, was not this my saying, when I was yet in my
untry? Therefore I fled before unto Tarshish: for I knew
at thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of
eat kindness, and repentest thee of the evil." That was the
ret of his disobedience. He was indignant that the Lord
ould care for the haughty heathen city; indignant that he, a
wish prophet, should be charged to call an alien people to re-
ntance: rather let the doom come down upon them without
urning and without hope. There is no room to weaken the force
these words; there is no need for us to offer other explana-
ons of the prophet's conduct. National antipathy and religious
clusiveness will account for it all. Even to-day bitter words
e spoken, and bitter deeds are wrought, in England and by
nglishmen, against alien races, without shame or shrinking,
at would be utterly intolerable if said and done against our
low-countrymen or our neighbours. The "horrors of war"
e mitigated when white men are in conflict with each other;
at the policy of extermination is justified, and pleasant names
e given to foul and cowardly offences, when the white man is
nged against the black. "Negrophobia" is respectable; the
negrophiles" are those on whom "society" pours out its scorn.
? what, too, is not religious exclusiveness capable? The belief
at God cares, or ought to care, only for an elect few; that the
st of the world are allowed, or should be allowed, to go on in
eir sin unwarned, unpleaded with, unhopèd for, and unsaved,
s in itself any possibilities of cold cruelty. If all who profess
e creed are not cold and cruel, it is because the personal in-
fluence of Christ is stronger than their unhappy logic.

Equally marked in the history is God's determination to expose the workings and rebuke the sin of exclusiveness. Surely there were gentle men in Israel, to whom the woes of Nineveh would have been the "burden," and who would have rejoiced in Nineveh's repentance. Surely there were more reverent prophets in Israel, who could have been more easily persuaded to a mission of mercy to an alien city. Why was the hard and obstinate Jonah called and forced to a work so uncongenial to him;—a work that goaded him to wildest turbulence, and called out his bitterest passion? It might have been the same thing for Nineveh to have listened to a better man; their faith and repentance might have been aroused, and their doom averted. But it would not have been the same thing for Jonah to have gone out into eternity with his bad heart unsearched and uncorrected. We can now read not only that the proud and wicked heathen city received a messenger from Jehovah, and "repented at his preaching;" we have God's solemn rebuke of a common sin, and many a man may find here searching and humbling lessons. Jonah rebelled against the mission appointed him, but he had to fulfil it. "Man is immortal till his work is done," even though sometimes death would be more welcome than to do it. The prophet did not perish in his disobedience, though it brought him so nigh to death. The rescued prophet heard again the voice of the Lord, "Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee." For to draw up to the gates of death is not to be released from the necessity of obedience; danger and deliverance dissolve not duty. No; nor does even death itself. The voices that men hear in the depths of the soul, the truth that God binds as a burden on them, go with them into eternity. To do his work is our sole discharge. A man may have his hours of faithlessness, when he seeks to escape from God and God's bidding, careless whither he may go if only he can silence the unwelcome voice. But every true man will rejoice that escape was made impossible; that he has been followed in his self-will, and finally delivered from it; preserved in dark prison-houses, and brought out at length to find the unheeded voice sounding still the same, setting him to the duty that waited for him through his estrangement, and still waits, demanding to be done. Only, moreover, by obeying God's bidding can we be purged from the sinfulness that makes obedience unwelcome. God's chosen servants have to yield to him; though often in the yielding they are searched, and convicted of startling wickedness. The prophet's preaching illustrates the prophet's experience. God was calling the preacher of repentance to repent himself. But for the firm hand of God upon him Jonah had been destroyed.

The broadly human features of the book of Jonah are, however, of deeper interest than the merely prophetic story. In the working of Jonah's anger we see the characteristics of all-absorbing selfish passion; and God's mode of curing him is an example of the myriad influences by which he restores the self-absorbed to true and healthy life.

The weakness of the passionate nature, for instance, is illustrated in Jonah's contempt of life. Nineveh was not to be destroyed as he had prophesied, and his pride is wounded: and he says, "Therefore now, O Lord, take, I beseech thee, my life from me; for it is better for me to die than to live." A man's worth may be measured by the reverence he has for his life. "To live,"—says Sir Thomas Browne,—“to live, indeed, is to be ourselves, which being not only a hope, but an evidence, in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's churchyard as in the sands of Egypt, ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the moles of Adrianus.” “Ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever,”—they are noble words and breathe the very spirit of the Bible. “With thee is the fountain of life,” says the Psalmist, in highest adoration of God. Christ, in claiming for himself that he is One with the Father, speaks of the life that is in him, and which he has power to give, as the proof of this. “As the Father raiseth up the dead, and giveth life to them, even so the Son giveth life to whom he will. As the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself, because he is the Son of Man.” It is well for Christians to be aware of the real impiety that lurks under a longing for death, and weariness of the life which, day by day, God is bestowing on us here. The Gospel, which delivers us from a coward fear of dying, was never intended to foster an equally coward fear of living.

“My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore.”

He who brought immortality to light through the Gospel, brought also life to light. He claimed for God this daily being, wherein men toil and sorrow, and are disappointed; and filled it with a spirit and a purpose, a presence and a power, that make it sacred as any after-life can be. To despise this high gift of God; to set it in the balance against disappointments, or labours, or unwelcome duties, and the common daily demands,—because of sadness or weariness, to stretch out hopeless hands and long for death,—is the mark of a coward spirit, and dark impiety. Such a scorn of God's rich blessedness is scorn of God himself.

The unreality of passionate self-absorption is also revealed in

Jonah. Even after he has recognized that God is sparing the city, he still affects to believe that it will be overthrown. He hastens out of it lest he should be partaker of its plagues; he will not dwell in a builded house, for fear of being crushed under its walls, but makes himself a booth. "He sat down till he might see what would become of the city;" pretending, that is, that he is awaiting its destruction. He would appear to Nineveh, and would persuade himself, that he is still expectant of the end he had foretold.

What impiety! one is ready to say; what hateful affectation and insincerity! But is it very uncommon? How many continue to cherish expectations that they well know will never be realized; still pursue an object to which they once gave themselves, conscious all the while that they are living an unreal life! Do we never try to live again in the dreams of our youth? Are we always ready to listen to the voice that tells us that the old hope, the old passion is dead, that urges us to the duty of to-day? Passion becomes an "old hysterical mock disease." Much of life is wasted because of the refusal to acknowledge that we have outgrown the expectations of the past, or that time and change have swept us far beyond them.

The selfishness of an absorbing passion is illustrated in Jonah's contempt of the men of Nineveh. He will not share in their repentance. He will not encourage their hope that God may yet turn away his fierce anger; nor join them in their gratitude that God has spared them. He shuts himself up alone to brood over his anger. God has falsified the mere letter of the prophecy which he forced Jonah to utter. That is all he can think of. He knew this; he thought it would be so, and so it has proved.

All passion tends to arrogance. Self-absorption means scorn of one's fellows. In the eagerness of one desire, men come to despise all ordinary pursuits. Hope puffs them up, so that they look down on others as infinitely little. Nor is it eager passion alone that is arrogant; there are pride, and contempt of others, quite as often in the tear as in the smile. The sufferer sometimes looks, as from a very lofty height, down upon the joyful, and scorns those who are not acquainted with grief. A single passion may arrogate to itself the whole sphere of life, constitute itself the be-all and end-all of existence.

"Du Heilige, rufe dein kind zurück!
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet."

It is well to be aware of this; to know the secret of seclusion from the joys and hopes, the anxieties and dangers, the penitence and gratitude of other men. The holiest emotions may become

ening. Even friendship, the sorrow of bereavement, that to open the heart to all mankind, will, if yielded to as if were the whole of life, harden us, make us unloving, vicious, and arrogant. To grow, even through the purest joys, deaf to the calls of duty, and unfit for human sympathies is to forsake the fellowship of Christ Jesus for that of the proud, selfish prophet Jonah. Neither scorn nor pride ever drove Christ from human life. He trod its common ways; he labored upon its poorest toils; and comforted its trivial, as well as its deepest, griefs; and shared its daily joys; and men are not little in his sight. Under the "strait" of the mightiest discipline that ever constrained a human spirit; engrossed with a duty as vast as the intent of the Eternal Will; burdened by the sacrifice and consecration of the world's sacrifice, he never despised nor despised anything in which men were interested. He calls his people to be like himself. The disciple whose heart is most open, whose sympathies take in most fully alike the high and the low, the hopeful and the despondent, the joyful and the sad; he it is who is most like his Lord.

It is with exceeding gentleness that God reproves and seeks to restore the angry prophet. He does not follow him again into terrors, as when he pursued him with shipwreck, and plunged him to the depth to close around him, and wrapped his head with weeds, and barred the earth about him, and made him feel faint within him. The disobedient are constrained by a force too strong for them; but even the ungracious doing of things brings the spirit into fitness for gentler discipline. The Lord cares for Jonah in his self-will: "He prepared a gourd, and made it to come up over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head, to deliver him from his grief. So Jonah was very glad of the gourd." And when he smites the gourd, and sends the vehement east wind and burning sun to beat on the prophet's head, it is that he may speak in words gentler than the storm-shade, and reveal himself to the stricken spirit as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. How different is this man! Man would have said, "Let Jonah experience to the full all the barrenness and bitterness he has brought upon himself; let the life he scorns be taken from him." So we are repaying scorn with scorn; glad that the self-absorbed prophet is his own tormentor. "My thoughts are not your thoughts, nor are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." "He shall not sorrow nor cry, neither shall any man hear his voice in the land. A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench; he shall bring forth judgment unto

and he seeks to restore the prophet by awakening love in his

heart : awakening his interest, and making him tender over the gourd. "Love for a gourd," some may contemptuously ask; "what weak folly is this?" But this is the meaning of the history. "Thou hadst pity on the gourd," are God's own words to Jonah. In poor cottages, looking so destitute one hardly likes to enter them, women nurse flowers, calling them "pets" and "beauties," and cherishing them as gently as though the flowers could smile on them, and repay them for their care. These know what it is to love the plants; and many a one is bound by this tenderness to a world of men and women, which else she would regard with selfish, bitter scorn. "The little ewe lamb," says Nathan, the prophet, "that the poor man had, lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter." Over the wretched, gloomy Jonah, sprung up the wondrous plant; and its leaves and tendrils drew off his thoughts from himself; and as he watched it grow, a new interest was awakened in him. His heart softened to the plant; and the man who, a little before, despised his own life and scorned all Nineveh, becomes strangely tender and reverential over a gourd. There is something wonderful in life, even though it be the life of a common weed. Such things speak to us, however faintly we may understand them, of an awful power that forms, and an ever-watchful care that tends them: they are "fearfully and wonderfully made." Around us are manifold influences to wean us from perverse melancholy, and draw men out of themselves. Jonah loves his gourd, and "has pity" on it when it is smitten.

The first result of Jonah's tenderness would seem to be a deeper gloom. Another wrong is added to his suffering; and again he cries for death. "It came to pass, when the sun did arise, that God prepared a vehement east wind; and the sun beat upon the head of Jonah, that he fainted, and wished in himself to die, and said, It is better for me to die than to live." But it has not been all in vain: for he is prepared to listen to the voice that once more sounds in his ears. "And God said to Jonah, Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd? And he said, I do well to be angry, even unto death." They were bad and bitter words to speak; but better spoken than hid in his heart. There is yet one thing worse than perverse and sullen speech to God—perverse and sullen silence. No longer brooding over his woe, but uttering it to God, God answers him. He who spoke to Job out of the whirlwind answers Jonah from the withered leaves and stalks of the dying gourd.

How wonderful is what he says; the tenderness that was in Jonah, poor as it was, mingled with selfishness as it was, is yet, in its dim and partial way, an emblem of the tenderness of God for every creature he has made. "Then said the LORD. Thou

hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not laboured, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night, and perished in a night: and should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?" O! sweet and awful words. "Thy care and watchfulness may give thee to understand mine. Thou canst not bear to see wasted life; that even a plant should perish, and its beauty and grace, on which so much skill is lavished, be no more. Thou canst not bear that what has lived, and lived for thee, should die. And shall I be careless of the great city; shall I bear to see the men and women and little children who live, live in me, and live for me; and the poor dumb beasts that I have bound up in fate with man—shall I bear to see them die?" There is yet this sacred energy in love, that, however poor it may be, however mixed with selfishness, it admits us into the secret of God's counsel, helps us to bear divine mysteries and understand God's ways. "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

God has put around us the tokens and witnesses of his divine care and tenderness on every hand. Every blade of grass we tread on has been by him endowed with life; the lilies of the field are clothed, and sparrows numbered, and the fowls of the air fed by him. And so is heard on every hand the voice that calls from absorbing selfish passion; from our griefs, our angers, and our woes. But most of all, in this great world of men, whom he loves and pities and spares, are to be found the blessed influences by which he would reprove us in all our selfishness and restore us to himself. Rising "from lonely woes that wring the breast;" from "the grief that saps the mind;" from the despondency that sighs, and the rebellion that cries, for death; and moving among men and women, and little children that laugh and cry, and learn and disobey,—the victim of an absorbing passion will meet with his reproving and restoring God. Here he will be convicted of weakness and selfishness, and here he will be healed. The great truth of God's care for all, and care for him, will be taught him here,—that God is not fickle, but in infinite wisdom is doing all things well. Life is worth having, when every human creature is felt worthy of love, and the voice of duty will sweetly beckon into human sympathy and human helpfulness. The dark mystery of life will be read. In God's care for all men, each one will find himself surrounded by God's care for him. The wise and blessed purpose of the individual destiny is seen in the one eternal purpose of love to men.

A. M.

THE DWELLINGS OF THE LONDON POOR.

As a convincing proof that we have entered upon a career of "cheap and nasty, universal shoddy, and devil's-dust cunningly varnished over, and presented in all places invitingly cheap, free trade with the devil in the belly of it," Mr. Carlyle points out one small example only—London bricks, which, he says, in the course of sixty years or sooner, are reduced to dry clay again. "Bricks," continues the indignant philosopher, "burn them rightly, build them faithfully with mortar faithfully tempered, they will stand, I believe, barring earthquakes and cannons, for 6,000 years if you like! Etruscan pottery (*baked clay*, but rightly baked) is some 3,000 years of age, and still fresh as an infant. Nothing I know of is more lasting than a well-made brick." Because of the bricks, combined with bad building, "truly the state of London houses and London house-building, at this time—who shall express how detestable it is—how frightful! England needs to be rebuilt once every seventy years. Build it once rightly, the expense will be, say, fifty per cent. more; but it will stand till the day of judgment. Every seventy years we shall save the expense of building all England over again."

If, as we are informed by the last annual report of the Registrar-General—and as we can see for ourselves, unless we are afflicted with "ostrich-like blindness"—London is becoming larger every day, and if other great cities are daily growing greater, builders and architects would be conferring truly a lasting boon upon posterity, if they would lay these words to heart before building any more houses. What Thomas Fuller calls "the plague of building" has fallen heavily upon us, especially in the neighbourhood of London during the last half-century, and we fear it has not half spent its force yet. It is always pretty reading to light upon what London was before the man-made and mendacious town had usurped the place of God's sweet and pleasant country; when the salmon leaped in the Thames, and the cattle lowed in the fields, and the sheep browsed upon the hill-sides, and the nightingale sang in the woods, and the corn waved in smiling valleys. Since even Dr. Johnson's day, who, upon entering London, saw the maypole in the Strand and jocund youngsters dancing around it, what a change has come

over the place. Without reckoning the suburbs, London now occupies more than 122 square miles of ground, and taking in the suburbs, we are said to have an area of 687 square miles, with the additional misfortune—so it is admitted, and not tacitly—that there is scarcely a house fit to live in. There are three millions and a half of souls sleeping every night within the suburban postal districts, in houses fast dry-rotting towards their doom of three score years and ten.

If, however, a groan may be honestly growled over those "concrete mendacities" known by the name of "villas," "crescents," "terraces," and "parks," to say nothing of "vales," "avenues," and "hill-drops," and for which good round sums in the shape of rent and taxes are annually paid, what deeper language will be at our command when we approach those other "mendacities" of London commonly called "courts," "alleys," "rents," "follies," &c.? These places, we need hardly say, are tenanted by the industrial classes, who also pay a rent for them which, considering the accommodation afforded and the fearful waste of life they entail, is exorbitant indeed. We are in the presence of an enormous evil, alike destructive of life and religion, the moment we enter a London court, be it in Drury Lane or Bethnal Green, in Holborn or the New Cut. The houses seem to have been built in flagrant violation of every law of health, decency, and morality. They are constructed of porous bricks and rotten mortar, the result being that the walls become saturated with damp from without and miasma and infection from within, and the mouldering plaster harbours vermin in swarms. So narrow is the court that the sun's beams seldom reach beyond the chimneys or the windows of the topmost story; so impure is the court that the windows can never be opened to let in air, although poor people inside are dying of typhus and gasping for a breath of it, however poisonous; so horrible is the court altogether, that it may fitly be named the Valley of the Shadow of Death. As you walk through it, carefully picking your way amid refuse and offal and nuisance, sickening to every sense, and as carefully avoiding the poor, half-naked little babies, who are tumbling about in all directions, you wonder how human beings can possibly exist in such a court. That numbers do live there you have no doubt, for your appearance has caused the dull wall of doorways to bristle with heads, and you yourself have become an object of some interest, but of grave suspicion, to the inhabitants of the court. A word or two of civil speech, and you may enter one of the houses, and you may commence an inspection of a chamber of horrors, from the basement to the roof. It consists of four stories, not including the basement, and each story has two rooms upon it. You had better be prepared to

find a distinct family in each room ; and if you are a "family man," so much the better.

When you have reached the cellar, or "breakfast-room," you will find it to be the only living and sleeping room of three persons : of an aged woman who, in "unwomanly rags," is cowering over the fire, and of a married couple, the better-half of the two now being engaged in doing a bit of ironing. Fortunately, you have not come to look at the furniture, and so you are not disappointed with the apologies for beds, chairs, and tables which the dirty little basement offers. You ask, clearing your throat of the indefinable something which the smell of the room has introduced into it—"How much, now, for this room?" "Half-a-crown a week, sir." Upon ascending the rickety staircase to the ground floor, you may examine two rooms larger than the one you have just left, the front one letting at four and sixpence a-week, and the back at three and sixpence. In the front room a tailor is stitching away, taking no notice of the pot boiling over on the fire, of the screaming children on the floor, or of the still louder screaming mother who hastes to the rescue of her vegetables. You glance round the room, and you see how dirty and naked and unwholesome it is ; how little light can come in, and how little air, and how frowsy the atmosphere. In the back room there is a poor woman ill in bed, if bed it may be called, and you merely ask your question as to the rent paid of a neighbour who has stepped in to see her, and who is ready at the door to answer any query or to accept any gratuity. Ascending to the first floor, back and front, you meet with a rental of three and sixpence and three shillings ; and upon going up to the last story, a rental of half-a-crown and two shillings, the rooms being very much the worse for wear. There is a family in each, and in one or two instances cats and dogs form part of the family circle. In looking through one of the back windows you see that there is the barest apology for "a yard," and that what there is is foul with dust and refuse. You come down stairs, impressed with the conviction that here is a house, occupied by at least ten times the number of persons which it was intended to accommodate, and that the existence of such a house is an insult to the decency and modesty of the nineteenth century.

But if that house is multiplied a thousand and ten thousand fold we should have some faint conception of the manner in which the poor of London are housed, north, south, east, and west. A small court, such as we have described, will sometimes house hundreds, not of people, but of families, the physical conditions of whose lives are nothing short of poisonous. To inhabit such a house as the one we have described during the day-time, when the only air which enters comes in at the open

door, or by crannies and crevices which fortunately exist, must be bad enough, but at night, when the door is closed, it must be poisonous beyond description. The over-crowded apartment, whose atmosphere is loaded with foul and noxious gases, instead of being a place of repose where the wearied limbs and exhausted energies may regain strength for the toils of the morrow, is connected with a pestilential hot-bed, whose vapour spreads a pallor over the face of the sleeper, and instils into his unconscious frame the seeds of disease, which will bring forth certain fruit in death. He may wake on the morrow, but his exhausted energies have not been revived. He goes forth to his daily avocations, feeling jaded in body and depressed in spirits, only to repeat at night the loathsome experiment he is so often compelled to undergo. And apart altogether from physical, there are moral evils inseparable from such a mode of residence. The family of a working man, forced to reside in a single apartment, must necessarily perform every office there, while at night every foot of available space is often converted into sleeping room. Husbands and fathers, and the children as they grow up, soon begin to loathe their pent-up and unwholesome abodes. Indeed, they are almost driven from their homes, while the spacious "public," with its glittering attractions and jovial company, extends a hearty welcome to the house-disgusted mechanic."

The question for many years has been, what can be done to remedy an evil of gigantic magnitude? And something has been done of late which deserves our warmest commendation. "City improvements" have done something. In the Holborn Valley improvements, the Corporation has broken up a great number of old poisonous nests of fever and disease which had for years endangered the lives of thousands living in their neighbourhood. Mr. Peabody's gift is already bearing fruit in localities where hitherto a decent dwelling for a working man could hardly be found. The Improved Industrial Dwellings Company have done good service in the blocks of buildings which they have erected in different parts of London. An extensive purchase has, we believe, been completed in Bethnal Green, and new blocks of houses for the working classes will soon be commenced, in addition to those already erected by Miss Burdett Coutts.

We recently had the pleasure of visiting "Columbia Square," the name given to Miss Coutts's houses. The square is situate at the back of Shoreditch Church, and is surrounded by a very unenviable district, in which unwholesome houses are the rule. The new buildings consist of four blocks, each of which contains upwards of forty sets of apartments, at different rentals, and constructed to meet the wants of families or of single men.

For instance, there are more than fifty suites of these rooms ranging from four shillings to five and sixpence per week, and these rooms are well adapted for families. Then there are one hundred and one sets of rooms from three shillings to four and sixpence; and there are twenty-nine sets of single rooms varying in rent from two shillings and two-and-ninepence. The three-roomed set offers every convenience to a working man with a family. There is a good living-room fitted up with an excellent kitchen range, boiler, and oven, and a place for the coals. The room is airy in summer and cosy in winter; it measures twelve feet by ten. The bed-rooms are two feet narrower than the living rooms; they are also well ventilated. Should the two bed-rooms not be enough, then another room may be taken, and still the family keep together and meet for meals in the living room. Washing may be done on the premises, each block of houses being provided with a large laundry and drying-room. There are lavatories, baths, and offices between the sets of apartments, and the drainage of the entire establishment has been well cared for. The two-roomed set consists of a living-room and bed-room, suitable for "beginners;" the single rooms are now and then occupied by single people, but more frequently by friends or relatives of those in the three-roomed set. A more admirably arranged set of houses was never built than those in Columbia Square, and we are glad to know that working men share this opinion. From a return made last summer, it appeared that the square was tenanted by four hundred adults, and three hundred and sixteen children; for the latter a capital playground is provided by the open courtyard in the middle of the square. Amongst the tenants last year were cabinet-makers, carpenters, wood-carvers, a cigar-maker, a stone-mason, a wood-turner, compositors, shoemakers, blacksmiths, a cork-cutter, brush-makers, butchers, coopers, book-binders, tin-workers, brick-layers, porters, and labourers. It need scarcely be said that the tenants occupying Columbia Square are as independent as those in other houses, and that there is nothing of the alms-house look about the place. They pay their rent every Monday, and no arrears are allowed; they must pay for all damage not caused by fair wear, and drunken or disorderly tenants immediately receive notice to quit.

Adjoining Columbia Square a new market is now in course of construction; this, too, is the generous work of Miss Coutts. Besides the shops, shambles and various market accessories, there will be two or three grades of dwellings for letting, and residences for the market officials. The buildings form a quadrangle 285 feet from east to west, and 255 from north to south. The principal entrance will be by a handsome gate

tower; in the centre of the quadrangle will be a large fountain, and around it trees will be planted. Here, it is hoped, the industrial classes will be able to buy wholesome food at a moderate price. Miss Coutts has also erected "model dwellings" near the grounds of her residence; "Holly Village," with its houses of yellow brick, others of white brick, and some with stone dressings, forms a very pretty appendage to "Holly Lodge," Highgate.

We are glad to find, and no sane person could have ever doubted it, that the building of decent dwellings for the poor is a success, commercially considered. Philanthropy has begun a work which commerce may safely take up and finish. The great opponents and slanderers of model dwellings are the shameless owners of squalid property in our large cities, who see that their days of greed are numbered, and that for a far less sum than has for years been extorted from them the poor may be comfortably and respectably housed. The great difficulty with which the humbler classes in London have to contend is the almost fabulous price of land; but this difficulty can be got over by the help of public companies. It has to a great extent been got over by the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company, of which Sir Sydney H. Waterlow is the mainspring. This company, at its last half-yearly meeting, reported that its capital had doubled within the past year, and now amounted to more than £80,000. The houses erected by them had never lacked tenants, who heartily appreciated the various advantages offered by their wholesome and cheaply-rented dwellings. The directors regarded their success as clearly demonstrating that failure would never attend any well-organised scheme to improve the dwellings of the poor. They are now content to rely entirely upon the commercial aspects of the question, and they are arranging for more extensive operations, through the assistance of loans from Government.

What is still needed is the erection of a class of house suitable for those who have lately been evicted from their miserable dwellings to make way for City improvements. During the present year as many as sixteen thousand tenements will be pulled down in London, and it is estimated that about one hundred thousand persons would thus be sent adrift. The houses doomed have long been known as fever dens and cholera nests, and one is glad to know that a clean sweep will be made of them, but common humanity requires that there should be accommodation found for those evicted. It is useless to offer them suburban residences and cheap trains. They must live near their work, near the fruit and fish markets. They can afford to pay sufficient rent to make it worth

the while of any company to put up houses for their use. As matters are, however, we drive them out of one neighbourhood only that they may introduce the evils of overcrowding into another.

On the whole, we think this question of providing decent dwellings for our industrial population should engage the attention of Christian men more than it hitherto seems to have done. It is almost an impossibility for men and women to be good in the fever dens in which so many of them are compelled to live in London. If we could make a poor man's cottage a welcome home to him, we should "outbid the house of gin," and do much in preparing the way for "godliness, which is next to cleanliness."

THE BOOK OF MALACHI.

(B. C. 420.)

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

A COMPARISON of the Book of Nehemiah with this prophecy shows that Malachi was contemporary with that eminent governor of Judah, to whom he seems to have sustained the same relation as that borne by Haggai and Zechariah to Zerubbabel a century earlier.

Malachi's prophecy is largely founded upon the writings of Isaiah, as Zechariah's is upon those of Jeremiah. Much of the interest of this book centres in the fact that it formed the keynote of the teaching of John the Baptist, the "man sent from God," whose ministry is in it foretold. We have the same call to repentance, the same exhortation to the relative duties, the same announcement of the coming of the Messiah to sift the wheat and burn the chaff as those which echoed in the wilderness four centuries later. Hence, though not the most modern of all Old Testament scripture (part of II. Chronicles being of later date), it forms a real and most important link between the scriptures of the old and of the new covenants. The name by which the Baptist designated Christ, "He that should come," seems taken from Malachi, and in the self-

hatefulness and unbelief here depicted we see the germs of Pharisaism and Sadduceeism of after days.

The book may be divided into seven sections. The prophet 1) asserts God's love to restored Israel in contrast with His action of desolated Edom : condemns (§ 2) the irreligion of people, and especially of the priests : reproves the people (§ 3) breaking the Divine covenant by their divorces and intermarriages with the heathen, for which the example of Abraham is no excuse : announces (§ 4) the advent of the Lord, preceded by His messenger : blames the people (§ 5) for neglecting to pay tithes, grounding promises of blessing on repentance : denounces hypocrisy (§ 6), promising a reward to faith : and again (§ 7) tells the day of wrath, exhorts to preparation for it by reverence to the law, promises the coming of Elijah, and threatens the land with a curse if his message should be rejected.

THE BURDEN OF THE WORD OF THE LORD TO ISRAEL BY MALACHI.

§ 1 (c. I. 2-5).

Lo, I have loved you, saith the Lord of Hosts ;
And yet ye say, "How hast thou shown thy love ?"
Esau was Jacob's brother, saith the Lord,
Yet Jacob did I love and Esau hate ;
His mountain I made waste, his heritage
A home for jackals of the wilderness.
And when the Edomites shall, boasting, say,
"Lo, we are poor, but we will build again
Our ruined house," thus saith the Lord of Hosts,
They may build up, but I will overthrow !
They shall be called, 'The land of wickedness,
The people whom the Lord will ever hate.
'This shall your eyes behold, then shall ye say,
"The Lord is magnified beyond our coasts !"

§ 2 (I. 6--II. 9).

Behold a son his father doth regard,
A servant fears his master. Am I, then,
To you a father ? Where is my regard ?
A master ? Where is, then, the reverence due ?
So saith the Lord of Hosts to you, ye priests
Who thus despise my name ! And yet ye say,
"Wherein have we thy name despised ?" Behold,
Polluted food ye to mine altar bring ;
But still ye say, "Wherein is it unclean ?"
Yourselves have judged it so, for oft ye say
"The table of the Lord deserves contempt ;"
And is not this an evil, thus to bring
The blind, the lame, the sick, for sacrifice ?

Present them now unto your Governor !
 Will he be pleased with thee, and favour thee ?
 Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, entreat ye, then,
 The Lord for grace, and bring your offerings !
 Will He His favour show ? Thus saith the Lord,
 Is there no man among you that will close
 The temple doors, so that my altar fires
 No more in vain may rise ? Thus saith the Lord,
 I have no pleasure in you ; from your hand
 No offering will I take ! But now, behold,
 From where the sun doth rise to where he sets.
 My name among the nations shall be great !
 In every place shall incense, to my name,
 Accepted rise, and offerings pure be made.
 Great shall my name among the nations be !
 Thus saith the Lord of Host ! But ye profane
 My holy name in that ye scoffing say,
 " Polluted is the table of the Lord ;
 Its fruit, its meat alike deserve contempt.
 Lo, what a weariness ! " ye say, and lift
 A scornful head : so saith the Lord of Hosts.
 The torn, the lame, the sick, as offerings,
 Ye brought ! Shall I, the Lord, be pleased with these ?
 Nay, on the hypocrite a curse shall rest,
 Who keeps within his flock the unblemished male,
 Yet vows, and to the Lord doth sacrifice
 An offering corrupt. Thus saith the Lord,
 Lo, a great King am I ; behold my name
 Is terrible among the nations round.
 And now, ye priests, this message is for you !
 If ye hear not, and lay it not to heart,
 To glorify my name : thus saith the Lord,
 Lo, on you I will even send a curse,
 And I will curse your blessings ; and, indeed,
 Already doth my curse upon them rest,
 Because my glory ye have failed to seek.
 Lo, I corrupt your seed, and on your face
 Will spread the offal of your solemn feasts,
 As refuse shall ye, too, be swept away.
 Then shall ye know that I, the Lord, have sent
 This warning message, that my covenant
 May ever be with Levi, saith the Lord.
 For, lo, with him my covenant I made
 Of life and peace, and these to him I gave,
 Because my fear was in him, and my name
 Did he revere ; the sacred law of truth
 Was in his mouth, and ever in his lips
 Was found no guile ; with me he loved to walk
 In truth and righteousness, and from their sin
 By him were many turned to holy ways.
 The lips of priests should ever knowledge keep,
 And from their mouth the holy law be sought.
 The messengers are they of God the Lord.
 But ye aside have wandered from my way,
 And many have ye caused to fall therein.
 The covenant of Levi ye have broke !

And I, the Lord, have made you mean and base
Before the people, for ye have not kept
My ways, nor have ye equal justice shown
To those who came for judgment to my law.

§ 3 (c. II. 10—16).

Have we not all one Father? Is not God,
He who is One, the Maker of us all?
Why, therefore, act we thus unfaithfully
Each to his neighbour? Wherefore thus profane
The holy covenant with our fathers made?
For, lo, unfaithfully hath Judah dealt;
An evil thing is done in Israel
And in Jerusalem! The holiness
Of God the Lord, the nation whom he loved,
By Judah is profaned, in that he took
To wife the daughter of a heathen god.
Him who doth this the Lord will cut him off
From Jacob's tents, both him who keepeth watch
And him who answers, also him who brings
A sacrifice unto the Lord of Hosts.
This also have ye done, with countless tears
Ye have o'erwhelmed the altar of the Lord,
Through them who weep and moan; for which no more
Doth God regard your offering, nor receive
A gift with pleasure at your evil hands.
Yet do ye say, "Why is the Lord displeased?"
Behold the Lord was witness to the vow
Made to the wife whom thou didst love in youth,
To whom thou yet hast thus unfaithful proved;
Yet she thy partner is, thy wedded wife!
Behold ye say, "This hath been done of old
By some in whom a holy spirit dwelt?"
But what sought they? They sought a holy seed.
Take heed, then, to your spirit! Let none deal
Unfaithfully with her whom he in youth
Did make his wife. For I, the Lord of Hosts,
The God of Israel, do hate divorce,
And him who violence and wrong doth hide,
As with a garment, saith the Lord of Hosts.
Take heed, then, to your spirit, and beware
That ye prove not unfaithful to your vows!

§ 4 (c. II. 17—III. 6).

Behold, the Lord is weary of your words,
And yet ye say, "How have we wearied him?"
This have ye said, "Lo, he that doeth ill,
The Lord doth count him good, and favour him."
Or, doubting, thus ye speak, "Is there a God
Who judgeth in the earth? Then where is he?"
Behold, I send my angel to prepare
The way before me, and the Lord, ye seek,
Suddenly in His temple shall appear!
The angel of the covenant, in whom
Ye take delight, he cometh, saith the Lord!
But who shall bear his advent day? And who

Shall stand when he appears? Behold,
 As the refiner's fire is he, and as the soap
 Of fullers. He shall sit as they who melt,
 And purify the silver. He shall purge
 The sons of Levi; them shall he refine
 As silver and as gold. Then shall they bring
 An offering to the Lord in righteousness.
 Then pleasant to the Lord shall be the gifts
 Of Judah and Jerusalem, as once
 In ancient days, as in the former years.
 In judgment, then, will I, the Lord, draw near;
 And swiftly will I judge the sorcerers,
 Adulterers, and they who falsely swear,
 They who oppress the hireling in his wage,
 Widows and orphans, and who turn aside
 The stranger, and who fear not me, the Lord.
 I am the Lord; I do not change; and hence,
 Ye sons of Jacob, ye are not consumed!

§ 5 (c. III. 7—12).

Lo, from your fathers' days ye turned away
 From my commandments, and have kept them not.
 O, turn to me, and I will turn to you!
 So saith the Lord of Hosts; and yet ye say,
 "Wherein shall we return?" Shall man rob God?
 Yet ye rob me! And do ye ask, "Wherein?"
 In tithes and gifts. A curse on you shall rest,
 For I am robbed by all your evil race!
 Then bring ye all the tithes into the chest,
 That food may not be wanting in my house!
 And prove me, saith the Lord of Hosts, herewith,
 If windows in the heavens I open not,
 And pour a blessing till your barns shall fail,
 And chide devouring blight, lest it destroy
 The harvest of the field, and cause your vines
 To cast their fruit untimely to the ground.
 Then all the earth shall call you blest, and deem
 Your land desirable, so saith the Lord.

§ 6 (c. III. 13—18).

Bold were your words against me, saith the Lord,
 And yet ye say, "What said we?" thus ye said,
 "Tis vain to serve the Lord, and profitless
 To keep his laws, and mournfully to walk
 Before the Lord of Hosts, for, lo, the proud
 Are blest, and wicked men are builded up—
 Yea, tempt they God, and yet escape his wrath."
 Then they who feared the Lord together spake,
 Yea, each man to his neighbour spoke of him.
 To this the Lord gave heed, and in the book
 Of his remembrance had the names inscribed
 Of those who feared and thought upon his name.
 They shall be mine, thus saith the Lord of Hosts;
 Mine, in the day when I my treasures count.
 To them will I be kind, even as a man

Is kind unto a loved and faithful son !
Then shall ye turn, and ye again shall know
The righteous from the wicked, them who serve
The Lord their God from them who serve him not.

§ 7 (c. IV.)

Behold the day at hand which fierce shall burn
As doth a furnace ! Yea, and all the proud,
And all the wicked, shall be as the chaff.
The coming day shall burn them up, and leave
Nor root nor branch ! Thus saith the Lord of Hosts.
But unto you that fear my name shall rise
The Sun of righteousness, with healing wings :
Ye shall escape, and thrive as fatted calves.
Ye shall tread down the wicked, as the dust
Beneath your feet. This shall be in the day
Which I create, thus saith the Lord of Hosts.
Remember ye the law which once I gave
Unto my servant Moses, in the mount
Of Horeb, all the statutes and commands
Which I enjoined on all of Israel's race.
Before that great and awful day shall dawn
I send Elijah. I my prophet send,
To turn the heart of fathers to their sons,
The heart of sons to fathers, lest I come,
And with my curse chastise the rebel land.

"GETTING BETTER."—No. II.

"GETTING better !" what a ring there is in the words, as fresh and clear and joyous as morning bells across a summer lake. Oh, the joys of getting better, who can count them ? First of all there is the gradual coming back of our senses—that is, of the full use of them ; the ceasing to be simply an animal in pain, which is all that some of us can profess to be in times of severe illness ; and the returning certainty that we are really something more than *only body*. There is the exquisite enjoyment of each new concession made to our growing powers by nurse and doctor ; the pleasant anticipation of the first coming down stairs again ; though the reality of that is often more pain than pleasure.

Then as life widens out itself again, after being contracted within the narrow compass of a bed of illness, there is the recommencement of an interest in persons and things outside

our own room; and what pleasure that brings. Everything is so fresh and new, and yet so friendly and familiar; the dear old earth seems so home-like, and the common life so full of interest, that we wonder how we could ever look upon the one as dreary, or the other as commonplace. In a sense, "old things have passed away, and all things have become new," and we feel that we can understand something of the clearness and the crispness of feeling with which our first parents sang their duet about "The dew-dropping morn," and "The breath of eve," as they stood side by side in Eden, looking at everything through the light of their own love and youth and beauty.

Ah! there are joys during this time of "getting better" as sweet and pure and tender as those in Eden; *almost* so, but not quite, for have we not eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil? and all the leaves of that tree are found to be rough and prickly, on the one side at least; many are so on both, and poisonous enough withal.

And so this time of "getting better," many as are its joys, and invaluable as are its teachings, is yet no exception to the universal mixture of evil with good. None can know the special trials of this time but those who have gone through them. One of the small troubles arises from the natural and wholly unavoidable relaxation of that extreme tenderness and forbearance which were so fully bestowed in the hour of danger and pain, and which give to that hour a charm all its own. The fondest heart, the most careful nurse, must undergo a reaction, and nerves and feeling braced up to such high tension must, after a while, relax. It is in the nature of things that it should be so; but to the patient, who does not at first feel any great difference between the "being ill" and the "getting better;" the change in manner, however slight, is most acutely felt. Another source of discomfort arises from the excess of nervous life over other life; you feel as if you were all *one nerve*, which nerve is incessantly vibrating to the slightest touch of outward life. Your senses are in use again, it is true, but they do not seem suited to the world upon which you have to exercise them; they want to be rough-shod.

No one without actual experience can form any conception of the suffering which this state of the nerves and senses produces. Take, for instance, the extreme sensibility to sound and light which causes a strong light to give exquisite pain, renders all sounds much louder to the invalid than they are to persons in health, and makes the mingling of different sounds to be confusing and irritating to a distressing degree. But, undoubtedly, one of the most trying things to bear during the time of "getting better" is the incessant self-warfare that has

to be maintained with the demon of *irritability*. The friends of an invalid have, of course, often to suffer from this restless and exacting demon, and most patiently do they bear with it, or seek to exorcise it with loving words and acts; but few are aware, unless indeed they have gone through the experience, either of the amount of suffering this irritability causes to the poor creature thus possessed, or how great the effort put forth to control its manifestation, or how bitter, unduly so, often, is the sense of shame and contrition after defeat.

The unreason of such irritation is fully acknowledged, and the humiliation of being mastered by so seemingly paltry a foe keenly felt; and yet oftentimes the utmost efforts can only suffice to prevent us from hurting others by showing it, and cannot rid us of the evil itself. How often are we obliged to remind ourselves that the loud noise is not actually loud to others, only so to us—that the fun and laughter are not really outrageous, but only beyond our weakened powers to bear with and enjoy—that the food is not to blame, but our want of appetite, and that to find fault or to complain would be as unjust as it would be disheartening and unkind.

One most distressing form that this irritation takes is the insane desire to say something sharp or bitter with or without much provocation. It seems as if it would be such a relief, as if the demon would fly at once if we would but give it leave to say a few cutting words. Woe to us if we let it gain its way; the remorse that is sure to follow will be greater punishment than our worst enemy could wish to inflict. This phase of excessive irritability is, of course, known also to persons in moderate health whose nervous life is stronger in proportion than their other powers; but then they can, and will if they are wise, meet and overcome it by change of place and occupation, and especially by a good draught of out-door air and a pleasant walk. It is astonishing how quickly these medicines will restore the tone of the system. But to an invalid these helps are not unfrequently denied, and then the victory has to be won by the deliberate exercise of moral and religious forces. A hard battle reason and religion have with these infirmities of nerve and flesh, and wearying, past description wearying, is the conflict. Well is it for all thus tried that the One whose help is most ready when most needed, and whose sympathy is as discriminative as it is tender, is One who once knew what exhaustion meant as well as pain, and who forgets not even now, though He has entered in to rest, that He was once "wearied with His journey."

Then another great source of trial is to be found in the antagonism between the will to do and the power to do. "To be weak is to be miserable," said Satan, (*vide* Milton); and there

are occasions in which we feel inclined to endorse the sentiment. To persons of energetic mind and will, the inability to execute that which they plan is always a source of pain. They cannot bear the check and curb. There are times, as every invalid knows, when compelled inactivity is more than usually galling—times when physical powers are perfectly prostrate; when to speak or be spoken to, to move or to be moved, or even to have any movement going on around, is all but unbearable; when weakness and exhaustion seem to be not mere negations, but positives, that come like rapid-rolling waves, which knock you down with their force, rush recklessly over you, and you can do nothing *but lie still and let them go over you*. It is this lying still, absolutely still, that is so hard to bear. If one could but do something to help oneself, no matter how disagreeable;—but no, only time and perfect rest can restore us; and though we know this, and know how useless it is to struggle, yet we are conscious that a part of the spirit within us is kicking against the pricks, is disdainful of the demand for submission, is rebelling against the required rest, is feeling that it is "miserable to be weak."

It requires high Christian culture to be able to give up our own will unreservedly in the greatest matters; it needs still higher to be able to do so *cheerfully* in the lesser ones. We must have learnt to love God very much, and to know a great deal of the tenderness and grandeur of His strength before we can rejoice in the weakness by means of which that strength is perfected in us. Our human wills may be made to bend in reverence to the Divine, long before we feel that they rise and blend with that will because they are become of like nature. The first result is accompanied with struggle and sorrow; the second with joy and peace—nay, sometimes with triumph and exultation.

But we are getting into subjects needing a stronger and graver pen than ours; therefore let us hasten back to the surface.

Sometimes this "getting-better" time is a very prolonged period, and then there comes in, for the benefit of the patient, the beneficent help of habit, the useful crutch of custom. We find out the hidden dangers and roughnesses of the road; become also better acquainted with our own moods and tenses; know when to expect, and how to prepare for small troubles, and learn to bear with ourselves as well as with others. "Patience," says John Howe, "is the ability to suffer." "He who can suffer hath the mastery over himself, and remains in self-possession." And, "*Long-suffering* worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." *

* Critics will, of course, object to this use of the English word "*long-suffering*."

This school of suffering is a wonderful school in which to graduate and take honours. In this, as in many other schools some of the best lessons to be learnt are those which are derived incidently from its more special evils and dangers. Every form of good has to us in this world, owing to our imperfection, some attendant evil. The evil is by no means often or necessarily equal to the good, but it is an invariable accompaniment; and it is questionable whether we ever get the full benefit of a good thing, be it what it may, till we have sought for, found out, and guarded against the special evil belonging to it.

Undoubtedly, one of the great advantages of protracted illness is the facility it affords for gaining knowledge, deep and intimate, of one's-self; but this very self-knowledge, good thing that it is, carries with it one or two evils. No amount of knowledge, in one special direction, would be too great, if it were but balanced by other knowledge in other directions; the danger lies only in the want of proportion. Now, to the secluded invalid, many sources of knowledge and objects for contemplation are necessarily debarred, while the study of himself—his "own private body and soul," as Mr. Trollope phrases it—is ever open to him. Hence he is in danger of pursuing this study to excess, of thinking about himself and looking into himself far too much for his own spirits, health, and strength; and also, he will find, unless he be well aware, and provide against the danger, that the results of his study, the knowledge that he gains of himself, may actually lead him to do wrong to others.* "Sir J. Stevens says of Richelieu, that profound self-knowledge made him uncharitable. He found so little good in himself, that he credited others with but little." Many people, besides Richelieu, fall into grave mistakes when they judge others by themselves—make the experience of their own nature a measure and test of every other nature. We may possibly be better than others, in some respects; let us never forget that we may also be worse.

Another thing must be borne in mind, and that is, that the prominence and proximity of our own self, and its interest, is apt to alter the right proportions of all other objects that lie within our narrowed world of observation.

"Everything lies under the shadow of yourself," wrote a true friend once to an invalid; and the one thus warned allowed the fact, and accepted the caution. And unless we remember that this is the case, and endeavour to project ourselves beyond ourselves, as it were—at least, beyond the place assigned to us by our necessary seclusion—our views of things must be disagreeably foreshortened, and our judgments of them consequently incorrect.

* *Vide* "History of Florence." A. Trollope.

To some people it is impossible, whether in health or in sickness, to form any conception of how an object would appear if viewed under a different disposition of light and shade; and to all such, large comprehension and *bonâ fide* toleration of the thoughts, opinions, and feelings of others are simply impossibilities; nor is the want of them to be charged upon such persons as a fault. There are others who have the power of doing this, difficult as it is, when the necessity is clearly pointed out, and an invalid must ever lie under the necessity.

But when all needful deductions have been made for all these special dangers and evils, what a wonderful school it is! What splendid opportunities for study, and the subjects of study so near and close at hand! Think of the many advantages it affords for the cultivation and exercise of a wise, tender, ever-ready sympathy with the interests of others. A disciple of this school, removed as he is from the level of ordinary life, forbidden to be a combatant in the open field, is often, by those very circumstances, more able to discern the right and wrong of a matter than are they who are actually engaged in the strife; for his passions are not excited, his interests are not involved; and as two of the greatest hindrances to clear judgment are thus removed, conscience and common sense are more at liberty to pronounce their verdicts. Freed, also, as a general rule, from the pressure of outward cares, he has the more capacity of feeling—unwasted by external worries, unretarded by the world's friction—to devote to the cares of others. His heart ought most specially "to be at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathise."

And this sympathy will be ever ready at the slightest touch, the faintest call; for the detective sympathies of a *well-trained* invalid must necessarily be strong, acute, and ever active—far too active for his own comfort, for they make him so susceptible to any and every change in the social atmosphere around him. The clouded look, the weary tone, the knitted brow; all the varied signs of temper rising or of grief suppressed, are seen and felt by him long before they are by others. Of course he is depressed and saddened; but if he can only thoroughly put on one side his own feelings, can but firmly possess his own soul in patience, what a delicate power does this quickened sensibility give to him wherewith to help and bless! The sharp word can be turned harmlessly aside ere it has touched its victim; the evil temper may be arrested before it has reached a climax; and the chafed, weary, irritated spirit rested and relieved by simple contact with the fresh, unsullied, unheated spirit of one who has not been in the strife. In some family circles, the invalid member of it acts as a magnet to draw forth its best and holiest affections, and as a centre of rest to its many conflicting ele-

ments. Surely this is no slight honour for which to have graduated in this "school of suffering."

There is yet another advantage which must not be overlooked. If one who has been thus trained should have at any future time to attend another through days of sickness and convalescence, what a capacity of comprehension, what a refinement of tact and skill, what an inexhaustible power of loving-forbearance are developed. Among other good and requisite and ordinary qualifications, there will ever be this more special and less common one, viz., a reverent recognition of the invalid's *individuality*. The thoughtless and unintentional insolence of youth and health and conscious power, shown towards age and sickness and mental feebleness, is not much to be wondered at, for how can they sympathize with that which they cannot comprehend; but it is astonishing and painful to witness the mistakes made in reference to this point, even by those who know what illness means from personal experience. Kind and efficient in all that pertains to bodily wants, they yet err greatly in this—that they often act as if they forgot that the invalid still possesses his own mental tastes, habits, and idiosyncracies—that he still has the right to exercise them, subject of course to restrictions—that they ought, as far as is at all consistent with his good, to be consulted—nay, that they ought only the more tenderly to be considered in proportion as the power to assert them successfully is wanting.

Nothing can possibly be more trying and irritating than to be treated as "the child," in the way that some nurses persist in doing—to be chidden and coaxed and cajoled, as if you were a wholly undeveloped being utterly incapable of self-government. To be talked to, and at and of, and about, in your own presence, as if you were a foreign body, something separate from yourself, is exasperating to the highest degree of exasperation. The shortened sentence, the whispered word, the secret sign, are just so many sparks of fire and stabs of sword to the bound and helpless but conscious and living creature. He longs to shout out and cry aloud—"I am not dead nor lunatic—speak up and above-board—say out fearlessly what it is you think and fear and wish and want—treat me as a sensible being, and trust me to help, not hinder." Of course, by quiet self-reasoning and inward struggling, the sufferer may make the discipline a moral benefit, and, by remembering who it is that sends the weakness, may thus transmute the humiliation that degrades into the humility that exalts; and can overcome his anger at the manner by dwelling upon the excellence of the motive. But this self-struggling is so very wearying, and the opportunities for exercising it are, of necessity, so very numerous during a long period

of convalescence, that it is a pity to add to the number any occasions that might be avoided. None can or ought to be so well able to save others from this sort of suffering as they who have themselves much endured. To have learned how to exercise the constant care that shall not chafe, and the wise watchfulness that shall not worry, is to have raised the *art* of nursing into the dignity of a science. Surely it is worth the schooling.

One little incident rises up sharp and clear from memory, and claims its place here as illustration.

A friend, who well knew what suffering meant, and had well learnt many of its lessons, was sitting in his study, busily engaged upon his sermon for the coming day, when his eldest daughter slowly entered the room. She was just recovering from a long and severe attack of illness, in which neuralgia had played a conspicuous part. Her father immediately took off his glasses, laid down his pen, and led her to the couch. He then shampooed her for half-an-hour, according to a fashion of his own, founded upon Indian usage, and after most elaborately wrapping her up in shawls and various coverings, returned to his work.

In a very short time a sharp attack of pain came on, and with it that insane restlessness which is so often an attendant upon neuralgic pain. The girl evidently struggled with it, for what probably appeared to her a long time, but was in reality only about seven or eight minutes; but at last, with a muttered "I cannot help it," began hastily pulling at the coverings in order to rise. Before she in her impatience could disentangle them, her father had again laid down his pen, taken off his glasses, come round to the side of the sofa, and was offering his arm for a turn up and down the room. The girl looked at him for a second with a face half regretful for the wasted trouble, but all too ready for the quick reply which a word of remonstrance would have called forth. But when she looked in the father's face, there was not the faintest trace of annoyance, not the slightest shadow of surprise; there was nothing to be seen but the tenderest pity, the most complete comprehension of all the circumstances of the case, the most simple self-forgetting anxiety to minister to the want.

The change in the girl's face was singular; all the petulance and the defiance melted away, leaving only the pain and patience. Not a word passed between them, and after a few turns up and down, he placed her again upon the couch, and again wrapped her up; only this time taking care that the coverings were lightly and loosely laid.

"You great darling," she murmured in his ear, as he bent to kiss her, and then soon went quietly to sleep, when the father

again returned to his sermon. The whole formed an illuminated commentary on the wonderful words, "*Like* as a father pitieth his children, so———" A. C.

THE WAY BACK.

A PAPER THAT *MIGHT HAVE BEEN* READ AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

RIGHT REVEREND FATHERS, honoured and respected Priests, Curates, and Deacons, and beloved Lay Brethren of our holy and Apostolic Anglican Church,—Sincerely do I rejoice that the wisdom of our Committee has chosen as one of the topics for our discussion at this Congress that eminently important one—the best means of bringing back to our holy fold our dearly beloved, but wandering dissenting sheep. However it may be accounted for, it cannot but be intensely deplored that so large a portion of the nation, the whole of which rightly belongs to our Church, should have forsaken her time-honoured altars, her pure doctrine and scriptural teaching, her divine and apostolic constitution and beautiful services, and set up alongside of her this monstrous Hydra-headed dissent. Allowing, for the sake of avoiding dispute, that the religious census of 1851 is a correct estimate of the relative numbers of the adherents of the various sects, we have to deal with a no less appalling fact than that half the nation has wandered from the true apostolic fold, and resolutely seeks its food on the bleak and dangerous mountains of schism; whilst, at the same time, it would be the greatest folly in us to shut our eyes to the fact, that of that other half which is presumed to be in our true fold, because it is not with any of the wild, wandering flocks outside of us, a very large number belong simply to no Church at all, and are starving in the desert of practical Atheism. True, we have the *élite* of the nation on our side; the aristocracy, the plutocracy, the *vous*-ocracy, are with us: the learned professions and the respectable world in general abide faithful to the traditions of the past. In the country districts we have, with the exception of a sprinkling of Methodists, all the poor. But the middle-class are lamentably lost to us. And in the great cities we can hardly call ourselves, with truth, the poor man's Church. To allow such a deplorable state of things to continue without very serious consideration of its causes, and without making some effort to remedy it, if that be possible,

would be the most culpable folly and neglect. It must never be forgotten by us that we are responsible for all these poor wanderers in the by-paths of schismatic error. Ours (do we not both assert and believe it) is the true Church—the one undivided Catholic and Apostolic Church of England; to which has been committed, alike by Divine Providence and by the wisdom of Henry VIII. and his pious successors, not only the duty, but the right of teaching to this nation the truth of the Gospel, and of administering to the whole people those blessed sacraments without which no man can be saved. Can we think for one moment, reverend fathers and beloved brethren, of the awful and lamentable condition of these five millions of precious souls, resolutely living outside the pale within which is salvation, and dependent for their everlasting condition upon the uncovenanted mercies of a jealous God; most of them never having received that holy baptism whereby they become “regenerate, and grafted into the body of Christ’s Church,” as our sacred Prayer-book hath it; or, as the Catechism truly expresses it, “wherein they are made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven;” thousands of them never having passed under the holy and scriptural rite of confirmation, in which they receive the priestly assurance that they are “regenerate,” and have received “the forgiveness of all their sins”: seeing, too, that many of them are married at strange altars, and without the covenanted blessing of the Church on their union, and that they die without the comforting words of the priest, “I absolve thee from all thy sins”—can we think, I say, of the fearful condition of these five millions of wandering sheep, and not have our hearts filled with sadness, and our minds moved to a most resolute endeavour by every lawful means to win them back to the true Catholic Apostolic fold. Allow one, then, who has been unfortunate enough to have his lot cast amongst these poor “Dissenters,” as they call themselves, and who has much acquaintance with their opinions and ways, to offer a few suggestions the adoption of which would greatly facilitate their re-union with the tender mother from whose authority and care they have foolishly removed themselves.

It cannot be a thing unknown to many of us that a very considerable section of these unhappy wanderers—“pious variers,” as our laureate happily and charitably terms them—entertain a sincere, deep, and conscientious (so they avow) conviction that our connection with the secular power is altogether sinful and wrong, and a thing with which they can have nothing to do. Unhappily, these are amongst the more intelligent and active of the “pious variers”; and their number has been greatly augmented of late by the action of a mischievous society with a most

offensive name ; so that, if something be not speedily done, they are likely to inoculate the whole dissenting mind with their free and voluntary principles, and will be encouraged by their strength to maintain their separateness from us at all costs. May I then venture, very humbly and almost timidly, to suggest (full well I know how the mere suggestion of such a thing must cause many a pious heart among us to swell with indignation) whether it is worth while for us any longer to maintain that honourable connection at so great a cost ? Should we lose so much in the way of prestige, of power—aye, even that more sordid thing, money—as we now lose by the absence of half the nation from our fold ? But I see I must not press for another moment so unwelcome a point.

Well, then, it is not to be doubted that a very large number of these poor wanderers are outside of us, because they object altogether to our constitution, and resolutely deny our apostolicity ; unhappily, they do not seem capable of understanding the worth of our Catholicity, and are always talking of some shadowy undefinable Catholic Church, of which they are members as well as we. With regard to our direct descent in unbroken line of bishops from St. Peter, they laugh it to scorn ; and they affirm most confidently (as ignorance is prone to do) that we cannot find the shadow of our episcopal system in the apostolic times ; indeed, some of their facetious and unscrupulous teachers have tickled their hearers' ears by drawing pictures of St. Peter in those pure vestments of the finest linen which so well become those honoured fathers in God whom we all revere. They hold up their New Testament, ignoring the traditions of the Church, and ask us where we read of archdeacons and rural deans, and canons, and rectors and vicars, and advowsons, and next presentations, and, in short, the whole of that beautifully graduated hierarchy, and complex simplicity of system, which is the distinguishing excellence of our Church. Certain it is that the obstinacy of the Dissenters is such on these points, that, as long as we maintain our present constitution intact, they will never return to our bosom. May I venture to suggest then, since to us undoubtedly it belongs to restore the unity of this distracted land, whether it would not be possible, by reducing ourselves once again to something like that primitive apostolic simplicity which our dear dissenting brethren so much insist on, to pave the way for their return ?

But we must not imagine that when this is done, we have accomplished our task. For I grieve to add that a vast number of them steadfastly refuse to allow that our teaching, as comprised in the various services and offices of our Church, is accordant with that Holy Scripture on which we all profess to base

our Christian faith. They charge us (I pray you to bear with me in the pain which I know it must inflict to hear such things repeated) with teaching that man can be regenerated by a priest in baptism, confirmed in his regeneration by the bishop at confirmation, and absolved from all his sins at death by the priest, however wicked a life he may have led. The beautifully mystic interpretations which we put before them of the somewhat bold words of our services, they seem to be unable to understand. And as long as these services are what they are, it were as hopeful a task to attempt to win all the Dissenters to Mohammedanism or Buddhism, or to make them pass under the rite of circumcision and keep all the Jewish feasts, as to attempt to include them again in our pale. Could we not, without lowering at all the value of our holy priesthood in the eyes of the children of the true Church, so modify our services on all these points as to leave them an open and welcome door of return?

Pardon me again if I here venture to insert a practical suggestion, with the utmost possible diffidence. Could not a committee be at once appointed, consisting of the Right Rev. Primate, the Bishop of Oxford, the Bishop of the Metropolitan see of London, together with some representative of the Church's Missionary action—perhaps Dr. Colenso—who might easily agree upon such modifications of the Prayer-book as would effectually remove the stumbling-block out of the Dissenter's way? Or perhaps Convocation would undertake the graceful task.

But supposing all this were done, it must be added that there are a few other things remaining which would be required to complete the work. All this would only be like smoothing the way and opening the door. We should still have some means to adopt by which to fulfil the command, "Compel them to come in." No doubt but, on the whole, ignorance of all sorts is generally to be deplored; but I cannot help saying that, in view of this grand scheme of the re-union of all the people of England in the National Church, I could wish that the Dissenters had a little less knowledge of history. Their pulpits and lecture-rooms still ring, now and then, with the tales of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the "Two Thousand," and John Bunyan, and the Five-mile Act, and the Conventicle Act. They are, moreover, very sore upon what they call their grievances. They complain that for centuries they have been socially snubbed and tabooed; that we have excluded them from the seats of learning; insulted them in the hour of their sorrow at the burying of their dead; that we have persecuted them with unjust rates and taxes; that we have robbed them, ousted them from

farm and cottage, shut them out from Christmas benefits; that we have been haughty, and proud, and tyrannical with them; that they have had to fight long and hard to wrench out of our grip what they thought to be their rights; and so they have come to think more of destroying our splendid position of supremacy, and of reducing us to their own level in the eye of the law, than of coming back to our communion. Now, if these things be so, it surely behoves us at once to set about the removal of these unjust impressions. We must be extremely conciliatory and fraternal; we must not wound this avowed susceptibility by the slightest seeming assumption; we must err on the side of charity rather than of justice; we must never press our own claims as adverse to theirs; socially we must stoop to their level, and so raise them to ours; we must freely accord them unstinted access to all the good things that are in our possession, and so tempt them to long for the rightful possession of the whole. In a word, we must cease to treat them as our enemies, or even as prodigal children; but, like the father in the parable, must run to meet them when they are a long way off, put our rings and best robes upon them, and kill for them often and again the fatted calf.

Then, who can doubt it, the jubilee of re-union shall in a century or so be held. For see! are they not longing for the splendour of our rites—yearning after the solemn beauty and congregational fervour of our cathedral services? are they not compelled by the spirit of the age to sigh for freedom from the ugliness and barrenness and tameness of their own surroundings and appliances? are they not weary of the monotony of their services? are they not ashamed, vexed, wearied of the endless division that comes of their boasted freedom, and pining for the beautiful authority of ecclesiastical rule? Do they not look with mingled delight at our internal unity and peace? Are they not beginning to feel that this experiment of three centuries is a failure, and that the only way to realize the unity of the body of Christ is to come into a Church where everything must be as one, because all is prescribed by law, and every member in the most solemn way accepts the authority of the Church as binding upon his lips and his heart? Let me only add, that if these few suggestions of mine can be speedily adopted, we may hope by-and-by to see the Liberation Society peacefully dissolved, the leading Dissenting ministers officiating in our cathedrals, or snugly reposing in our ivy-covered rectories; many a score of Methodist and Baptist chapels converted into appropriate warehouses and barns; all the more modern and ecclesiastical buildings purified and sanctified by Episcopal consecration; and the

great working masses of the people in all the large towns crowding our sacred edifices, and humbly suing for those regenerating offices of our priesthood which they have till now despised.

G. W. C.

OUR CHURCH.

I PROPOSE in this paper to state with all frankness and fulness my views and impressions concerning the Church. My ministerial brethren of the congregational order are associated in the government of the Church, and on us, therefore, devolves the responsibility of so counselling and leading its members as to promote their mutual fellowship and general well-being. I will not ask them whether they are satisfied with things as they are. At our last Church meeting there were twenty members present, the absence of the majority showing that the many take no interest in such meetings, at which I am not surprised, seeing their only speciality consists in the transaction of routine business, and the admission of new members. This cannot be the embodiment of the Divine ideal of a Christian church. And it is questionable how far an ecclesiastical organization which accomplishes so little, is in reality a Church at all.

In offering to you my thoughts about the Church—alike the ideal Church, such as I should wish to see our Church, and the real, such as the Church is—I do not for a moment entertain the supposition that at once and without difficulty the evils I deplore can be remedied, and the good I desiderate realized. In Churches as in nations, reforms can only be effected by years of patient toil—progress towards perfection is necessarily gradual. There must be an intelligent conviction of the rightness and expediency of a change, otherwise the change will not and cannot issue in any permanent benefit. The practicable, equally with the desirable, should be considered; and if we intend to do abiding work, we must be careful not to outrun, or to run counter to, the beliefs and wishes of the Church. I tell you in this paper all that is in my heart; we should propose to the Church only such measures as appear to us to be expedient and practicable in our present circumstances.

If the New Testament prescribed a form of Church government and a set of rules to be observed by the members, our duty would be very simple; we should then accept that form and act upon those rules. But the New Testament does no such

thing. I am aware that many profess to see their ecclesiasticalism in the Bible. Presbyterianism, Episcopacy, and Independence, are seen by their several adherents in the sacred Scriptures. In vain have I searched Holy Writ for the theory of a Christian Church, for a verbal constitution. I read of bishops, but I cannot identify them with the bishops of modern Episcopacy; of elders, but they do not answer to the presbyters of the Scotch Church; of individual churches, but they differ from as much as, or more than, they agree with our Independent churches. My study of the New Testament has led me to the conclusion that the Church—regarded as an ecclesiastical organization—is not a creation but a growth. We do not find that God has done in relation to the Church what He did in the case of the tabernacle. Moses was admonished of God when he was about to make the tabernacle: for, See, saith He, that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed to thee in the mount. We have no such model of a church. Neither in the Gospels nor in the Epistles have I been able to discover any dogmatic teaching on the subject. In a word, the New Testament, so far as I understand it, contains no theory of a Church—such as may be met with in Catechisms, Articles of Belief, and Confessions of Faith—and its account of the Churches planted by the Apostles impresses me with the notion that church government, employing the phrase in its widest signification, was, as I have already intimated, not a creation—like the form of the tabernacle, but a growth—each need or difficulty being met as it arose. Statutes, anticipating cases, I nowhere find, but precedents I meet with, which are invaluable as aids to the formation of a sound judgment on church questions.

Thus much premised, I proceed to sketch what I regard as the New Testament and Christian Church. A Church then ought to include all the Christians living in any one town or city. The Church in Jerusalem, or at Antioch, or in Corinth, was sufficiently comprehensive to embrace within its fellowship the whole multitude of believers. There were thousands of disciples in Jerusalem, for instance, but only one Church. In that Church were zealous Judaizers, who taught—"Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved," and others, who, like Peter and James, objected to the imposing of any such yoke upon the Gentiles. Neither numbers nor differences led to the establishment of a second Church. I fear that our many Churches in S——— are broken parts of that which the Lord Jesus designed to be a perfect whole—mere fragments of a Church, falling far short of the New Testament conception or realization of the Church. There is such a thing as the sin of schism. Query, are not all denominational Churches,

so far as they exclude from their communion those who cannot subscribe to their creed, or shout their ecclesiastical Shibboleth, guilty of this sin? The Church, established by the Apostles as the ambassadors and representatives of Christ, included in its fellowship all the disciples in any given town or city. This I regard as the evident and undeniable teaching of the Christian Scriptures. In harmony with my conviction on this subject, I hold that a Church should have but one door of admission, and that "the door of faith." Every believer in the Lord Jesus, and simply because he is a believer, should immediately be welcomed into this "communion of saints;" whatever his theological opinions, however widely he may differ from others in matters ecclesiastical, if a Christian, he is entitled to all the rights and privileges of church membership. I doubt whether a Church, or rather the members composing it, have the option of rejecting such an one. Certain I am that the nomination at one meeting, and the voting after a month's interval, are utterly at variance with apostolic precedents—I think also with the will of Christ. Did the hundred and twenty receive into their fellowship by show of hands, or by any other mode of election, every one of the "three thousand souls" added to them on the day of Pentecost? Have we a single instance, mentioned in the Acts or in the Epistles of the Apostles, of any voting in connexion with admission to membership? Do not the narratives and the allusions suggest, almost shut us up to the conclusion, that every one who professed to be a disciple of Christ, who sought fellowship, was thereupon added to the number of the faithful? With us admission to the Church is the act of the Church, which accepts or rejects candidates for membership; with the first Christians, admission to the Church was the act of the individual, each believer declaring himself to be one of Christ's disciples. We constitute ourselves a kind of ecclesiastical club, and keep out of our church every one that we do not deem worthy of membership, or that we shrink from as an undesirable associate in worship and in work; the Apostles and their contemporaries disclaimed the power and the will to refuse membership to any one that might claim it. I do not forget that the apostolic plan allowed Ananias, Simon Magus, and others like-minded, to enter the Church, nor are you ignorant that our stricter guardianship has failed to keep the worldly, while it has often kept the lowly and the timid, out of the Church. Surely the risk of offending one of Christ's little ones is greater than the risk of admitting one who is not Christ's. If such were to find his way into the Church, which is possible, what probably would come to pass, of which the Apostle speaks: "If . . . there come in one that believeth not for one unlearned, he is

convinced of all, he is judged of all; and thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest; and so, falling down on his face he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth. You cannot keep the ungodly out of the Church by narrowing the doorway, or by any mode of election; you may by increasing the spirituality of the Church, and making it attractive to the godly only. In the first and best days of the Church, multitudes of believers were added, but "of the rest durst no man join himself to them." Why should not Christians follow apostolic precedent, adopt the only scriptural basis of membership, and admit to their number every man who desired to have his name on the book, which should be, as nearly as it can be made, a copy of the Lamb's book of life? Were we to do this, we should acknowledge—as we already profess—that it is not for the servants to decide what new servant the Lord of the household shall receive, nor for the children to say what other children the Father shall admit to His tables, nor for the sheep to keep watch at the door of the fold, allowing such only to enter in as please them. I feel afraid to say *no* to any applicant for membership. Who am I that I should dare or venture to forbid any man coming into the Church of Christ? It is Christ's Church, not mine. I am a servant, not the master. Only the King has the right to reject him who has not on the wedding garment; as a guest I have no authority to turn away or to cast out another.

As yet, I have not even touched the main question, how the Church can be made to accomplish the purposes for which it exists. What are these purposes? A clear definition of the objects for which a Church exists is, perhaps, the most satisfactory statement of the principles by which it should be governed. The end determines the means. Here, I think, is the real difficulty. We are members of a Church which never, perhaps, has stood face to face with the privileges and the work which God has designed for it. And I confess that it is not easy, in a few sentences, or by quoting facts and texts from Holy Writ, to set forth the reasons and the objects of the existence of the Church. However, the attempt must be made. The similies employed in alluding to the Church contain much suggestive truth. Why is the Church described as a "flock," a "household," a "city," a "body"? I should answer, to teach that the many members constitute one community. Unity—oneness—fellowship, is the prevailing notion in all these figures of speech. We know that this unity is very dear to the heart of Jesus. He prayed the Father for his disciples "that they all may be one . . . that they may be made or put in one." To maintain and conserve this unity the Apostles laboured most zealously. With energetic

earnestness Paul wrote to the Church at Corinth: "Now, I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same judgment." Let it be noted here that the unity sought is not the agreement of a portion, but the oneness of the whole: "that they *all* may be one," "that there be *no divisions* among you." So that neither the Lord Jesus nor the Apostle Paul refers to the unity of a small section of the faithful in any one city, but to the unity of all. The Church was instituted to preserve and promote this oneness—not to divide, as Churches now do, Christians from one another. And hence there should be a fellow-feeling among the members of a Church. "Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it." This is "the communion of saints," in which the true "Holy and Catholic Church" most devoutly believes and religiously endeavours to realize. I place it in the foreground, because I hold that the Church is intended to show mankind what the world should be—a "body, fitly joined together," a flock, quietly feeding in green pastures, a city, each of whose citizens loves his neighbour as himself, and whose gates are praise and walls salvation; a household, in which children find a holy and happy home; in order that such a society may be like the leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened. Such is my ideal of a Christian Church, and only as a Church secures for its members this fellowship one with another, do I conceive a number of believers to be a Church at all. One other remark must be made, and that is, the Church should minister to itself. I would not lay undue stress on any scripture; but I am quite as reluctant to allow a scripture to be unfulfilled in the history of a Christian or the Church. If you will read carefully the 12th, 13th, and 14th chapters of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, I think you will admit that the Apostle Paul regarded the gifts wherewith each member was endowed as designed for the benefit of the whole Church, "that all may learn, and all may be comforted." And so, in the 3rd chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, from the 1st to the 16th verse, the same Apostle explains why the Lord Jesus "gave some to be apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers." It was "with a view to the perfecting of the saints, for the work of ministration, for the building up of the body of Christ; till we all arrive at the unity of the faith and of the full knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." From these two scriptures I infer—1. That any gift which a member may possess is designed

by the giver for the benefit of the whole body. My hand or tongue or eye has no separate interest, but, in performing its function, ministers to the well-being of all the members. And so every believer is under obligation to communicate what good, and render what service he can, to the Church of which he forms a part. 2. That in this manner, by the exercise within the Church of the gifts bestowed on the members, the saints may be perfected—perfected in knowledge, in faith, in charity, in service. And thus the Church is a school, where the disciples are ever learning alike from the great Teacher and each other; or college, where the man of God is thoroughly furnished with all good works; or home, from which brothers and sisters set out, refreshed and strengthened to do their work in the world, and to which they return for rest and loving fellowship. The Church will not fulfil its mission, and will not have run its course, till we all attain “unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.” Till then, it becomes us to hold “the truth in love,” and “grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ; from whom the whole body being fitly framed together and compacted by means of every joint of the spiritual supply, according to the active working in the measure of each single part, promoteth the increase of the body for the building up of itself in love.” Put these two ideas together: the Church should unite all the Christians in any one town or city in a holy fellowship, and each member should minister to all the other members till every one is fully and entirely conformed to “the image of Christ”; and you have, unless I have misread my New Testament and misunderstood the spirit of the Gospel, the ideal of a Christian Church.

And now, brethren, how much of this ideal can we realise? What of the desirable is, in my Church, practicable and expedient? I make no secret of my conviction, that any form of Church government which is best adopted, considering the character and the circumstances of a people, to secure the ends proposed, is that which I regard as most approved by God, and as therefore having the greater claims upon us. In the case of Christian Englishmen, I think the form of government known as congregational is the likeliest to secure the objects for which the Church exists. The equality of the brotherhood, without the recognition of which it is all but impossible to obtain Christian fellowship, is distinctly and emphatically held as part and parcel of Congregationalism. I would not then on any account tamper with, or in any way contravene our present form of government. My suggestions will all be found consistent with the fundamental principles on which our Church has hitherto conducted its business. Within this limit, some amendments and a few

additions to our plans have occurred to me as right and expedient, and eminently practicable.

I am anxious that we should adopt a registration instead of an election of members. Not that this should be done carelessly and without due thought. Let those who wish to become members of the Church announce their desire to the minister, or one of yourselves. The application can be submitted to us all at one of our monthly meetings. Should we be satisfied that the applicant is a Christian, there will be no difficulty ; but should we entertain any doubt on this question, it would become our duty, as much to Christ and his Church as to the individual, to represent to him the nature and the aims of the fellowship he seeks, the responsibilities voluntarily undertaken by every member. Should he still express a wish to be added to our number, I think we have no choice, according to the precedents in the book and the spirit of the Gospel, but should immediately register his name as one of us, and report to the Church, at its next meeting, what we have done. A simple profession of faith in Christ, irrespective of theological or ecclesiastical opinions should admit to membership ; and were this so, the only door into the Church would be "the door of faith." I need not add, that in my judgment, each should decide for himself whether or no he is a believer. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant ? to his own master, he standeth or falleth."

The Church, I submit, should meet not for the transaction of business, but for "the perfecting of the saints." I anticipate the objection, "but business must be transacted." The business of the Church is, as a matter of fact, done by the officers. They exist for this very purpose. Well, could not the officers at every meeting of the Church present a report, containing the names of new members, and brief minutes of everything done or proposed to be done since the last meeting ? If any of the members asked information respecting the matters referred to in the report, or if there were on the part of any one a wish to challenge the wisdom of this act or the other, of the executive, there could be both discussion and voting on the subject. But generally, the report would be adopted without remark, and five minutes would be found amply sufficient for the transaction of the business of the Church. The Church might then pass on to its real business, the work given it to do, "the perfecting of the saints." And here I have to lament the failure of our fellowship meetings. That, perhaps, will be cited as a reason against any further experiments in the same direction. I should rather use it as an argument for a renewed and more vigorous effort to attain the desired end. Failure is one of our safest teachers ; and no man knows how to succeed till he has failed. It is evident that

our Church is not yet ready to realize "the communion of saints." The extent to which that failure results from the lack of a serious and studious preparation for the meetings, it is not for me to say. But this I may say, that fellowship is possible among Christians; that Christians can, if they will, sympathize with each other, and talk together of the things in which they are most interested; that our multiform and varied needs, the truths of the Bible, the exceeding great and precious promises of the Gospel, and the varied calls upon the resources and energies of Christians, are sufficiently important to engage the attention and interest the minds of our members. And I am slow to believe that the Church is incapable of Christian fellowship. Might we not devote a portion of the time of our periodical Church meeting to prayer for special objects? We have tried and tempted ones among us, some afflicted and troubled souls, others anxious for the physical or spiritual well-being of the many that are dear to them. Why not agree together to ask God for the blessings we desire, either for ourselves or our loved ones? Half an hour could be set apart for Christian conversation, the subjects and two or three speakers to be selected by the officers, and thus those who fear the Lord could speak occasionally, if not often, one to another. All this is, I am persuaded, desirable, and I think it is also practicable. And were we to make our monthly meeting, by such means as these, "a time of refreshing," and a season of gladness, we should soon see a change that would cheer our hearts, and encourage us in our labour of love.

But the conduct of our Church meetings is a comparatively unimportant matter. I should lay much greater stress upon the maintenance of godly discipline. Not that I am anxious to expel members from the Church; on the contrary, I hold that we Nonconformists have too often confounded discipline with excommunication. These two things differ from each other. Discipline ends before excommunication begins. Its object is not punishment for a wrong done, but the moral perfecting of its subjects. I allow that there may be cases in which exclusion may become necessary. Such a case seems to have arisen in the Church at Corinth. The Apostle expressly enjoins upon the Corinthians the duty of removing from among them a man who had committed a very flagrant sin. Still, Paul contemplated the possibility of his restoration, and prescribed an extreme measure, "that his spirit might be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus;" and in a second letter, he interceded for this same brother, pleading that he might be forgiven, and asking the Corinthians "to comfort him, lest perhaps such a one should be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow." And he was the

more anxious about this, "lest," he writes, "Satan should get an advantage of us; for we are not ignorant of his devices." This case shows that it is right to expel from fellowship, but it also shows that the object should be the salvation of the expelled, and that there should be a readiness to welcome the sinner back to the house of God. I confess that in all my experience as a pastor, I have not met with a single instance of immorality, which appears to me to come under the rule laid down by the Apostle, and I doubt much whether such an instance is likely to occur oftener than once in a lifetime. The rule applicable to declension in piety, and to isolated acts of inconsistency, is stated in the Epistle to the Galatians. "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye that are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Our duty to the erring is clear. We ought not to visit them for their sins, to arraign them at the bar of the Church, to pass judgment on them. The only course open to us is, to seek their reclamation. We should deal with them as the Lord our God dealt with David, and Jesus with Peter. I fear that the Church has too much care for its own reputation; thinks more than it should of the opinion of outsiders, and consults the requirements of the world as much as the will of its King. It is possible that a church refusing to expel an erring member, striving to convert instead of proceeding to chastise one overtaken with a fault, would be regarded as loose in its discipline, and would be condemned as sadly tolerant of evil. The same was said of Jesus. "It is enough for the servant that he be as his master." He was called "the friend of publicans and sinners;" and sinners and pharisees professed to be shocked at the so-called latitudinarian charity, which received sinners and ate with them. I hold firmly that in every instance, not the reputation of the Church, nor even the vindication of Christianity, but the spiritual and eternal good of the individual should be the one and sole object of what is known as discipline, and that that discipline should be employed by the officers of the Church. If, then, any of us know of the declension of a brother or sister, it is our duty, as elders in this Church, not to put the offender to open shame, nor to call the attention of our fellow-members to the case, but to "restore such an one in the spirit of meekness." Discipline, however, is a much larger word than is generally supposed. A dictionary defines it as "instruction and government, comprehending the communication of knowledge and the regulation of practice." The discipline of a Christian Church consists in its instruction and government; and we, brethren, are responsible to our God and fellow-members for their instruction and government—we should

communicate to them knowledge, and seek rightly to regulate their practice. The broader the basis of our fellowship the stricter—not the severer nor the harsher, but the more effective—should be our discipline. The question, which, like Aaron's rod, swallows up all less than itself, is this question of the nature of the Christian life, and the direction of the Christian labours of the members of a church. Our practice, in which we are no worse, and certainly no better than other churches, is to admit to our communion, and then to cease to watch over the new member. We fail in the oversight of the Church. Could we account to the shepherd for each sheep in the fold? Have we made it our concern, to find some field of labour for every servant? Can we say that we have studied the capacity of each individual in our society, and put forth all our skill and influence in assigning him his proper place in the Church? I fear not. At least, I cannot claim in this matter to have done my duty. "We have left undone those things that we ought to have done." I believe then, you and I should direct our attention to this. Many members, received under a laxer principle, though elected with over-jealousy of intrusion, are perhaps beyond the reach of discipline. It may be years before any mode of action can affect them for good. But our younger members surely might at once be brought under controlling and restraining influences. Each of us could undertake the supervision of a few; and if the work grew beyond our strength, there are brethren and sisters in the Church well adapted to assist us in the effort to discipline the Church. The oversight should distinctly recognize that Christian liberty which I have spoken of as the primal condition of Church fellowship. Starting from this point, the attempt might be made to bring the members under instruction, that they might receive a knowledge of the will of God; to suggest works of piety, that they might minister, as members should, to the well-being of the whole body, and the fulfilling of the purpose of the head; to inculcate personal consecration to the Saviour, and brotherly love, that they might be in reality, as in name, a Church of Christ, "and members one of another." I deeply feel the need of some such agency among us; and I gravely doubt whether we can accomplish the objects of our existence as a Church, save as we endeavour to attain to this "communion of saints." I submit to you whether we ought not to set before us the Christian culture and holy usefulness of each member of our Church as the end to be realized—whether we should not, more than we do, seek the well-being of every one of our number—whether ours ought not to be the aim and ambition to "present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."

Many other suggestions occur to me; for though I have spoken

plainly and unreservedly, I have not spoken so fully as I at first intended. It is better, perhaps, I should stop here. You must not suppose that I have the wish, even if I possessed the power, to revolutionize the Church. My desire is to promote a conservative reform that shall remedy existing evils, and make possible greater good than has yet been realized. In furtherance of this, I have laid bare my heart to you, in obedience to the command, he "that hath a dream, let him tell him a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." It is for you, brethren, to use the flail, and separate the chaff from the wheat. I will not complain, as I see the husks scattered to the four winds, but I hope that, if you have found, or shall find any precious grain in what I have placed before you, that you will store it up, and not let it be lost. Only by earnest and cordial co-operation can we succeed in our work. "Whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing." But whatever conclusions we may arrive at, if we should still pursue the old plan, rejecting all innovations, I trust we shall infuse more vigour, and breathe new life into our Church organization and ecclesiastical arrangements. The Son of Man says to us, as to the angel of the Church at Sardis, "Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die: for I have not found thy works perfect before God."

C. W.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ecclesiastical world has been in a state of lively fermentation. Anglican prelates and Irish Roman Catholic bishops have been at work on resolutions and pastorals; Churchmen and Dissenters of every degree have had their assemblies, and taken counsel how they might best strengthen their stakes and lengthen their cords. Anglicans at Wolverhampton, Evangelicals at Ipswich, Independents at Manchester, Baptists at Cardiff, United Presbyterians at Liverpool—sure there never was such a mustering of Churches and Church clans: we wish we could say of the best of them that they had been more anxious about the object for which all Churches profess to exist, than about their own position and organization. Nevertheless, they may all be

praised for plainness and honesty of speech, and most of them for candour and courtesy towards their brethren of other denominations. In this commendation, indeed, we cannot include the Bishops, who, however plain their speech to one another, take care that the world at large shall be none the better for their arguments, seeing that they only publish the results of their reasoning, and that, summed up in one sentence, is—Glorify the Bishops. Nor have the Evangelicals made any advance towards either charity or manhood. Shrinking from the keen airs of Wolverhampton, they gathered their snug little company in the milder climes of Essex, and there their great man, Mr. Bardsley, preached, read papers, and spoke to his heart's content—none daring to question or make him afraid. The sum of their conference was that they must organize afresh against Popery—as if there were not Protestant Alliances and Church Associations enow already—but must on no account call in the help of the Dissenters, lest, “at the crisis of the fight,” they should spoil all by calling out for the abolition of church-rates. They must be beforehand with the Ritualists, saying to them, “Conform or leave,” lest the Ritualists should put the test to *them*, and place *them* in that most hateful dilemma. Of the dreadful days that were coming upon them they spoke much, but their resolution is equal to the most appalling calamities. Mr. Ryle, amidst the loudest plaudits of his hearers, declared that they would never desert the Church—come what might, they would stick to the ship.

We are now better able to understand the meaning of the Pan-Anglican Synod, and the imbecility of its conclusions. No doubt it originated in the deep-felt necessity of arresting the confusion which is rapidly overtaking the Church of England. In the first instance it was probably intended that by some solemn act of excommunication or casting off, the Church should get rid of the scandal of a sceptical Bishop, and that some ordinances should be passed for the regulation of the colonial churches, which, by recent decisions of the judges, have been cut off from the parent stem, and against their will converted into voluntary associations. The Synod was reduced to impotence, first, by the discovery that the law would interfere to prevent the bishops doing anything that would savour in the least of authority. They must neither threaten nor command, they could only counsel and recommend. Secondly, by the refusal of the Archbishop of York and several other English prelates who seemed to think that the Synod would subserve the purposes of the sacerdotal party in the Church, to attend the Conference at all. And lastly, by the resolve of the Bishops of London and St. David's, without whom the Synod really could

not have been held at all, that Dr. Colenso's name should not be introduced. We learn from the sketches of the Conference with which the American Bishops have favoured their friends, that the right reverend prelates got very excited over two matters. First, over an attempt to restate the creed of the Anglican Church; and secondly, over an attempt to settle what should be done with the naughty Bishop of Natal. The prelates from the United States were extremely chagrined when they found that this subject was tabooed, and seemed to think they had crossed the seas for very little purpose. The Bishop of St. David's was impracticable; as often as Colenso was mentioned he called upon the Primate to respect the agreement into which he had entered on that subject. Not a word appears to have been said about Ritualism; no attempt made to compose doctrinal differences or reconcile rival parties, and all that the Bishops did bears the marks of evasion and compromise. Thus to the outside world, the whole business looks like a mischievous parade of the weakness of the Church and its spiritual rulers. Yet it is probable that the chief movers are very well satisfied with their work. A first and most important step has been taken towards working out the theory of an Episcopal Church, free from all State control. Arrangements have been attempted which would invest the governance of free churches in the colonies in the English Primate, and one part of the machinery which will be necessary for self-government has been set up afresh. It is a preparation for the great change which few of the prelates desire, but which they all must apprehend as possibly not far off.

While the Bishops are thus setting their house in order for the revolution which shall emancipate the Church, we are glad, in the Wolverhampton Congress, to find tokens that the body of the clergy and laity are preparing for it also. The frankness and earnestness with which questions affecting the real work of the Church, and its relations to other religious bodies, were discussed, are signs of vigour and life such as never comes of State patronage, and will not only render the Church independent of the State, but will presently make bondage to the State intolerable. The interesting discussions on the methods of recovering Nonconformists showed a strange ignorance of the real grounds of Nonconformity; but there are many evidences that Churchmen are now studying Dissent instead of sneering at it, and when they become better acquainted with our principles they may, perhaps, become Dissenters themselves.

The Congregational Dissenters, whether of the Independent or Baptist orders, have had very lively meetings—significant, apparently, of growing strength and confidence in their own resources. The weak points of Congregationalism were canvassed, both at

Cardiff and Manchester, without the least reserve, and a number of suggestions made for their abatement, few of which had any merit of novelty; but that does not detract from their value; they would be good enough if only the Churches could be got to act upon them. The New England system of Church Councils for settling disputes between ministers and churches or amongst church members was discussed by Dr. Vaughan, and rejected both by him and by the meeting under whose attention he had brought it. Nevertheless, a resort to the kindly arbitration of neighbours was pressed upon all quarrelsome brethren. The best security against the multiplication of small, inefficient, and impoverished churches was described by the Rev. J. Stoughton, in a paper which he read on this subject. Mr. Stoughton did not disparage the formation of small societies for prayer and communion, presided over by lay brethren, as the means, throughout the rural districts, of much comfort and good; they can be assisted and superintended by the pastors of churches in adjacent towns, but the mischief begins when these small communities aspire to an organisation far beyond their capacity—intellectual and pecuniary. “For a few good folks,” said Mr. Stoughton, “to set themselves up as a Church when they have not the means of supporting their independency, to claim their right to have a pastor to themselves, whilst they have not the wherewithal to find him the necessities of life, to assert the liberty of managing their own affairs, when neither by nature nor by grace are they fitted for it any more than so many children, is to mistake altogether the fundamental grounds of human association, to pervert the notion of religious liberty, to do what is unjust to themselves and others, and to expose to ridicule and contempt a system which they in their inmost heart wish above all things to serve, to honour, and even to glorify. . . . To form a Church and claim a pastor is to incur pecuniary expense, which people have no more right to do without the power of paying it, than an individual has to set up a domestic establishment, involving expenditure which is out of all proportion to his purse.” The union of the congregations in towns or populous districts into one Church, which to Mr. Stoughton, as to many other people, “appears to have been the primitive rule,” and the affiliation of small congregations in rural districts with a central Church were also recommended as palliatives of the evils arising from small churches and pauperised ministers. The shabbiness of congregations towards their ministers was denounced by none so strongly as by laymen, who very properly appropriated the question of “ministerial income,” as chiefly appertaining to them, while the ministers themselves were most urgent that means should be taken to prevent the admission of ill-qualified men into the *pastorate*.

There seemed an honest desire to get back to apostolic practice wherever that could be ascertained and the complications of modern society would permit.

The project of endowing the Irish Roman Catholic priests has been summarily disposed of by the Romish clergy themselves, who, through their Bishops have repudiated the idea with scorn. Our Government seems to have asked permission of the Pope to make the offer, and under Papal direction the Irish prelates discussed the matter. They would like the money dearly, but they would never consent to share with the Protestant Church that of which they say they were impiously spoiled, and their flocks are too ill-affected to English rule to allow the priests for a moment to entertain the idea of becoming stipendiaries of the Government. The Irish Church difficulty is immensely simplified by this resolution of the priests, but how the question is to be approached, and who shall carry out the inevitable divorce of Church and State in Ireland it is not yet possible to see.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Edward Miall is not at this moment member for Bradford. The preference shown by a large number of the electors for a local man, who, with his father before him, spent much money "for the good of the place," is not much to be wondered at. It is to be expected that the boroughs will be very much given up to this sort of influence. It would have been to the honour and credit of the people of Bradford, calling themselves Liberals, if they could have risen to higher considerations in the choice of a representative, and faithfully following their tried and able leaders, who foregoing their own claims, have united to support an educated representative politician, whose presence in Parliament would now be of real value. The election has no political significance. Mr. Thompson's votes against Church-rates will count just as well as Mr. Miall's, but the influence of Bradford in the legislative as represented by Mr. Thompson instead of Mr. Miall, will be small indeed. However, the Bradfordians have Mr. W. E. Forster: too much parliamentary importance would probably be oppressive to them. The clerical papers have not rejoiced much over Mr. Miall's defeat; indeed, the *John Bull* had the good sense to acknowledge that a well-informed opponent of State-churchism, like Mr. Miall, would be a preferable antagonist in the House of Commons to a man who had not studied the subject, and whose hostility would probably only be that of a partizan.

"The bark of St. Peter still rides serenely amidst the storm." The Pope is still in Rome, and likely there to remain, though Garibaldi is raging at the gates with 5,000 followers at his back. For the fleets and armies of France are once more on their way to his rescue, and by grace of foreign bayonets he may still be

safe, if not in the Vatican, yet in the Castle of St. Angelo. No one supposes that the Emperor of the French cares in the least for the Pope, yet to uphold his temporal sovereignty he has humiliated Italy, turned her people into foes, and infinitely increased the disgust which his own people already feel at his bad policy, and ill-starred expeditions. It is to be feared that Garibaldi will lose his life in this chivalrous attempt to complete that life's great work. Neither Pope nor Emperor, however, have any reason to desire his fall. It would probably so exalt the passion of the Italians that they would sweep both Pope and Emperor out of the land, despite their battalions. Or if they have self-restraint enough to let the emperor alone to bear the burden of the Papacy, it will be a millstone about his neck, of which he will be compelled presently to get rid, or else to sink with it into unutterable contempt and ruin. The latest news seems to point to a joint occupation of Rome by the French and Italian troops, and a conference to settle the future relations of the Pope to Italy. The French Emperor tells the world that he has "no wish to renew in the old form an occupation of whose gravity no one is better aware" than he is himself.

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Church and State. By R. VAUGHAN, D.D. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

THIS very seasonable and thoughtful treatise deserves our hearty commendation. Moderate and yet decided in tone, lucid in the statement and exposition, and forcible and convincing in the defence of great principles, it is worthy both of its great theme and of the high reputation of the author. It is a small, unpretentious work, but it has a power and a merit which many more imposing books do not possess. There are men in whom age has quenched all enthusiasm, and done much towards converting their early sympathy with liberty into a cold, calculating, selfish Conservatism, which regards all earnestness as violence, and desires nothing so ardently as peace. Dr. Vaughan is the very opposite of this. His words have all the weight and authority which experience can give; but they have also a boldness,

a decision, an earnestness which even youth might envy. There is something heroic in the courage with which he puts himself in the fore-front of the battle, as though determined to die with his armour on. There is nothing in this book which tells of three-score years and ten, except the mellowness which age only can impart. There is considerable freshness in the treatment of a subject which has been so often discussed, that it might at first sight have appeared as though there was nothing new to be said. We should hope that there are thoughtful and candid men in the Establishment who will not be insensible to this very calm, but most demonstrative statement of the Scriptural objections to their favourite institution. The fallacy of some of their stock arguments is very clearly exhibited, and the direct as well as indirect argument from Scripture against their system brought out with remarkable fulness and effect. A better manual could not be put in the hands of intelligent young persons, desirous of thoroughly mastering the subject of which it treats.

A Chip of the Old Block. A Novel. By GEORGE GRETTON. In Two Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall.

THIS novel, intended to demonstrate the immense superiority of the Roman Catholic Church, both as regards the authority of its doctrine and the character of its members, has yielded us no little consolation. We had begun to fear that the Protestant Electoral Union and some other "No Popery" associations had a monopoly of fierceness, narrowness, uncharitableness, and bad taste; but this book has relieved us from the apprehension, and shows us that if such faults are only too often developed on one side, they are just as conspicuous on the other. We are also glad to find the sort of arguments which earnest and able Roman Catholics deem unanswerable. They exhibit to us more than ever the weakness of their system, especially when brought into conflict with those who abjure the vulgar claptrap of the controversy, and instead of retailing a number of stale and often untenable objections to gross excesses, address themselves to a vigorous assault of the great principles of the Church, and do not provoke defeat by first conceding the authority of the Catholic and Apostolic Church. Otherwise the book is simply grotesque. To suppose that any rational people would conduct themselves in the way here attributed to the poor Protestants, is a mere piece of extravagant absurdity.

The Family Pen; Memorials Biographical and Literary of the Taylor Family, of Ongar. Edited by the Rev. ISAAC TAYLOR, M.A. In Two Volumes. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

THOSE who open these volumes expecting to find new and interesting details relative to the Taylor family must be prepared for a serious disappointment. The greater part of the contents has appeared in some form or other before, and that which is fresh—a short sketch, extending to about sixteen pages, of the late Isaac Taylor, by his son, the Editor of the present work—is not more than an introduction to the fuller biographies on which he is engaged. But if these Memorial

volumes have not the attraction of novelty, there is quite sufficient of interest and value about them to make them generally acceptable. They consist of miscellanies, some of them biographical, and others of a more general character, from the pens of different members of the circle, developing some features of their training and character, and illustrating the genius of some of the group, who are less known to fame than the distinguished author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," "Ancient Christianity," and the "Restoration of Belief." Isaac Taylor had unquestionably the most acute and perhaps the most cultured intellect of the whole, and he has taken a recognized place in the literature of the day. Of Taylor and his sister less is known, and we are, therefore, the more glad to have some of their writings collected and preserved in this permanent form, in which they are sure to interest and instruct a large class of readers.

Dissenting influences created the Taylors and made them what they were. A more interesting spectacle cannot be conceived than that of the humble, hard-working Dissenting minister, engaged in that extraordinarily minute and painstaking education of his children, which was destined to produce results so much greater than even in his most sanguine moments he could have ventured to anticipate. It is somewhat painful, however, to see how cultured minds of the class to which Isaac Taylor belonged gravitate, almost as a matter of course, to the Established Church. They are offended by the thousand and one things in Dissent which jar upon their æsthetic sympathies; they dislike the violence of religious controversy, and in their recoil from it lapse into a kind of eclecticism which sooner or later drifts them into that Establishment, whither also all the strong attractions of literary associations and *prestige* have been drawing them. They forget how many of the faults in Dissent may be traced to the injustice under which its professors have suffered in their exclusion from the refining and elevating influences of the national seats of learning, and by the course they themselves pursue, do much to perpetuate the evils which they might have been able by a more decided line of action to repress. We greatly regret the position that Isaac Taylor took; though, looking at his character and tastes, it is impossible to be surprised at it. But, while feeling how much Nonconformity loses by the fact that it does not retain such men among its ranks, we must be content to lose them rather than compromise, in the slightest degree, the testimony which we have to bear against what we believe to be inconsistent with the whole spirit and genius of Christianity. We have work to do from which men of excessive fastidiousness, who are anxious that every one should preserve that "calm, judicial tone," for which Mr. Taylor gives his father special credit, and who are themselves so afraid of saying a word too much that they maintain absolute silence, are sure to shrink. But the work must be done, and done firmly and manfully, whatever the defections from our ranks, or the secret grumblings among those who yet hesitate absolutely to forsake us. We are not insensible to the value of the class of whom Isaac Taylor was a type, and certainly are not so ungrateful, despite the quiet hits at Dissent which he could sometimes deal out, as not fully to recognize the

service he did both against Tractarianism and Rationalism, but we are fallen on a time when in the strifes that are raging around us, we must have men made of sterner stuff to fight the battles not only of Nonconformity, but of Christianity itself.

The Ancien Regime. Three Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution
by the REV. C. KINGSLEY, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE REV. C. KINGSLEY is certainly not a model Professor of History, but he takes a higher position and does a far nobler work than the ideal Professor, for whom some of his censors would admire, could ever accomplish. The whole bent of his mind unfits him for that laborious research into mere minutiae and that careful estimate of the exact force and significance of every record in which some men find their principal delight; he is often carried away by the fervour of his own enthusiasm; he is too hasty in his generalization and altogether too pure to disdain the conventionalisms to please a certain class of critics, who, therefore, find the task of turning him and his work into ridicule equally easy and congenial. We are not indiscriminate admirers, but there is that about him which always commands our sympathy, and even when most disposed to break a lance with him about some of his notions, there is a frank outspokenness and a geniality of spirit which we heartily respect. Few men are more apt to be misled, for few have stronger and more generous impulses; and when he errs, it is generally by them that he is led astray. His championship of Ex-Governor Eyre, both in itself and in the special form which it assumed, was one of his most questionable public acts, but it is easy to see that even there he was influenced by a chivalrous spirit, in opposing himself to a popular cry, and without at all justifying his position and still less the extraordinary speech in which he asserted his views, we must maintain that he was led away by the perversion of noble instincts, and not by any sympathy with the cause of oppression.

Of his hatred to tyranny in every form, of his desire to see the establishment of equal political rights, of his confidence in the people and his sympathy with them in their resistance either to monarchical or aristocratic despotism, these four lectures on the "Ancien Regime" afford sufficient proof. They do not give any facts that are particularly new, but they present some very vivid and characteristic sketches of those abuses which brought about that terrible uprising of humanity which we describe as the French Revolution, and prove, if not more conclusively than has been done before, at least in a more impressive and telling manner, that the crimes of the people were only the natural result of the previous crimes of the princes and nobles. Seldom, if ever, has the direct connection between the atrocities of the Revolution and the previous excesses of the aristocracy been traced in a more masterly, eloquent, and convincing manner. "The wickedness (he says with great truth) of certain of its leaders was part of the retribution itself. For the noblesse existed surely to make men better. It did, by certain classes, the very opposite. Therefore it was destroyed

by wicked men whom itself had made wicked. For over and above all political, economical, social wrongs, these were wrongs personal, human, dramatic, which stirred not merely the springs of covetousness or envy, or even of a just demand for the freedom of labour and enterprise, but the very deepest springs of rage, contempt, and hate; wrongs which caused, as I believe, the horrors of the Revolution." Nothing is more admirable in Mr. Kingsley than the earnestness with which he thus brings out the great principles of the moral government of the world, never obtruding them, never sinking into religious cant from which no man is more free—often suggesting rather than stating very distinctly, yet always bringing out the grand lesson which history thus teaches. We wish we could direct attention to the contrast between France of 1789 and the England of to-day, by which he combats the fears of those who dread the advent of a similar Revolution now, but we must for this refer our readers to the brief but most suggestive and interesting volume before us.

David the King of Israel. By F. W. KRUMMACHER, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

DR. KRUMMACHER needs no introduction to English readers, and those who are familiar with the graphic pictures, the rich spiritual meditations, the forcible earnest appeals of his former books, will be very glad to have this new one, of which it is almost sufficient to say that it is cast in the same mould and well sustains the reputation of its predecessors. The author referring to the neglect and misapprehension which the Old Testament suffers "on the part of many of the faithful in the church of my Fatherland," adds, "I feel myself at liberty from personal experience, to congratulate the brethren in England and Scotland that they are not open to any such reproval." We wish we could accept the congratulation to the full extent, but there is ample room for improvement in this respect, and Dr. Krummacher will do good service if he does no more than show the homiletic value of the Old Testament narratives. The whole story of David is here discussed in a wise, discriminating and practical style. The translator has done his work well, and the book is well worthy to find a place in every Christian family.

The Starling. 2 Vols., by NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D. London: Alexander Strahan.

THE STARLING is not only the title of this capital tale, but the poor birdie is actually its theme. The incident on which the story is founded, the struggle of a poor man to preserve his starling from the death to which it had been doomed by an over-scrupulous Scotch minister for the atrocious sin of whistling on a Sunday, seems at first unnatural, but we have reason to know that it is strictly true. A melancholy illustration it affords certainly of the fierceness and extravagance of Scotch Sabbatarianism, extreme no doubt but not incredible to those who are at all familiar with the notions prevalent in many parts of Scotland. All honour to Dr. Macleod, who has stood up manfully and earnestly

to point out a more excellent way. Even those who may think that he has pushed his conclusions too far must reverence and admire the courage which led him to face the storm of popular obloquy which the bold utterance of his opinion was certain to provoke. It would be wrong, however, to regard this book merely as a story bearing on the Sabbath question. Even its moral purpose lies deeper than this, being evidently intended to depict the struggle between mere logic and strong spiritual instincts, and to show how the force of the latter will ultimately triumph over the former, however able its arguments may be. As a work of art, too, it has distinctive merit and is the best book the author has given us. The interest centred in the poor dumb bird, the disdain of the help to be derived from any love story ingeniously interwoven with the main plot, the richness of the dialogue, and the racy delineations of the Scotch character, unite to make this book as attractive as it is certainly healthful in its influence.

The Diamond Rose. A Tale of Love and Duty. By SARAH TYTLER. London: Alexander Strahan.

To those who desire to find in fiction the delineation of high-toned character, the influence of religious truth and feeling in moulding it, who care more for the inculcation of pure and lofty principle than for the excitement of stirring incident, this tale of Miss Tytler's will be attractive. It is simple, and some would say cold, but it is pure and truthful, it very ingeniously interweaves historic facts into its plots, and thus interests alike in the early history of one of those great charitable foundations for which Edinburgh is famous, and in the struggle arising out of the Jacobite insurrection in 1715. There is nothing very stirring in the plot, but it is one of those quiet earnest stories of human life and its struggles from which all may draw some lessons of profit.

Essays and Discourses. By T. W. TOZER. London: Elliot Stock.

A VOLUME of sermons of more than average merit. We know not how the author distinguishes between "Essays and Discourses," but they all seem to us of the same order—sermons sought out with care, clothed in clear and suitable language, devout in tone, and well fitted for usefulness.

THE
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THE ROMISH TENDENCIES OF THE AGE,
AS SHOWN IN THE
CATHOLIC REVIVAL OF THE ANGLICAN
CHURCH.

A PAPER READ AT THE AUTUMNAL MEETING OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION, HELD AT MANCHESTER, 1867.

BY THE REV J. G. ROGERS, B.A.

It is not surprising that it is not an easy task to convince English Protestants that there is any danger of the triumph of Romanism in this country, for at first sight it would seem that no peril could be more remote, and no apprehension more groundless. If Protestantism was able to win its position in times of darkness and superstition, it seems incredible that it should be threatened in an age which is characterised by the impatience with which it chafes against all restraint and authority, and the boldness with which it asserts its right to press its inquiries in every department of thought. The indisposition, too, to listen to any such warnings has been strengthened by the way in which a bigoted and intolerant faction have continually sought to play upon the popular sentiment relative to Protestantism, and use it as an instrument for the advancement of their own ends. The cry of "Protestantism in danger," has been the favourite watchword of the reactionary party, who have strenuously resisted every concession to the more enlightened spirit of the age, and have insisted on the maintenance of a policy of exclusiveness and injustice as essential to the conservation of Protestant interests. It is not wonderful that sensible and liberal men have got utterly weary of such tactics,

and are inclined to receive any fresh intimations of danger with incredulity, if not with contempt.

It is to be regretted that such sentiments should deter from a fair examination of the subject, for there are facts enough to convince thoughtful men that we are in the midst of a serious crisis, and that the Protestantism of England, so far at least as the Established Church is concerned, has not been in such grave peril since the Revolution. That danger, however, has not arisen from the recognition of the civil rights of Roman Catholics, not from any approach that has been made towards the establishment of religious equality, not even from the increased zeal and activity, great as it has been, of the clergy and members of the Romish Church, but, as we all know, from the rise of a party within that Establishment which some are still disposed to regard as the bulwark of Protestantism. Events have proved what, as Nonconformists have always maintained, that the real danger is within the Establishment and not outside. We have recently witnessed the rapid growth of a movement, which has unfortunately been designated by a name (Ritualism)—a name which brings out only one of its incidental features, and conceals its real character, which threatens to sweep away all that is Protestant either in dogma or practice in the Anglican Church. It has developed itself to an extent which two years ago would hardly have been believed possible. It is exultant in tone, and that tone is justified by the position it has taken and felt itself able to maintain. The bench of bishops has shrunk from any decided condemnation of its theories. Convocation has dallied and played with it, and if it has not ventured to give it an absolute sanction, has shown it a large amount of favour; Church Congresses have come to succumb to the influence of its leaders, and have afforded opportunities for the display of its power. Royal Commissioners have been compelled to temporise, and even the mild advice they give is laughed to scorn by a party which feels itself strong enough to defy even the highest ecclesiastical authority. It is active, energetic, wise in its generation, exhibiting wondrous skill in meeting the various weaknesses of the age; and consequently it is progressive, and is now hardly disguised Romanism.

Many are deriving encouragement from the history of the Tractarian movement, and are hoping that this new development of Anglo-Catholicism will end, as that did, in the secession of a few to the Church of Rome, and the quiet subsidence of the agitation which has arisen. The idea is utterly fallacious, and indicates only an utter misapprehension of the facts of the case. It assumes that Tractarianism died out, and does not recognise the fact that, though for a time quiet and secret in its working,

it has, during the thirty years that have elapsed since its first struggle, been steadily pursuing its course, and now reappears, taking a bolder tone, and making more extravagant pretensions than ever. Ritualism is Tractarianism more fully developed, even more arrogant and uncompromising in spirit, more pronounced in character and aim, but essentially the same movement.

There is, indeed, a difference between the two, and a difference which is extremely significant. The original idea of Tractarianism was to keep men from Rome, by bringing out the "Catholic" element of Anglicanism; that of Ritualism is to bring about reconciliation on terms which would involve the surrender of all that is held vital by Anglican Protestants between the two Churches. The one, as the champion of Anglican Catholicity, which it sought to purge from Protestant accretions, did not shrink from charging Rome with the guilt of schism. The other is ready to take a more humble and even penitent tone, to confess the guilt of past wanderings and to seek reunion with Catholic Christendom. The difference is important. Before, we had a party, which if strongly anti-Protestant, was desirous to maintain Anglicanism, even while giving it a more Romanist character. Now we have a large and influential body expressly avowing their anxiety to be reconciled with the Church of Rome, their determination to remain in the Anglican Church to accomplish this end, and their confident hope that within twenty years this consummation so earnestly longed for may be reached.

Hardly less significant than the change in the position of the party is the change in their relations to the Church and outside world. Rev. W. J. E. Bennett points triumphantly, and with reason, to the contrast between the reception given to the comparatively slight divergences from the Protestant notions of 1839, and that with which the much more pronounced teachings and practices of 1867 have met. We do not ascribe undue importance to the numbers attracted to their services, or even to the large sums of money raised for their purposes; but it certainly is a fact of grave aspect that Mr. Mackonochie and his coadjutors have by mere lapse of time established a position for themselves and their special style of service within the Establishment. The spectator who looks on amazed at the extraordinary performances at St. Alban's or St. Matthias, Stoke Newington, may be told that these are mere individual extravagances unsanctioned by law, and contrary to the spirit and practice of the Anglican Church, which is thoroughly Protestant; but the fact remains that these things are so, that they have been continued for a considerable length of time, that no attempt to remove them

has ever been ventured, and that they are thus quietly but surely acquiring that prescriptive right which custom always gives. Indeed, even those who are most offended and most desirous of change do not profess to have power to touch more than one or two of the obnoxious practices, and are constrained to let the others go by default.

All this is grave enough, and its seriousness is certainly not diminished by a fuller knowledge of the teachings and purposes of the party thus acquiring power. It would be hard to specify the dogma or practice of Romanism to which they have not given a more or less distinct assent. They breathe just the same exclusiveness of spirit, insisting that where there is no bishop and no apostolical succession, there is no Church. They regard Presbyterianism, and by a parity of reasoning of course Congregationalism, as "an abandonment of the Church, although it chose to adopt the same name." They represent the Christian life as dependent for vitality and strength on the same elaborate system of sacraments as Rome adopts, endeavouring by a very ingenious process of reasoning, we might more truly say quibbling, to escape the clear declaration of the Articles that there are only two sacraments, and insisting that only by the incorporation into the sacred and sinless manhood of Christ through these "extensions of the incarnation" can the soul find power to overcome the mighty force of evil. They repudiate the doctrine of Transubstantiation because the Articles expressly condemn it, but they are very anxious to maintain that the dogma rejected by the Articles was never held even by the Church of Rome, and would certainly convict our Reformers of great stupidity in taking such elaborate pains to mark their denial of an error which, in fact, none but a few zealots ever held. If we were to accept their teachings, our estimate of the morality of the compilers of the Articles would be extremely low, for they would have us believe that these great Anglican divines took care to give them as much as possible of an anti-Romanist appearance, and yet so to shape their language as to admit of the retention of the very dogmas which to the uninitiated they seemed to reject. These modern divines appear to think they do their fathers honour by the new and unexpected lights in which they place their declarations, and, if they prove nothing else, assuredly show how worthless are the most elaborate and carefully prepared creeds as barriers against the intrusion even of the very errors against which they are intended to protest—how, indeed, by engendering false security, they become a source of weakness rather than of strength. The language of the Articles prevents the adoption of a particular term, and compels the advocates of the dogma of the Real Presence to resort to explana-

tions of what it is which are misty and unintelligible to others, whatever they may be to themselves. The presence is neither corporeal nor spiritual, yet it is real. There is no union of the substances of bread and wine with the flesh and blood ; still less is there any change of substances ; yet the communicant really receives the body and blood of the Lord, and that not in any figurative or spiritual sense, but in deed and truth. The terms of the article are met, for Transubstantiation is rejected. But what advantage does Protestantism gain from this so long as the dogma of the Real Presence is retained? Let Archbishop Manning, a competent authority on such a point, instruct us here. He says, with a frankness and decision natural to one holding a consistent and intelligible position, and who has no need to fence his utterances at every point :—"The doctrine of the Real Presence, less Transubstantiation, is like the doctrine of God in three persons, less the doctrine of the Trinity." It is less clear and distinct, but it is to all intents and purposes the same, and brings with it all those superstitions which Protestants have always strenuously resisted. With this distinctive dogma received, it is not wonderful that other parts of the Romish faith are following ; that the confessional is so largely employed—to such an extent, indeed, that one of the Ritualist organs has recently recommended the clergy, taking advantage of the silence of the Ritualist Commission on this point, to introduce confessionals in all the churches ; that it is suggested that in a certain modified doctrine of purgatory is to be found the only escape from the difficulties connected with the eternity of future punishment, and that the language employed in relation to the Virgin Mary and the saints, is hardly less extravagant than that of Romanist formularies. Of course all the churches of the party do not exhibit all these features ; there is a process of development, so that, as one of their ablest journals calculates, it takes about ten years for the complete transformation of a Protestant into a really Catholic Church, and possibly we may find individual men and churches in all the different stages of the process. But this is the distinctive character of the movement which is rapidly accepting all Romish doctrines as essential parts of the catholic faith. Perhaps, however, the most significant feature is the eagerness with which a large and increasing number are seeking corporate union with Rome, distinctly avowing that they will retain their present positions in order that they may aid in the accomplishment of this desired consummation, pledging themselves to each other to offer the Holy Sacrifice at certain intervals with this intention, and indulging the hope that within twenty years the great schism of the Western Church may be healed, and England again form a part of Catholic Christendom.

All this unquestionably means Romanism. What it will be able to accomplish is another question. The strength of the party lies not only in the very doubtful language of some of the formularies, but in the fact that, even where the Ritualists may be convicted of opinions inconsistent with their subscription, they may take shelter under the equally anomalous position of other sections, and the general belief which has grown up that the clergy of the Anglican Church may believe everything in general, and nothing in particular. They are aided, too, by the singular weakness which has been shown by many of the bishops, who, if they do not sympathise, seem either unable or unwilling to offer any decided opposition, almost as much as by the more open favour that has been shown by others. The position taken by the Bishop of Salisbury is one of very grave significance, while some other facts that are cropping-up incidentally are hardly less serious. Thus, in one of the Tracts of the day, we are assured that at least two of the bishops (we hope that they were only Colonials) have consecrated oil for the Sacrament of Unction. When, indeed, the priestly idea is strong in the episcopal breast, there is every temptation held out to a bishop to cast in his lot with them. As there is no amount of contempt too great to direct against an unsympathising bishop, so there are no honours too exalted to be bestowed on one who, like the metropolitan of South Africa, will identify himself with the movement. For him the crozier is prepared, to him the most humble deference is shown, so that, even in this England in the nineteenth century, crowds will bow down to supplicate his benediction. No wonder that in some quarters the Romanisers find tacit connivance, in others open encouragement, and almost in all the want of that vigorous and decided resistance necessary to grapple with so serious an evil.

We must not, however, be deceived into the notion that these men have taken any strong hold upon the national mind. They show a laudable zeal, are liberal in the maintenance of their institutions, are unsparing in their labours for the poor, and show a remarkable readiness to avail themselves of all means for affecting the people. In these and other respects they are worthy of commendation and imitation. It is impossible to read such evidence as that given by the Rev. Benjamin Webb, Incumbent of St. Andrew's, Well Street, before the Ritual Commission, to the effect that his weekly offertory amounts to £2,500 a year, independent of £1,500 contributed in other ways, without feeling that there are lessons which all sections of the Church might with advantage learn from them. These manifestations of earnestness undoubtedly produce a strong impression, while the prominence given to the doctrines and work of the party by the

controversy that has been provoked, also gives the idea that they are materially influencing the opinion of the day. Still, while there is quite enough to deplore, their power is not so great as they would fain have us believe. Again we may appeal to Archbishop Manning, who is disposed to make enough of the growth of these Catholic tendencies, but who, while exulting in the changed tone of sentiment relative to his church, and hailing the work which is being done by these in reality his best collaborators, says, "I do not, indeed, believe that this current is a flood but only a stream; it is not the sweep of the ocean, but only of a path in the waters. The population of England is gradually setting away from these things, but there is a broad movement of men's minds towards a more perfect faith and worship. It seems contradictory to say that with this return towards the truth the hold of faith over the people has grown continually less; but it is most certainly true. The masses are moving away, but individuals in great numbers are returning upwards to the light of faith." There is not much consolation in the idea that the masses are only saved from superstition by the utter decay of faith, but we attach more weight to the negative than to the positive side of the Archbishop's testimony, and may at all events rejoice that such a man does not see any marked signs of the "Catholic revival" among the masses of the people. It is for us and all Protestants by faithful work and believing prayer to guard against the other danger.

Still there is sufficient power in the new movement to render it imperative that we should meet it in a wise and Christian manner. We may be told, indeed, that the matter does not concern us as Nonconformists, but we cannot accept so narrow a view of our obligations. As Christians we have to do with all that affects the interests of Christ's truth and kingdom. As English citizens we have a natural right to express our judgment as to the proceedings of the Church which claims to be the Church of the Nation. While it accepts such a position it must be content to meet the criticisms of the whole people, whether they actually belong to its communion or not. We have our part to do in moulding that public opinion which must stamp its character on the National Church, and we are not to be regarded as meddlers in matters beyond our province, because, while we are Nonconformists, we still claim to exercise our privilege as citizens.

The present state of things must undoubtedly change the relations of many to the Establishment. The distinction has often been drawn by our opponents between religious and political dissenters, and it is not to be denied that there have been many conscientious Nonconformists indisposed for aggressive

action against the Establishment. To such men the whole subject must present itself in a new light—and the very intensity and strength of their religious convictions will now forbid them to hold their peace, when they see those features in the National Church which they valued most rapidly disappearing, and its whole character changing, as one by one the distinctions between it and the Church of Rome are being effaced. With its communion tables converted into altars, whose priests arrayed in gorgeous vestments wait to offer the Sacrifice of the mass, with its churches so transfigured as to assume a Romanist character, with the practice of the confessional openly recommended by a considerable body of the clergy, there may still be men within the pale of the Establishment who believe it to be the great bulwark of Protestantism, but they can hardly expect Protestant Nonconformists to cherish the same happy delusion. Rather they may expect to find that the present movement will end the hesitations of those who have hitherto been content to adopt the *laissez-faire* policy, and unite all dissenters in an earnest effort to sever that connection of the Church with the State from which Ritualism derives so much prestige and power.

As to the conduct of the controversy which certainly awaits us, there is one point on which a word of caution may not be unnecessary. In the strength of our Protestant convictions might we not more correctly say, in the narrowness of our prejudices, we have too often proceeded upon the false assumption that Romanists were no better than baptized pagans, and have talked about preaching the Gospel to convert them, while all the time they have been regarding us as needing that conversion to Christianity ourselves. This is an unfortunate position for both parties to occupy, and we shall never deal with the controversy as we ought until we at least take a more manly ground, and give ourselves to understand the principles that give strength to Roman Catholicism and Ritualism. They must have some truth to account for their growth, and the error with which it is associated can never be counteracted by dwelling upon their weakness and calling bad names. We are sometimes told that the one way to meet Romanists and Ritualists alike is to preach the simple Gospel, but such a mode of speaking does injustice to our opponents. The Ritualists preach the Gospel. We could produce Ritualistic sermons that are impregnated with the spirit of the Gospel. They insist upon the efficacy of the cleansing blood of Christ; and they have done great service in lifting that doctrine from the miserable condition into which it has been brought by the Broad Church party. But they preach something else; they preach the blood of Christ *plus* sacraments. It is there we have to meet them. Let us do it in a fair, honourable, and candid

temper, striving for the mastery in this, as in all other spiritual strife, lawfully, using God's word as our weapon, and trusting to God's Spirit for help, and we need not fear the issue.

THE GREAT PYRAMID.*

AMONG the mass of readers of average intelligence and ordinary education, we suspect that there must be many who, like ourselves, have never formed any very definite ideas respecting the arrangement and construction of the Egyptian Pyramids. The words, of course, were placed before our eyes soon after we left the nursery, and we were duly taught that the Pyramids "were the tombs of Egyptian monarchs, &c.;" and we pictured to ourselves a *something* large and dark and awful; in which something there was a room, either upon or beneath the ground, and in which room there was a coffin, and in which coffin lay the bones of the dead king. How the men who built the "something" first got in, or, when in, ever managed to get out again, our young imaginations did not tell us, and common history books said but little as to the method pursued. As time went on with us, we heard of and read the accounts of travellers who, "with brains, sir," more or less, visited these monuments, and from their descriptions we gathered some idea of the present appearance of the outside of them; and a few years ago we learnt that a different theory from the one of our early belief had been started respecting the purpose for which one at least of them had been built. We knew, also, that Professor Piazzi Smyth had taken some wonderful photographs, by the aid of the magnesium light, of the interior of the "Great Pyramid" on the plains of Jeezeh; but what this interior was really like, and in what way the new theory connected the building with the science of astronomy, and with the subject of weights and measures, we did by no means clearly understand. To comfort us, our ignorance, as ignorance often does, assured us with a complacent simper, that the subject of weights and measures—though, of course, not too deep for us—was decidedly too dry, uninteresting, and unimportant to claim much of our attention; although it did very well for a Parliamentary wrangle, when the House was nearly empty and mem-

* "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid." By Professor Piazzi Smyth.

bers wanted their dinners ; and for a bone of contention between French and English savans.

But in time the book, "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," came in our way, and—thanks to the clearness of the diagrams, the minuteness of the descriptions, and the enthusiasm of the writer, in itself so catching—our ignorance and indifference felt rebuked and our vague, misty ideas began to take definite shape. Any one, after patient, careful reading of this book, can picture to himself this venerable building in all its youthful glory, when the now rough-looking masonry was all covered over with square and polished blocks of marble casing stones, and when its four perfect triangular sides met in their one topmost stone ; and may feel as if he himself had been right into the pyramid, and had seen with his own eyes the wonders of workmanship and marvels of skill therein concealed and preserved.

It appears that "the Great Pyramid" standing in the plains of Jeezeh, though not the oldest by birth, is by far the largest, and is so unique and remarkable in the features of its internal arrangements, that it is considered the one important pyramid among all known existing pyramids.

It has the "descending passage" and the "subterranean chamber" of other pyramids : so far it resembles them ; and for centuries this was all it was supposed to possess. The Romans found out thus much, and left their marks upon the roof of the subterranean chamber. But it was reserved for barbarian Saracens to discover its other and more remarkable passages and rooms. In A.D. 820 the grandson of Haroun al Rashid, of "Arabian Nights" celebrity, heard of the stores of wealth which the poets and historians of the day declared were buried with the dust of the great man, whoever he might be, who had built the Great Pyramid ; heard also that there was an entrance "somewhere on the north side," but which entrance it was impossible to discover. The magnificent eastern despot decreed that "the impossible" should not exist for him, and ordered that the pyramid should be entered, and its treasures forthwith removed. Armies of his obedient slaves immediately set about the execution of his order, but as to the way in which they succeeded we must refer the reader to the Professor's graphic account. To quote it would be to mar it ; yet how can we help doing so. And when they had gone down the descending passages and up the ascending ones, right into the very heart of the monster building, what did they find ? "A right noble apartment, 34 feet long, 17 broad, and 19 high, of polished granite throughout, in blocks squared and true, and all put together with such exquisite skill that the joints are barely discernible to the closest inspection." And

what did they discover in the room itself? "The room, clean, garnished, complete, perfectly ready for its visitors, but nothing in it—nothing but *an empty stone chest without a lid.*"

Can any Arabian Nights' legend or fairy tale surpass this in the charm of mystery? How came that rectangular box of polished porphyry *there*, and *why* is it there? For centuries, in silence and alone, that empty chest, with its open secret, has waited and still waits for the solution of these enigmas. Barbarian Saracens, looking for gold and finding none, have no answer to give. Hierologists and Egyptographers, with their endless doubts and disputes, can offer no satisfactory reply. Is the meaning ever to be read? Has the true Edipus come at last?

It seems that the chief thing the world, scientific and other, has been able to do has been to mutilate this pyramid. The Professor says, that "from 1000 to 1815 the exterior was systematically despoiled; all the squared and polished blocks of marble on the outside were, by successive caliphs, carried away to Cairo." The heathens! All except *two*, which happily were left. Until comparatively very lately, the "sarcophagus theory" was the only theory held in reference to the purpose served by this remarkable building in common with other pyramids; and with this theory, and with diverse and most careless measurements the world has been long content.

Professor Greaves, who occupied the astronomical chair at Oxford, visited the Pyramids in 1638—39, and was almost the first to make systematic measurements, and to question the correctness of the old belief. In 1799, some French Academicians began to suspect that the Great Pyramid was built for astronomical purposes. Sir I. Newton was also much impressed with this idea. But it was reserved for Colonel Howard Vyse, in 1837, to find those two outside corner casing stones left *in situ* by the Saracens and by means of which so much fresh data for calculation and argument has been furnished. These two stones Colonel Vyse disinterred from the sand in which they were buried, and carefully measured the angle the inclined sides make with the base, and from this important angle he was able to discover the original vertical height of the pyramid, a thing at which hitherto only rough guesses had been made. In 1859, Mr. John Taylor published his singular book—"The Great Pyramid, who built it, and why was it built!" in which he stated some startling propositions respecting its origin and purpose. In 1863, Professor Piazzi Smyth takes up his abode in the pyramid, at least in its neighbourhood, makes the most minute and systematic measurements and observations of every portion of the exterior and interior; takes numerous photographs of the inside by the aid of

the brilliant magnesium light, and gives to the world at large the result of his labours in his book, entitled "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," in which he investigates, confirms, fully adopts, and further develops, Mr. Taylor's theory.

This theory is far too long for explanation in this short paper, and is too new and too little annealed by time and adverse criticism to have any word uttered either for or against it, except by very scientific men, to which class we do not belong. A brief but careful statement of it is all that can be here attempted.

Its main features are these.—That the vertical height of the Great Pyramid, and the area of its base, and the proportion of the height to the base, all bear a certain definite relation to the diameter and circumference of the earth.

That the vertical height of this pyramid is to twice the base, as the diameter is to the circumference; and that this height has a definite relation to the earth's diameter, taken at that latitude in which the plains of Jeezeh are situated.

That the unit of all linear measure employed throughout the Great Pyramid is at once the most practically useful and the most severely scientific that has ever been established. This unit is exactly $\frac{1}{500,000,000}$ of the earth's axis of rotation; and is as nearly as possible identical with our *British inch*. Fifty of these pyramid inches formed the "primal metron," or "grand standard" measure, and twenty-five the "small standard."

This twenty-five inches pyramid standard exactly equals the sacred cubit of the Jews, and forms the ten millionth part of the earth's *semi* axis of rotation. Professor Smyth considers the French unit of length, the $\frac{1}{10,000,000}$ of a "*quadrant of the earth's surface*," exceedingly unscientific, and gives many reasons for his opinion, upon which we cannot touch.

Some of the interior features of this building are described by the Professor with a loving minuteness. He thinks them so remarkable for their astronomical bearings. The two "air passages," and "the entrance passage" are, he considers, "the three things that stand completely alone," and separate this pyramid from all others; and so singular and unique is their arrangement, that we must just glance at a few of the facts in connection with them.

The orientation of the square base is so strictly correct, it is so duly N. S. E. and W. as to claim the notice and admiration of men of modern science, and is such as to lead to the presumption that *all* the internal arrangements were governed by astronomical science of a high order. The direction of the "entrance passage" is perfectly parallel—due N. and S., yet is placed several feet

more to the east than to the west, and its altitude points in the direction of the lower culmination of the pole star 2,500 B.C. The angle it forms with the base is $26^{\circ} 18'$.

The northern air passage is above the entrance passage, parallel to it, but at a different angle of altitude, $33^{\circ} 42'$, one that gives the *higher* culmination of pole star, 2500 B.C. The mean of these two angles gives exactly the latitude $29^{\circ} 59'$ of the plains of Jeezeh.

The southern air channel is at an angle of 45° . These facts, and many others, for which we refer the reader to the book itself, are, to speak in coolest terms, singular and interesting.

Then as to the grand Coffin in the ventilated king's chamber. Professor Smyth believes that it was thus made, and there placed, that it might serve for all ages of time and for all nations of men as a definite and unvarying standard measure of capacity and weight.

As a standard of capacity, "this coffin measures precisely the contents of the one laver, or four chomers of the Hebrew, and also the one chaldar, or four quarters of the Anglo-Saxon system, to such a nicety that the present quarters wherein the British farmer measures his wheat, and which have nothing in British metrology to which they refer, are yet accurately fourth parts or veritable quarters of this stone coffin." It contains 71,311 cubic inches of space. For a standard of weight it could easily be filled with purest water from the Nile, and the water kept at an equable temperature of 68° Fahr. The reason why this special size was selected is, according to his most firm belief, in order that the Pyramid standard of weight and capacity might have a definite connection with the figure of the earth, and bear a direct reference to the earth's size and density. So that all the world's measures for its common daily use have, according to this view, been derived from certain grand immutable measures of the very globe itself.

The subject of weights and measures is more intimately connected with the high social and moral, as well as commercial well-being of a nation than many people are inclined to believe. And it concerns the poor man quite as much as the rich man, that the best of science and of legislative skill should be brought to bear on its discussion. But it is not a subject so easy of adjustment as might be supposed. "It cannot be difficult," some will say, "to assume any arbitrary standard measures of length, capacity, and weight, and then to declare by law that such and such only shall be considered just and upright." But how to keep the standards the same, invariably the same, for even a moderate period of time, is the question. So many things concur to alter or imperil them. Our own standards have

been more than once lost or damaged by the destruction of the building in which they were kept, or some other casualty; and even if they could be ever and always safely preserved, yet, owing to variations in temperature, the oxidation of the material, the inevitable secular contraction of metals, as well as to other causes, the standards are so continually liable to change that endless indeed has to be the re-adjustment and legislation.

Now all these dangers, in the Professor's opinion, have been foreseen and provided against in the arrangements of the Great Pyramid. The material of which the coffer is made is porphyry, "an igneous rock more like cast than forged metal; hard and inflexible to a degree, even beyond gun metal, and less liable to oxidation, and to be affected by variations of temperature than any known metal; and as it was cast long before Noah's time its secular contraction must be well overcome." And this coffer is placed in the very centre of the huge pile of masonry, so that the temperature of all others desirable—viz., 68° Fahr.—is obtained; and the invariability of this temperature secured by means of the narrowness of the bores of the two air channels and the amount of masonry through which they pass. Then the building in which the coffer is deposited is most admirably adapted for its preservation; for, owing to the conservatism of the climate, the nature of the material used, and the method of its construction; it is fire-proof and indestructible to a degree that cannot be affirmed of any other building.

All these reasons, and others which we cannot now mention, point, as the author thinks, inevitably to one conclusion, viz., that the Great Pyramid is admirably fitted, and was intended to be "the centre of metrology to the whole civilized world."

Our inheritance in it consists in this: that we continue to hold, though unwittingly, the God-given unit of measure, the British inch; and that preserved among us are some forms of speech and modes of measurement which can be traced back in their origin to this primæval source, and that they are the lingering tokens of that revelation of the divine goodness and science which has been enshrined in this most wonderful Shekinah.

This word, though our own, is not too strong to express the mingled love and reverence with which Professor Smyth regards this monument and its teachings. Looking at the wonderful "Earth problems" which are therein lithographed, problems the solution of which modern science has but just discovered and made known; and also at the remarkable fact, that throughout the entire structure there is not to be found a single hieroglyphic, not a line of the social, national, or religious history of the land in which it was built, not the faintest trace of the

idolatry by which it was surrounded; he concludes, that the architects of the Great Pyramid must have been under special divine direction. These architects, he believes, belonged to that race of "Shepherd Kings," so reviled by ancient Egyptian writers, and who in the mystery of their origin, progress, and decay, are the Melchisedecs of Egyptian history, but who were, he thinks, a race of God-knowing, God-fearing men. The Professor also further considers that the facts of the erection of this building, and the creation of these standards as the means by which practical truth and justice were to be secured among men, were well known to many of the inspired writers. To this knowledge he traces many of the allusions and "figures of speech," so called, which are to be found in the sacred pages. We all know that all figures that have any real power and strength in them must have their roots in some fact; and the root of some of these biblical figures he finds in this great prehistoric fact. One only can we stop to mention, but its exceeding beauty fascinates—"the Corner Stone"—a simile often quoted, though not always with a clear sense of its fitness; but which, when employed with a reference in the mind to the "topmost stone" of the Great Pyramid, is as just as it is beautiful. That stone, with its five angles, was awkward, incomprehensible, terrible, while it lay upon the ground, but acknowledged to be perfect with the perfectness of mathematical truth, and beautiful with the charm of exact adaptation to an intended purpose, when raised amid triumphant shouts to the top of the Great Pyramid, its four angles fitting in to the four triangular sides, and its fifth angle forming the apex and crowning glory of the whole gigantic pile.

Much as we admire and sympathise with the enthusiasm and religious zeal of the Professor, we cannot but fear that they will, to some extent, militate against the reception of his theory; because they appear to destroy somewhat of the calmness of mind and judgment which is so essential to the right investigation of truth. More especially is this felt, when, as in some instances, they have led him into strictures upon the aims and motives of opponents utterly unwarrantable and foreign to the argument; and of course, so far, weakening its force. Surely a man may retain his belief in the old "sarcophagus theory," or may even hold the modern French unit of measure, without being considered, ever so indirectly, either an enemy to the working classes, or a disbeliever in the Bible. A scientific man should, strictly speaking, have no strong emotions; or, having them, should be able to leave them with his shoes of haste and his garment of prejudice in some outer court, whenever he goes up to the temple to worship. A scien-

tific man, who is also a deeply religious man, ought to be able more easily than others to be just and patient, for he knows beyond contradiction that science and religion are but two revelations of the one eternal unchanging mind—that in very deed they form but one book, “written within and without.”

OUR IMPULSES OF JOY — THEIR SOURCE AND VALUE.

ONE of the most noticeable and instructive facts, in the natural history of man, is the existence and continuance in him of impulses of joy. Gladness is a duty ; the injunction—“ Rejoice in the Lord always ; again I say it, rejoice ”—is most wise, most characteristic of the Gospel. But joy is not only spontaneous ; it often bursts out like “ songs in the night,” strangely contrasting with the current of thought, and the intent of the will. Men are often joyous, when according to our reasonings, from the force of circumstances, and even by their own intention, they should be sad. Gladness flashes up in the soul of the sorrowful, defying their misery, not to be kept down by dreariness or mishap.

One or two common incidents of life will serve to illustrate this. We may have gone into some house where the dead was lying, wondering how we should comfort the mourners in their irreparable loss ; and we have been startled at hearing their merry laughter—not the grotesque and horrid laughter, sometimes forced by ludicrous incidents that seem a mockery of human grief, but wholesome laughter, cheerful and unconstrained, laughter that bespeaks a glad heart. All the while, we knew that their hearts were yearning wearily for the departed one, that the pain had not left them, and would not leave them this side the grave. A man has been pacing up and down his garden-path in anguish of spirit ; no light for him in the brilliant heavens, no healing for him in the sweet summer-breeze ; his soul heavy, perhaps, with doubt, his spirit dark with confusions ; a lonely and distracted man ; seeing no hope of anything but struggle, heartless and unrelieved, in all his future days. Suddenly, at the sight of a little flower, or at the scent of a garden-rose, his soul has burst its enthrallment, and gone singing to the skies.

Nor are such impulses always traceable to any process of thought by which the sorrow is mastered and the doubt dispelled. Whatever share latent Christian feeling might have had in the

consolation of the bereaved family, they were not conscious of Christian consolation; their gladness came to them they knew not wherefore. The flower awakened no thought in the distracted spirit; quicker than thought could work in him, it appealed directly to his feeling. It is not only Paul and Silas who sing at midnight in the dungeon; the convict sings in the dock-yard, and the slave in the cotton-field. Until men are utterly degraded, instincts of joy innumerable abide within them, ready to spring out at the feeblest call, often springing out uncalled. It is a most difficult, for any but the hopelessly abandoned a quite impossible, thing to be always wretched; men try with all their heart to be miserable, but they cannot be. The moody misanthrope is often wonderfully cheerful; sometimes, with strange inconsistency, very pleased that he is so gloomy. There are some Christian labourers who think that they ought to be sad in their work. They go among men, trying to oppress their souls with dark thoughts of sin, of the alienation of the multitudes from God, and the hell to which so many are hastening. They blame themselves for being glad at all in a wicked world, and doubt their Christian earnestness if they are so. Yet even these cannot suppress their joyous impulses. A fine day gives colour to their cheek, and buoyancy to their step; the sunlight ripples over their countenance in smiles. They laugh at children's prattle, and kiss the merry little beings, about whose future they are so despondent. Even while conscience stings them, they are glad in their work, and their rest is full of joy. Not always when we sing have we a joyous subject for our singing. The heart sings while intellect and will are gloomy; stranger still, the heart sings even while itself is sad.

Very often these impulses come from the deep convictions of the soul; a faith in God early implanted, and sending its roots into the very core of our being, so that nothing can overturn it. The spirit is steadfast, rejoicing in God, even though the mind may be perplexed, confused, and the heart may tremble under the shock that has laid its most cherished objects low. The ocean abides in central calm, while the storm blows over it, raising its surface into billows, and sinking it into yawning deeps. The man who has learnt the lesson of trust will never have his confidence really shaken. He may be, for a time, perplexed and wearied; his thoughts may be distracted; to his eye all may appear dark and unmeaning. But, down in the recesses of his spirit, beyond the fathoming of his understanding, where his consciousness cannot pierce, and his will has its springs, he will be resting calmly in his God. And often his spirit will triumph over his understanding. The firm-seated conviction, the habit that has long given form to all his thoughts

and feelings, will manifest itself amid his confusions. The quiet trustfulness, the joy in God, which is of the man himself, will rise in strong and blessed triumph against the conclusion of his thought. His impulses of joy are the triumphant revolt of his spirit against the domination of circumstance and the tyranny of his understanding.

The manifold joys of life—let us anticipate the conclusion of this paper, and say, the essential joyousness of life—are constant in their influence. Sorrow is confronted with gladness; and sympathies, that we may not feel at work, begin their healing operation. The mingled lot of mortals, wherein grief and joy go ever hand in hand, has too long been regarded simply as a dire necessity; let us boldly look at this fact, and we shall see a blessed purpose in it. It is sad for the bride—wholesomely sad—that the cypress should twine with the orange in her wreath; it is well for the mourner that the orange blossoms should brighten his funereal chaplet. If sometimes the sunshine seems to mock the sorrowful, their sleep will be the sweeter for the sunlight, and to-morrow will find them hopeful again. "There is something in melancholy feelings," says Sir Walter Scott, "more natural to an imperfect and suffering state than in those of gaiety, and when they are brought into collision, the former seldom fail to triumph. If a funeral train and a wedding procession were to meet unexpectedly, it will readily be allowed that the mirth of the last would be speedily merged in the gloom of the others." This is the first and most patent fact; another and a deeper truth is this, that cheerful influences are never lost. The subtler spiritual sensibilities perceive them; they are stored up, like summer sap in the buried roots of frost-nipped trees; and suddenly our depression is startled by healthy joyous impulses. Nature's beautiful and merry things; her grotesque things, the "jokes" of the universe are all about us; and have a mighty influence in stimulating an irrepressible gladness.

Of course, to say all this, is not to explain man's impulses of joy. Not always are they due to a latent piety; the habitually indifferent or unbelieving have them, as well as the man of pious spirit. Not always do they follow cheerful circumstances; and even when they do so, they are not created by the circumstances. These but appeal to a gladness that is of the man himself, they stimulate and awaken instincts of joy that are already in him. The very name, "impulses of joy," suggests that we can push our analysis no further. By studying them, we may trace their working, and watch their manifestation; but no study of them is their explanation. They are ultimate facts of man's nature; he is made not to be the victim of depression. He is so con-

stituted that out of his deepest sadness joy will at times break forth. This is the fact, that, argue as he may, that he ought to be sad; say as he may, that there is no reason in his gladness; intend and strive as he may to be wretched, he cannot be held by his reasonings and intentions, but is constantly breaking out into joy. And now the source of these impulses is manifest. It is God who makes him so often glad. He is the author of human nature. He has surrounded men with influences appealing to the gladness he has constituted an essential of their being. He is the source of their unconquerable piety. God will not let men be the slaves of gloom; He puts into them impulses that even at night-time look for morning, anticipate and hasten on the day. He will not have men lie prostrate and sad when things are adverse; He impels them to rise above their doubts, and shake from them their despondency. Often as they may think that all is over, perversely as they may hug themselves in dark distrust, notwithstanding the evil intention to despair in which they may allow themselves, the instinct of joy is unconquerable; at his whisper the spirit of the over-worn or gloomy man rejoices. While men are looking out upon a dark and cheerless world, One is looking in on them, breathing into them his own inspirations, communicating to them of his joy. Joy would have died out of the world long ago if men could have killed it. The world has treated joy like every other minister of God—which of the prophets have they not sought to destroy?—as it treated God's own son, refusing it and casting it out. But joy, too, is eternal, it rises again from the dead, and liveth evermore. That men are glad beyond their understanding and their intent, declares its sources to be beyond themselves—"the joy of the Lord is your strength."

Bringing, now, these impulses to the light, and interrogating them, asking what purpose they serve and on what they rest, we find them witnessing to some cheering truths.

Regarded in their poorest aspect, they speak of the goodness of God. It may be said, "after all, there is not so much in them; they are to be accounted for on simply natural grounds. They are the reaction of an over-wrought spirit; a provision of nature to keep men in working order, to preserve the mind from the madness or lethargy which would follow bitter and unrelieved sorrow." Be it so, is not this a very kind provision? Is it not a most gracious thing that constant depression should be rendered so hard, well-nigh impossible?—that the mind works joyously when it works freely, and that when it is taxed and tried beyond its ordinary power of resistance, a new source of strength should be opened up?—that the stress of anguish should bring with it its own relief, that so life may triumph over

death, and human nature be enabled to rise above all that would unsettle and destroy it? Our well-being is not left in our own keeping; there are times when nature asserts itself against the baffled understanding and the stricken will, and itself accomplishes the cure for which we find ourselves unable. How is it, moreover, that so great care is taken to preserve life? On any other supposition than God's goodness, it is unintelligible that he should wish to continue us here at all—to continue us with minds right and spirits ready for our work.

The unconquerable impulse of joy points also to an unconquerable instinct of faith. Trust is thus seen to be the natural attitude of man; he has an innate confidence which no mysteries of Providence, no perplexity of the understanding can destroy, that the world is under wise and righteous control, and that all is well, however he for a time may fail to see it. The sophistries, the doubts, the confusions of which his intellect may the subject do not attach to his impulses. Men could not go quietly about their daily work, nor take their nightly slumber, but for their inmost confidence in a wise and righteous rule. There could be no rejoicing at all if we suspected that badness, and not goodness, was the ruling motive of the world. The impulse of joy rests on an impulse of faith; the spirit of man protests against the troubled judgment, the confounded will; the very constitution of his being "cries through the sense to hearten trust," and restore his shaken confidence in him who is over all.

These impulses of gladness speak of the personal character of God. The author of joy in us must be himself joyous; and the earnest care he takes to give and restore gladness to us reveals an infinite righteousness and rest. The consciousness of evil is ever the source of gloom and sadness; a dark, morose deity—there is horror in the very thought. He who dwells in fixed and central joy, must dwell sphered in central righteousness. What are we to think of him whose great care is to keep us cheerful and hopeful; who, pitying us in our perplexity and bitterness of spirit, is ever awakening in us fresh and glad-some impulses? Surely there can be in him no darkness; all the darkness must be in us. It must be because we do not understand him that we are gloomy; He is ever coming out of his place to inspire courage in us; to breathe into our spirits a confidence that we cannot understand, but which is the source of patience, and courage, and hope, and continuance in well-doing.

Joy, and not sorrow, is the key-note of the universe. This conviction is the root of all morality; without it, piety were a mockery, and life a ghastly dream. Trust is deeper in us than

distrust ; we are constituted for hope and triumph. Our understanding is not the measure of our confidence. The impulses of joy that rise often out of our deepest sadness, proclaim, in constant protest against our morbid fancies and our blind self-will, that all is well.

“He that hath found some fledged bird’s nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now—
That is to him unknown.

“And yet, as angels, in some brighter dream,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted theme,
And into glory peep.”

A. M.

THE REFUGES OF LONDON.

WE lately made the round of the London Refuges, established to afford nightly shelter to the houseless poor, and found that, in consequence of the general slackness of work, two of them had every night their full complement of inmates. These places, opened years ago for the relief of those who were absolutely homeless and destitute, have not been wrested from their original design. Night is the best time for professional beggars and thieves, and the regular hours kept in Refuges, and the fact that the history of every applicant is recorded in a “case” book, do not suit their tastes. As a rule, the persons receiving the benefits of these institutions are the really destitute poor. There is little inducement offered to those, not actually homeless, to avail themselves of the shelter and the food offered. The accommodation is of the roughest, the food only barely what is necessary to stay the cravings of hunger ; consequently such places will only be sought out by those who, shrinking from the workhouse, or failing to find admission to its casual wards, have literally nowhere else to go. We first visited Field Lane. A marvellous change has come over this institution since, in 1841, a Ragged-school was opened with forty-seven boys and girls of various ages, drawn from the lowest grades of society. The only accommodation that could then be afforded, was the floor of the room in which they were assembled. Now the institution is housed

in a building which has involved an outlay of £10,000. Every year some new work was grafted on it, and the institution now has its several departments—religious, educational, and industrial—each of which deserves more space than we can here devote to the whole. The Night Refuges belonging to Field Lane are as complete in all their arrangements as they well can be. Upon entering the Male Refuge, we found ourselves in a large, well-lighted dormitory, the floor of which was as clean as a good housewife ever scrubbed her deal table. The beds were all rolled up, for it was an hour or two yet to sleeping time, and the inmates were seated at a table reading or talking to each other. There was no rising up or cringing bow as we entered; that sure sign of the pauper spirit was happily wanting. Assuring them that we only desired to see how they were “getting on,” and to hear what prospects they had of getting work, we were soon on comfortable terms with them. They were of a more respectable class than ordinary casuals, and upon our hinting this to the Superintendent, and whispering that they appeared very different from those who used to be found in old Field Lane, we were informed that most of those present could take respectable situations to-morrow, if they could only obtain them. They did not parade their own abilities, however, or their many disappointments in endeavouring to obtain work. You could see that a great deal of suffering had been experienced, and every now and then a tearing cough was heard, which told a tale to practised ears. “Hard lines” was clearly written on every face. Some had been without food all day, until they had received their evening meal of bread and coffee in the Refuge. Many had known better days, but sickness or failure, or the want of employment, had brought them to starvation. Some had tramped it to London from distant provinces, in the hope of finding some work to do, however humble, amid the innumerable openings which are believed to abound in the great city; but they had failed; door after door was found shut, and you could see that despair was slowly writing itself on their white and careworn faces. It has been computed that in one hundred inmates in Field Lane, twenty per cent. are labourers, forty per cent. mechanics, ten per cent. clerks and tradesmen, five per cent. soldiers and sailors, five per cent. schoolmasters and lawyers, five per cent. idlers, and fifteen per cent. nondescripts. We were thankful that the inmates took our calling in upon them in the light of a friendly visit, and we endeavoured to speak as hopefully to them of finding work as the present hard times would justify.

The Female Refuge at Field Lane, since it was opened in 1857, has been of great service, especially to young girls. Many girls, from fifteen to twenty years of age, it has snatched from ruin

and despair. The object, we are told, of the Committee in opening this Refuge, was to afford a clean, quiet sanctuary to which the innocent might fly when haunted by the coarse temptations of the streets of London. Its doors are also open to the fallen, desirous of flying from their shame, or to go back to the homes they have left, or to an humble independence, so long as it is virtuous. Country girls who have been lured to London by deliberate seduction, often seek admission, and not a night passes but the matron is compelled to turn away many penniless and wretched applicants, some of whom, it is to be feared, seek a suicide's grave, or in despair return to paths of vice, from which, it appears to them, there is no release. All cases are examined separately by the matron, and treated upon their own merits. Girls surrounded by temptations at home are brought in by missionaries and Bible women; hope and help are offered to all. A few clothes, a few lines of recommendation, a little stock, a small sum of money, temporary shelter after needlework has been obtained, a kind word of reconciliation between parties estranged, a little furniture to recommence a home, shelter till the slack season has turned—such has been the assistance given to nearly three thousand females in the course of a single year.

On the occasion of our visit, the Female Refuge was as usual full, and the inmates were just preparing for evening worship. The majority of them were young, and one could not but feel thankful that in their poor tattered clothing, they were not exposed to the wintry weather outside. Men and women united in worship, and quietly listened while Mr. Tawell, the Honorary Secretary, addressed them. Neither among the men nor women were there any professed tramps or street vagabonds. Those whom we saw listening to the Secretary as he simply talked to them of faith and hope, were really the homeless poor, to whom a bit of bread that night was a luxury, and shelter a still greater luxury. Some of them belonged to those decent poor who would sooner die than enter a workhouse, or be mixed up with the ribaldries of a casual ward.

The "case" books or ledgers of Refuges, especially those of Field Lane, would supply materials for more pathetic stories than sensational novelists have ever published. One night the matron at Field Lane opened the door to a young woman between twenty and thirty years of age, looking more like a corpse than a living being. When spoken to, her trembling white lips moved, but no words flamed in answer to the effort; nature, nearly exhausted, refused strength to her tongue. Her attire was a thin brown coburg dress, a threadbare shawl, and what had once been a bonnet, no longer retaining its form. These garments, such as they were, had not a single dry thread in them.

The poor creature's appearance was so utterly woe-begone that even in that room of suffering her extreme destitution drew from the rest expressions of pity, and instinctively all drew back to make room for her at the fire. Almost vacantly she looked around. Some time elapsed before the kind attentions of the matron could unthaw the frozen surface of her wants sufficiently to induce a return of feeling. Providence, at the last gasp, seemed to have directed her steps there; an hour later and she would probably have been found dead in the streets. For days she could hardly speak, and was allowed to remain where she was. Medical attendance being provided, at last in faint whispers her tale was elicited. She had been a poor needle-woman, and for years had worked respectably at her trade, earning just sufficient to maintain herself. She was, however, a strict Roman Catholic, and her creed had been the subject of much mockery in the work-room. At last being teased beyond endurance, she threw herself out of employment, determining to seek work elsewhere. She failed; her place was soon filled up, and she discovered that to find work was no easy task. A short time sufficed to empty her scanty purse, then down the hill she went, and fell into absolute want. She parted with her clothes, and without money, and without friends or shelter, she wandered about London, till, reduced to a living skeleton, she came tottering up to the door of the Refuge. This is only one out of the thousand cases of Refuge life cruelly pitiable to be found in the ledger of these charitable asylums.

Not far from Field Lane is another large Refuge. It is situate in Playhouse Yard, Whitecross Street, and can accommodate about six hundred inmates. It has been in existence more than forty years, and those who are fond of statistics may perhaps be interested in learning that during that period it has admitted more than 270,000 persons, granted 1,843,863 nights' lodgings, and distributed 4,405,715 rations of bread. The Refuge was established to afford nightly shelter, and sustenance to the destitute and houseless during inclement winter seasons. It seldom opens until Christmas, but if the state of the weather should render it desirable, if frost or snow should suddenly appear, its doors are opened before that time. This asylum is available at all hours of the night without the need on the part of the applicant of a ticket, or any other passport but a statement of helpless necessity. The applicants for admission are examined as to their names, usual occupations, last residence, the cause of their being in London, their settlement, and their statement is entered in a case-book. We have much pleasure in stating that this examination is most kindly conducted, and that the poor creatures who ask for warmth and shelter are also treated to the luxury of

kind words. The accommodation for sleeping consists of waterproof beds, and every inmate receives half-a-pound of bread on admission at night, and half-a-pound on leaving the Refuge in the morning. Those who enter on Saturday are permitted to go out on Sunday morning, and apply for re-admission at night, or may remain in until Monday morning. In the course of Sunday an additional ration of half-a-pound of bread, with three ounces of cheese, is given to each inmate. A clergyman of the Established Church, and no other minister, is permitted to address the inmates.

The South London Refuge owes its origin to the praiseworthy efforts of Mr. William Carter, familiarly, but not irreverently, called the "sweep-preacher" by the roughs of Lambeth. For some years now he has been pleading the cause of the destitute, the helpless, and the fallen of South London, with its half-million of inhabitants nearly all belonging to the poorer class. He has given "tea-meetings" to tens of thousands of different sections of the working-classes in the Victoria Hall, to which building he also attracts, every Sunday, a large congregation of persons who fear not God nor regard man, and are never seen in church or chapel. Mr. Carter's plan is to invite about five hundred of the same class to tea, leaving the oratory customary on such occasions very much to themselves. One evening he will entertain a body of costermongers; fellows, he says, with voracious appetites, but capable of good behaviour when they are treated in the right way. On another evening there will be a muster of chimney-sweeps, or of policemen and their wives, or of postmen, cab-drivers, wood-choppers, potters, dustmen, and scavengers, gas-men, and lamplighters, fellowship-porters, militiamen, curriers, or outcasts. Sometimes he collects together rogues, thieves, and vagabonds, and has the hall literally besieged by applicants. On one occasion he had a gang of master thieves and smashers present, who had spent a considerable sum of money in defending one of their mates who had been caught and tried not only for uttering base coin, but also for a murderous assault upon a turnkey. By bribing witnesses and obtaining eminent counsel they got the man off with two years imprisonment. When he had served his term, it happened that he heard Mr. Carter preach in the Victoria Theatre, and from that time he abandoned his former practices, and sought to obtain an honest living. The gang to which he belonged declared he was a rogue, and had no right to be converted till he had paid what they had expended on him. The man came to the meeting on the occasion referred to, to address his former associates in crime, but they so set upon him that he had to fly, and dared not show his face again that night.

Mr. Carter speaks in encouraging terms of the good results obtained by these extraordinary tea-meetings:—"Daily my heart is filled with joy, and my mouth with praise, on witnessing the altered lives, change of character, and, in many instances, improvement of circumstances, of some of the vilest who have been converted in these tea meetings. The children know their parents are converted. I have heard fathers declare, weeping, that their children often look up in their faces and say, 'Father, you don't come home drunk now and beat mother as you used to do. Is that because you are converted?' Many mothers also, who were in darkness and death, grovelling in the pollution of sin, training up their children in vice, have been met with by God in meetings specially held for them, and are now clothed and in their right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus. In the whole course of my gospel labours I never knew a more blessed work among women. The vast moral influence of these meetings exceeds my most sanguine expectations, and I am encouraged to persevere in this line of things until I shall have preached Jesus to all the subdivisions of the working-classes in the south of London."

Mr. Carter having for some time "persevered in this line of things," determined upon opening a Night Refuge for the homeless poor. Night after night he saw droves of wretched creatures being turned away from the Lambeth and Bermondsey work-houses, to wander about the streets all night during the winter season. He wrote an appeal which was promptly responded to, and in less than three weeks, £1,600 was sent for the work. Suitable premises offering in the Southwark Bridge Road, they were at once secured, and at the beginning of 1864 the Refuge was opened, and it has never been empty since. This is the only Refuge in the South of London, with its large population, besides the thousands of poor who are daily passing through from the provinces. With the exception of Play House Yard, the South London is the largest Refuge in London, accommodating nightly 250 outcasts. Of course the accommodation provided is of the roughest, but for all that, it is greatly prized by those who have not where to lay their heads. An old rambling set of premises has been fitted up with dormitories, baths and washhouses, and other appliances necessary for the health and cleanliness of the inmates. There was a steam boiler on the basement of the premises; this was purchased, and pipes were laid all round the wards, so that the whole establishment can be heated by steam to any temperature, with very little trouble. The women occupy one ward, and the men another, and being admitted by separate entrances, they do not even see each other. The dormitories, or wards, are heated with hot air, and no rugs are provided, that

there may be no risk of vermin or disease. Every inmate upon entering is expected to go, first of all, to the washhouse. If he has any shoes or stockings, he takes them off, and then stands in in a slate trough, filled with warm water, a luxury indeed to many a weary tramp. After washing, the inmates ascend a private staircase to the wards, and take their places at the head of their berths. Mothers may take their little children with them, and put them to sleep in their own berths. When the berths are all full, grace is said, and afterwards, bread and coffee are served out, half a pound of bread and a pint of coffee being given to each. When the meal is finished, working men conduct a half hour's service in each ward. This part of the evening's engagements, judging from the visit we recently paid, is capable of very great improvement. All the other arrangements were excellent. The bread was wholesome, the coffee comforting, the ventilation good, the wards as cheerful as they could be made, but the "half hour's service" was not of the most judicious character. Perhaps we felt this the more because it happened to be a night in which many persons of education had been compelled to seek the shelter of the Refuge. A classical master, "capable of teaching any language almost," as we were informed, a clergyman's son, who, having spent his all, was without resources, and ashamed perhaps to make known his condition at home, a newspaper man, and others, who had never dreamed of spending a cold winter's night in such circumstances, were among the inmates, and some of their faces were "studied" during the half hour's service. When it is ended, the gas is lowered, and the poor wayfarers lie down on their deal boards to sleep. Next morning at six o'clock, a call bell is rung, and all rise, wash and breakfast; a portion of Scripture is read, prayer is offered, and then they are dismissed for the day. Until six o'clock in the evening the Refuge is free, then it is opened, and before seven every berth is occupied. Last year upwards of seventy thousand poor men and women were sheltered in this way. All professed to be honest, working people, sickness and misfortune having reduced them to destitution. Mr. Carter states that the majority of persons applying for admission are destitute through circumstances over which they had no control. Thieves, professed beggars, regular tramps or paupers, are not received, and very few of these apply for shelter.

It may now be asked, how is it when poor rates are so high, and when the casual wards of workhouses have been enlarged, that so many are found applying for admission to Refuges, and in supporting them are we not putting a premium upon workhouse incompetency? Two or three facts

may be stated by way of reply. In the first place, poor people have a horror of the workhouse, and they are to be commended for it. Often will they beg to remain a few nights in a Refuge until they are able to help themselves a little. The workhouse some how or other has come to have the odour of a prison belonging to it, and poor people turn from it as a place where all self respect is lost, and to enter which would affix an ineffaceable stigma to their names. Mr. Carter has found people half starving in naked homes, or shivering in the streets, rather than ask for admission to the workhouse, and many visitors of the poor can tell a similar story. It should also be borne in mind, that although the casual wards have been enlarged, they are not sufficient to meet the wants of the poor of London, every now and then in urgent need of shelter. Any poor person of decent habits would sooner sleep on the stone bed offered by a bridge recess, or in a dry archway, or anywhere indeed, secure from the policeman's "move on," rather than find shelter in a casual ward. We recently talked with a man who had made the round of all the casual wards, and in regard to the behaviour of those frequenting them, his opinion was, that "there wasn't a pin to choose atwixt them; they were all bad together." The important fact, however, remains to be stated. A man entering a casual ward, loses his chance of getting work the next morning, and this, with the deserving poor, we take to be the chief reason why they will always go to the Refuge if they can. The Refuges are open for admission at five in the evening, and at six the next morning the inmates may be off seeking employment. In the workhouse, however, they must do their three or four hours' work in the morning for their night's entertainment, and this of course is an arrangement not satisfactory to those who, by long experience, have been taught to feel the force of the adage, "'tis the early bird which picks up the worm." It is to be hoped, then, that the Refuges of London will be generously remembered during the approaching Christmas season.

A STORY OF DOOM, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY JEAN INGELOW.*

MISS INGELOW'S second volume unquestionably exhibits a more sustained and concentrated power than her first. It is more

* London: Longmans. 1867.

decidedly original; her strains have even less than before of the echo of other music. Yet we are not sure that these later poems will ever be, as a whole, so generally popular as the earlier ones. The reason is partly, perhaps, that the chief *power* of Miss Ingelow's genius lies in a different direction from its highest *sweetness*. This will cost her some admirers; but the more appreciative will gladly part even with the lyric flow and tender beauty which made the first volume so enchanting, for the bold and original imaginations of the second. Let us not be supposed to intimate that the former element is altogether wanting. The "Songs of the Night Watches," and those "on the Voices or Birds," have all the play of graceful fancy, with the undertone of pathos and the current of yet deeper thought which characterized the "Songs of Seven," "Scholar and Carpenter," and "Divided." The deep and healthy religious feeling, too, so apparent in the earlier volume, especially in the noble poem entitled "Honours," finds here, also, much varied expression. "Consider it," says Miss Ingelow, in some fine lines:—

Consider it

(This outer world we tread on) as a harp—
A gracious instrument on whose fair strings
We learn those airs we shall be set to play
When mortal hours are ended. Let the wings,
Man, of thy spirit move on it as wind,
And draw forth melody. Why shouldst thou yet;
Lie grovelling? More is won than e'er was lost:
Inherit. Let thy day be to thy night
A teller of good tidings. Let thy praise
Go up as birds go up that, when they wake,
Shake off the dew and soar.

So take joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad—
Joy is the grace we say to God.

Art tired?

There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinned?
There is a Sacrifice. Lift up thy head:
The lovely world, and the over-world alike,
Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede,
"THY FATHER LOVES THEE!"

These lines are part of a "prelude" to one of our author's most characteristic lyrics. The habit of prefacing her poems by a kind of *voluntary*, in which the leading theme is hinted in some narrative form, or pondered in an introspective, meditative fashion, is one that well becomes Miss Ingelow's genius. There

are many "Songs with Preludes" in the volume besides those specially so entitled. The little Introduction to the "Bird" series is exquisite. But as we cannot quote all, and as we are anxious to make good what has been said as to the leading features of the work, we will linger over this part of it only to give our readers one more "song"—regretting that we cannot also transcribe the beautiful Prelude—a proud husband's soliloquy as he watches unseen his young wife who has gone forth in the early morning among the flowers. But the stanzas tell their own story.

The racing river leaped and sang
Full blithely in the perfect weather,
All round the mountain echoes rang,
For blue and green were glad together.

This rained out light from every part,
And that with song of joy was thrilling;
But, in the hollow of my heart,
There ached a place that wanted filling.

Before the road and river meet,
And stepping-stones are wet and glisten,
I heard a sound of laughter sweet,
And paused to like it, and to listen.

I heard the chanting waters flow,
The cushat's note, the bee's low humming,—
Then turned the hedge, and did not know—
How could I?—that my time was coming.

A girl upon the highest stone,
Half doubtful of the deed, was standing,
So far the shallow flood had flown
Beyond the 'customed leap of landing.

She knew not any need of me,
Yet me she waited all unweeting:
We thought not I had crossed the sea,
And half the sphere, to give her meeting.

I waded out, her eyes I met,
I wished the moments had been hours;
I took her in my arms, and set
Her dainty feet among the flowers.

Her fellow-maids in copse and lane,
Ah! still, methinks, I hear them calling;
The wind's soft whisper in the plain,
The cushat's coo, the water's falling.

But now it is a year ago,
But now possession crowns endeavour;
I took her in my heart, to grow
And fill the hollow place for ever.

But from delicate beauties like these we pass to strains of a

higher mood. The central poem in the volume is by far the longest ; and by placing its name, "The Story of Doom," at the head of the collection, Miss Ingelow plainly declares that, by success or failure here, she will be judged. She is bold in this—and right. The tale is of the World before the Flood—of those mysterious antediluvian days of which we dream so often and know so little. No less a task is attempted than that of reproducing those strange, olden forms of life ; of placing us beside Noah in his inspiration, the giants in their crime : of helping us to imagine the guise in which the sons of God appeared on earth among the daughters of men, and of giving us some insight into those awful varieties of evil that brought the great catastrophe. Shall we say that the poet has succeeded ? Unhesitatingly, yes ; so far as success seems possible. The poem is not superficially pleasing ; but it bears to be studied : and certainly those times of old have suggested to Miss Ingelow some of the finest imaginations embodied in modern verse. There are frequent touches, too, of deep truth, even where it was hardest not to be conventional. For instance, who does not seem to know EVE, the gentle, sinning, trembling, beautiful wife whom Milton has pictured, and who in painting, sculpture, song, commentary, sermon, has been reproduced a myriad of times ? Our poet breaks through all these conceptions, and we see great ISHA in a light startlingly new. A rightful share of greatness, perhaps, is hardly allowed to Adam,

Who compassed not the learning of his sons,
But, grave and silent, oft would lower his head,
And ponder, following of great Isha's feet,
When she would walk with her fair brow upraised,
Scorning the children that she bare to him.

Wonder not, therefore, if he walked forlorn.
Was not the helpmeet given to raise him up
From his contentment with the lower things ?
Was she not somewhat that he could not rule
Beyond the action, that he could not have
By the mere holding, and that still aspired
And drew him after her ? So, when, deceived,
She fell by great desire to rise, he fell
By loss of upward drawing, when she took
An evil tongue to be her counsellor :
"Death is not as the death of lower things,
Rather a glorious change, begrudged of Heaven,
A change to being as gods"—he from her hand,
Upon reflection, took of death that hour,
And ate it (not the death that she had dared)
He ate it knowing. Then divisions came.
She, like a spirit strayed who lost the way,
Too venturesome, among the further stars,

And hardly cares, because it hardly hopes,
 To find the path to heaven; in bitter wise
 Did bear to him degenerate seed; and he,
 Once having felt her upward drawing, longed,
 And yet aspired, and yearned to be restored,
 Albeit she drew no more.

A delineation yet more strikingly original is that of the Serpent. To Miss Ingelow's imagination the Tempter incarnated himself in a mighty Dragon, terrible in the splendour of its form, which having employed as the instrument of his subtlety, he is henceforth doomed to tenant until, in the course of nature, the monster dies! So for the long centuries the Enemy of God and man has inhabited that dread shape, dwelling in his palace-cave with attendant spirits and human ministrants: served, flattered, worshipped. But now the time of decline and decrepitude has come: and on the fallen archangel, so long wedded to his material abode, the craven *dread of dying* has fallen. Yet he still fawns upon man, and plots to thwart the purpose of God. In his misery he repeats, with varying tones, the olden, *Yea hath God said!* We are left to imagine that the last gasp of that fearful animal life is stifled by the Deluge—the dragon overwhelmed, but the spirit of evil set free! The scenes in which this awful being appears are highly wrought, especially one, in which "the giants" are round about him in his kingly den—"he they called the Oak," "the Rock," "the Pine," "the Cedar Tree;"—when Noah, the prophet, enters with his warning words of doom. The whole discussion that ensues is wonderfully conceived—with an eye, of course, to more modern sceptical reasonings: for would not the now familiar arguments against miracle have been of equal service as against the possibility of the Flood? The Serpent surely spoke then as he speaks now:—

The pious will have dread
 Him to declare such as ye rashly told.
 The course of God is one. It likes not us
 To think of Him as being acquaint with change:
 It were beneath Him. Nay, the finished earth
 Is left to her great masters. They must rule;
 They do; and I have set myself between,—
 A visible thing for worship, with His face
 (For He is hard) He showeth not to men.
 Yea, I have set myself 'twixt God and man,
 To be interpreter, and teach mankind
 A pious lesson by my piety.
 He loveth not, nor hateth, nor desires,—
 It were beneath Him.

The reply to this is finely imagined, resting upon the familiar, irresistible analogy between the power of man, "the image of

God," to control the play of visible forces—as in the turning aside of a river-course—and the power of God to direct or change the "course of nature" itself. Else is man in *his* sphere, with a free will, greater than God Himself in *His*, fettered by the laws of His own creation.

Man is the miracle in nature. God
Is the One Miracle to man. Behold,
"There is a God," thou sayest. Thou sayest well :
In that thou sayest all. To Be is more
Of wonderful than, being, to have wrought,
Or reigned, or rested.

To the other figures that appear in the course of this remarkable poem we cannot now give equal attention. The glimpse we have of Methuselah, in the impious, bitter, prophetic frenzy of his old age, is very striking. So in another way are the shrinking terrors of Niloiya, the wife of Noah (Miss Ingelow may be allowed her names, which, whatever their etymology, have an antique sound, and harmonize well with her story). Noah's sons, too, move through the narrative with the impress of reality upon them ; and the loves of Japhet with the slave maiden whom he woos and weds make a charming idyll. The close of the poem in its abruptness and terror is very fine.

And Niloiya said
"My sons, if one of you will hear my words,
Go now, look out, and tell me of the day,
How fares it?"
And the fateful darkness grew.
But Shem went up to do his mother's will ;
And all was one as though the frightened earth
Quivered and fell a-trembling ; then they hid
Their faces every one, till he returned,
And spake not. "Nay," they cried, "what hast thou seen ?
Oh, is it come to this ?" He answered them,
"The door is shut."

Before quitting the poem, it would be unfair not to notice the gems of description which relieve its darker colouring. One example only can be given here. Often as daybreak has been depicted, how fresh and lovely is the following !

Japhet lift
His eyes, and day had dawned. Right suddenly
The moon withheld her silver, and she hung
Frail as a cloud. The ruddy flame that played
By night on dim, dusk trees, and on the flood
Crept red amongst the logs, and all the world
And all the water blushed and bloomed. The stars
Were gone, and golden shafts came up, and touched
The feathered heads of palms, and green was born
Under the rosy cloud, and purples flew

Like veils across the mountains ; and he saw,
 Winding athwart them, bathed in blissful peace,
 And the sacredness of morn, the battlements
 And outposts of the giants.

The volume contains three other somewhat considerable poems, "Dreams that came true," "Laurance," and "Gladys and her Island." The first two are narratives ; "The Dreams" is a story of a rich man's harshness, and its retribution—a kind of "Harry Gill" in its way—but with immense differences ; dreams of angels, a happy ending for the poor old woman, and a more spiritual retribution for the hard-hearted Squire. "Laurance" is a love story, tender and beautiful. We are almost afraid to say how much we admire it ; both for the truth and purity of sentiment, and for the fitness, the grace, and the pathos of the narrative. Never since "Dora," have we read an idyll of English life that has so moved our hearts. "Gladys," on the contrary, only narrowly escapes being grotesque. An "articled pupil," out for a lonely holiday, is haunted in the sunshine by ghosts out of Mangnall's Questions, Shakspeare, and Walter Scott. The idea is perhaps natural enough, but the machinery is cumbersome, and the weird woman who conducts poor Gladys to the Island, and who, as a note informs us, symbolizes Imagination, is to our mind quite out of drawing ; although she can soliloquize like this :—

Once I met a man in white,
 Who said to me, "The thing that might have been,
 I called, and questioned why it hath not been ;
 And can it give good reason, it is set
 Beside the actual, and reckoned in
 To fill the empty gaps of life." Ah, so
 The possible stands by us ever fresh,
 Fairer than aught which any life hath owned,
 And makes divine amends.

On the whole, we are not sorry when "Gladys" reaches home again, and takes a cheerful part in putting the little ones to bed.

"Winstanley" is a truly noble ballad. "It was intended," says the author, "to be one of a set, and was read to the children in the National Schools at Sherborne, Dorsetshire, in order to discover whether, if the actions of a hero were simply and plainly narrated, English children would like to learn the verses recording them, by heart, as their forefathers did." We should think they would !—if they had only a Jean Ingelow to write the verses ! By all means, we would say, let the original intention be fulfilled, and this heroic and beautiful story take its place as one of a series.

Already we have compared certain of Miss Ingelow's conceptions with those of Milton. One of her shorter poems is in

her own words, "a humble imitation"—and, we would add, a happy one—of the immortal "Ode on the morning of Christ's nativity." The attempt is as modestly as it is adventurously made: the "night of Christ's resurrection" being the theme. Instead of a canvas crowded like Milton's, the delineation has but a few marked features, and the whole is severely simple. Above the "sealed sepulchre" the hosts of light and of darkness are seated; high among the latter, the sister Fates, with their grim lord. The world is at rest; as beautifully pictured in several stanzas. Then sets the moon; and, for awhile, night with darker frown hangs over the scene. At length a mighty angel darts down the firmament:—

The regions far and near
Quail with a pause of fear
More terrible than aught since time began;
The winds that dare not fleet,
Drop at his awful feet,
And in its bed wails the wide ocean.
The flower of dawn forbears to blow,
And the oldest running river cannot skill to flow.

At stand, by that dread place,
He lifts his radiant face,
And looks to heaven with reverent love and fear;
Then, while the welkin quakes,
And muttering thunder breaks,
And lightnings shoot and ominous meteors dear;
And all the daunted earth doth moan,
He from the doors of death rolls back the sealed stone.

—In regal quiet deep,
Lo! One now waked from sleep!
Behold, He standeth in the rock-hewn door!
Thy children shall not die—
Peace, peace, thy Lord is by!
He liveth!—they shall live for evermore.
Peace! lo, He lifts a princely hand,
And blesseth all the sons of men in every land.

Of defects in art in this and other poems we need not say much. Sometimes the language gives evidence of having been painfully fitted to the thought; occasionally the requisite fitness is not secured, and we see the meaning through a but half-adapted phrase. Yet, even in respects like these, the failure is comparatively rare, and, in general, the music of the verse fitly expresses the varying sentiment of the poet. The blank verse is full of ease and grace, while, in the rhymed measures, the variety attempted, and the general success attained, are alike remarkable. But it is the spirit, even more than the form, of these poems that attracts us. As we have already intimated, the latter is often least winning when the former is deepest and

noblest. The world, with its beauty and mystery, presses hardly, bewilderingly on the poet, and from the very intenseness of appreciation the verse falters. Yet, more to us are such faltering notes than the smoothest of artificial melodies. Miss Ingelow has looked at nature with fresh and open glance, and has read its "infinite meanings" for herself. There is a suggestion to her, not of beauty only but of truth, in every bird's song, in every flower's unfolding, in the starry heavens, and, most of all, in the wide melancholy sea. It seems to us, moreover, in comparing this volume with the former, that a widened observation has brought a deeper insight and keener sympathies. Often, still, the tone is plaintive, as though all the voices of this world bore some suggestion of sorrow, disappointment, or change; but there is nothing morbid or querulous, even when the shadow of sadness seems deepest. The poet feels that, like the blue sky encircling all, there is an Infinite Love that overarches everywhere the sphere of our little lives. So a Faith, which is not a mere subjective impression, or bright poetic dream, declares its convictions, with humility, indeed, but with clearness and strength. Miss Ingelow's writings are not, by any means, "Sacred Poems;" but they are something better; and it is with a sense of relief and joy that we turn from the vague scepticisms and mystic sentimentalities which, in these days, usurp the name of religion, to listen to one who has already achieved so high a place among our poets, and who is neither afraid or ashamed to say "I KNOW IN WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED."

G.

KING THEODORE.*

It is very doubtful whether the expedition which is now entering Abyssinia, though it will make the country and its people very familiar to us, will in the least better our acquaintance with its sovereign. There is a very general impression, among those best able to form any opinion on such a subject, that when our invading army has actually entered his dominions, he will retreat to the western provinces of his kingdom, where it will be next to impossible that our troops should follow him; and if he takes his prisoners along with him, as he probably will, what is to become of the expedition for their release? Our latest adviser says it must "occupy his capital and the rich corn-

* Narrative of a Journey through Abyssinia, in 1862—3. By Henry Dufton. Chapman & Hall.

growing and corn-breeding districts on the shores of Lake Tsana, giving him at the same time to understand that they shall be restored to him on the liberation of the captives." In spite of the emphatic statement of Lord Derby that as soon as ever the liberation of the prisoners is accomplished our troops shall be withdrawn, we may make up our minds that, unless Theodore should submit, the expedition will not quit his country for a long while to come; and in spite of Mr. Gladstone's emphatic protest against contracting new political responsibilities, it is very unlikely that we shall get out of this Abyssinian affair without some very serious complications. King Theodore's rule, and probably with it all power of cohesion in Abyssinia, will break up under the invasion, and then we shall be asked whether these "Christians" are to be left to become the prey of the neighbouring Mahomedan powers, or whether the French are to be allowed to become the "protectors" of Abyssinian Christianity as they are of the Pope and of the Holy Places—making for themselves under this pretext another advance and convenient half-way-house to the East. There are grave issues hanging on this Abyssinian expedition besides the release of the prisoners we may depend.

Almost everything depends upon the course taken by King Theodore, and everything, therefore, that helps us to understand his disposition and character is welcome. The most recent letters from the prisoners at Magdala represent him as a lawless savage, committing the most wanton and horrible cruelties, which are alienating all his subjects, and filling the air with curses on the tyrant. It certainly was not so with him once. He was an able and a promising prince—with a pretty clear idea of what was best for his country, and anxious to make his people prosperous. Latterly his behaviour has changed, because he has been soured by disappointment. His schemes for the regeneration of his country only producing revolt from all quarters, his passionate nature, which had till then been under the restraint of judgment, burst out furiously, and he resolved, it is said, to be the scourge of the people who would not have him for their benefactor. "I thought," he said, "that God had raised me up to be a blessing to this people, but I find I was mistaken; engrave on my cannon, 'Theodore, the Scourge of the Perverse.'"

Of the numerous friends of the public who have so kindly offered, within the last two months, to enlighten them on the subject of Abyssinia and its ruler, there is scarcely one who has any first hand knowledge of either the one or the other. The Government has reports on which it can rely, but for general reading there is no book that can be safely recommended, except Mr.

Dufton's. Sir Samuel Baker's two volumes, though the books of the season, have very little to tell us about Abyssinia itself, though a great deal about the streams which flow through it and out of it. Mr. Dufton being a plain man, who went to Abyssinia without the smallest intention of writing a book, tells his tale in a very simple and unvarnished manner. The graces of style are wanting, but his account of things which he saw and things which he heard, are all the more to be depended upon, because he has no imaginative power. Being under no temptations to enter the by-paths of flowing embellishment, he keeps straight along the high road, and in reading his book you have the satisfaction of journeying with a man you believe. He entered Abyssinia from the north-west—coming from Khar-toun to Matemmah, a route which he strongly recommends for our troops, but without sufficiently weighing the political and strategical considerations which have entirely precluded the Government from attempting to enter Abyssinia by that road. The chief objections to the Massowah route are the length and difficulty of the frontier passes, and the greater distance from the points which Mr. Dufton thinks the expedition should make for in order to cut off the King's retreat to the west. Like all visitors to Abyssinia, he praises the healthiness of the climate, the productiveness of the soil, and the beauty of the scenery. This is his description of the first view of the country, after crossing the frontier for Matemmah, and ascending the uplands:—

"The high mountains of the Scotch highlands, covered with the fertility of the Rhine-land, would best represent the country, but the vegetation was of a nature quite different from that of the Rhine, characterized as it was by the luxuriance of the topics. Once the road skirted the side of a mountain, the summit of which, raised 1,000 feet above our heads, looked down into a deep valley another thousand below our feet. On the opposite side of the valley the land rose to a similarly steep eminence, which, in one part, was connected to that on which we stood by a low chain of undulating ground, so that a pretty little stream at the bottom, like a silver thread in the dark shadow of the mountains, wound about searching for its channel. Fruitful fields hung over it thick at every curve. The hills, of secondary formation, were broken here and there into rocky chasms, through which leaped innumerable falls of water in their downward course to join the stream; and here I saw for the first time the beautiful *Euphorbia* called the Kolquol, whose dark candelabra-shaped branches, tipped with bright yellow flowers, stood out in deep relief from the lighter green around. Bright flowers of every variety, most of which were unknown to me, but amongst others the familiar wild-rose, the honeysuckle, and jessamine, lent their beauty and fragrance to the scene. The whole was a perfect gem of Nature."

Mr. Dufton's first impressions of the people were very unfavourable, they were so inhospitable and suspicious; but his

ideas became more cheerful when he met with Mr. Flad and his converts among the Falashas or Abyssinian Jews. We have in his pages a concise account of the German missionaries and artisans which better enables us to understand their relations with Theodore than any other statement we have met with.

In the beginning of 1855, Mr. Flad, now married, and accompanied by Messrs. Bender, Kiensle, Mayer, and two German gunsmiths, again commenced the journey, and after much hardship and sickness, to which the two gunsmiths succumbed, finding untimely graves at Wekhni, they arrived in the king's camp, who received them very kindly. They accompanied him in his military campaigns, busying themselves for the most part in road-making. For this purpose the king gave them some hundreds of the natives, and the result is seen in a decidedly improved condition of some of the more frequented routes. It is said that this improvement commenced in a very simple manner. They were riding one day with the king in the front of his army when they came upon a route which was covered with large stones and boulders, making it very difficult and unpleasant for the mules. The Europeans were induced to make a remark to the effect that in their country such a state of things would not be allowed to exist. Without more ado the king leaped from his mule, and commenced picking up the shattered pieces of rock, and casting them to the side of the way. As the king had dismounted, not a man in the army dared retain his seat. Taking the hint given by their sovereign, they commenced one and all to clear away the boulders which lay thickly scattered over the path, so that in an incredibly short space of time a road of some miles in extent was rendered for the future comparatively clear and easy. On another occasion Theodore did not even need a reminder from the Europeans. He chanced to come to a spot where the recent rains had cut away the soft soil and left a high embankment, that from its abruptness the horses and mules were unable to descend. He was on foot in a moment, and with his spear commenced digging away the earth in a manner that, with a little assistance, soon made the road passable.

In 1858 these Chrischona brethren were joined by Messrs. Waldmaier and Saalsmüller, also from that institution, and afterwards by M. Bourgaud, a French gunsmith, Herr Zander, a German, some time resident in Abyssinia, and Herr Moritz, a Polish soldier, who had deserted from the Russian army and come into Abyssinia as an adventurer. Mr. Flad afterwards put himself into communication with the London Society for the Promotion of Christianity amongst the Jews, and removed to Genda; the rest, in compliance with the wish of the king, settled in Gaffat, within a mile or two of Debra Tabor, where the king generally resides. Here each worked at his respective trade, for which they got well paid by the king, and things went on smoothly for some time, until one day an order came from his Majesty to the effect that he wished them at once to commence the construction of mortars and bombshells. The order came upon them like the bursting of a bomb itself, for none of them had ever had an idea that they would have been required to undertake work of that description. They of course demurred, informing the king that, not having learnt the founding of cannon, they were totally unprepared to enter into an engagement of that description, and that if he really desired to have these war implements in his country, manufacturers in either Germany, England, or France would supply him with a much better article than they could possibly produce. The king was dissatisfied with their reply: he wished to have these things made in his own country, and to be quite independent of other nations.

They still, nevertheless, objected, more on the ground of inability than unwillingness; but their refusal only vexed the king more, and he now seized all their servants and put them in chains, there to remain until their masters gave consent to carry out his will. In their perplexity they could not do otherwise than promise to try. Only one of them, Herr Moritz, could be said to have the slightest acquaintance with the work at all, and his knowledge only extended to the formation of the mould; the clay to be used in the construction of fire-bricks, the formation of the furnace, the proportion of the metals, and the making of the fusee, being equally unknown to him as to the rest. However, by putting their heads together, and seeking information from books, they eventually managed to turn out something. What? A mass of vitreous matter formed by the melting of the fine sand of the bricks; the metal refused to flow. Their only resource was to try again; and away they went over the country to seek better fire-brick clay, and now another venture was made. The result was a flow of metal that came pouring out in a molten stream now, and all hearts are hopeful that at last their object is gained; but alas! the metal had stopped, and the mould was only half full. They tried again. To the inexpressible joy of these persevering men, and the intense delight of the king himself, their wishes are accomplished, and Debra Tabor for the first time saw the balls soaring up into the air and bursting with a loud crash, which made the hills resound with a hundred echoes.

This success was the cause of great favour being conferred by the grateful king on his "children," as he called them. Shirts of honour, horses and mules with gold and silver trappings, and 1,000 dollars a-piece, were the reward of their persevering efforts. These gentlemen also maintain that by thus obeying the commands of the king they rescued their own mission, as well as that of the London and Scottish Jewish Societies, from the ruin which at that time seemed to threaten them. Be this as it may, they had afterwards full permission from his Majesty, who had taken a good deal of the spiritual as well as temporal rule into his own hands, to preach and teach to the natives, as well as to hold services in Amharic, the language of Abyssinia, at their own homes.

The German artisans continued high in the king's favour long after Mr. Stern and Mr. Rosenthal, the missionaries from the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, had fallen under his displeasure. When Theodore received the letter from Mr. Flad last year, informing him that the English artisans whom he desired were at Massowah, but would not come further till the prisoners were released, he went to Gaffat, ordered all the Europeans before him, seized all their property, and said that he could no longer trust them, and must therefore keep them near him. He had them all removed to Debra Tabor, there to be carefully watched and guarded. Gaffat was entirely deserted, and the workshops demolished. Later letters say that the artisans have been again taken into favour, but they must now be quite as anxious as anybody else to be out of the reach of so capricious a tyrant.

Mr. Dufton had the good fortune to fall in with M. Lejean, who was accredited to the King as French consul, and in the tail of his escort he got personally introduced to Theodore. He

found him, pending the construction of a new palace at Debra Tabor, occupying a large conical hut which only differed from others in its ample dimensions and its possession of a large chandelier suspended from the roof. Great was his surprise on finding this redoubtable personage

Dressed in plain clothes, shirt, and trousers, and these not over clean, seated, not on a throne, but on a low divan, raised about a foot from the ground. Thinking, at first, that it could not be the King himself who was seated before me, the profound bow with which I entered was rather uncertainly directed. His request and indication that I should be seated reassured me, and, doubling my legs up in the Oriental manner, I squatted down among the rest. We were now well supplied with arracky and *tedge* (honey wine), as well as with a plain breakfast of teff bread and stewed meat, to satisfy the more solid demands of hunger. In the meanwhile, the King, who was sipping arracky all the time (though he consumes a vast quantity he is no drunkard; that is, I have never heard of his being overcome with drink), chatted very pleasantly in Amharic with the missionaries, plying them with questions in theology, or discussing their recent successes in mortar making. His appearance was that of a man of about forty-five (this was four years ago), of middling stature, and possessed of a well-knit but not over powerful frame, conveying more the idea of being tough and wiry than of strong physical development. His complexion is dark, approaching to black, but he has nothing of the negro about him. His head is well formed, and his hair is arranged in large plaits, extending back from the forehead. His eye is black, full of fire, quick and piercing. His nose has a little of the Roman about it, being slightly arched and pointed. His mouth is perfect, and the smile which during the conversation continually played upon it was exceedingly agreeable—I may say fascinating. He has very little moustache or beard. His manner was peculiarly pleasant, gracious, and even polite, and his general expression, even when his features were at rest, was one of intelligence and benevolence. On the whole, the physiognomist would find no trace of fierce passion, save in the lightning glance of his eyes. I watched for the clean shot of light coming from them at times, and reflected upon what he would be capable of, but they did not strike me as treacherous eyes. I felt that he could cut savagely under irritation. On being informed that I had walked a good part of the way to Debra Tabor from the coast, he said he would present me with a mule, and in the course of an hour or two a stout mule arrived at the door of my hut for me, ready equipped with the saddle and trappings of a native chief, so that my respectability was made at once. Theodore is not all devil! Bell and Plowden were his friends, and spent their lives in his service. They must have seen something good in him. His passion for children was confirmed to me by several testimonies; and when I beheld the arm of this warrior King—this man who had slain his thousands and tens of thousands—thrown in a caress round the little child of the white man, I felt that Theodore must have tenderness lying in him somewhere.

Mr. Dufton also had a sight of the monarch's principal wife, but it was a sight which gave him very little opportunity of knowing what she was like:—

I was gratified by a sight of the fair Toronetch, Iteghe or Sultana to the Abyssinian monarch; but as she was muffled up to the eyes with a super-

abundance of rich garments, my view was confined to the two brilliant orbs which, if report be correct, have often returned the withering fire of her royal husband's. Theodore gives little love to the beautiful daughter of Oubie, but he is proud of being the possessor of the fairest and most accomplished of Abyssinian princesses. Nor has she herself brought much affection to the man who dethroned her father and still holds him prisoner; and as her pride is as great as his, their wills often clash, and frequent differences and separations are the result. The King has also a certain number of favourites, who form a kind of harem, but he has only taken to these since the death of his first wife Tsoobedge, to whom he was deeply attached and devotedly constant. She alone, of all his mistresses, gave him any real love, and she consequently had a great influence over him for good. Had Tsoobedge and his English friends Bell and Plowden lived, Theodore might have been a different man, and his present complication with the British nation would never have occurred.

Our traveller's stay in the country was of the shortest. He found he could not get on to the Gallas tribes as he intended, and he prudently made his way back as soon as he could, returning by way of Massowah, so that he is able to give some useful hints as to the routes from that place to Adowa, and to teach our commanders what they may expect from the Shohos who occupy the frontier mountains through which the expedition has to pass. He gives many curious and interesting sketches of Abyssinian manners—as to which, however, we shall know more than enough ere long.

THE LABOUR OF THE BRAIN.

THE connection of the mind and body, and the dependence of the mind upon the health and vigour of the body, have been often dwelt upon; and we cannot be too deeply sensible of the debt which the student owes to those who have made this truth prominent to him. But, after all, it is wonderful with how much independence of bodily suffering—and even of suffering in the brain—the mind carries itself, and this fact seems worthy of more distinct recognition than it has received. It significantly confirms our belief in the existence of an immaterial principle, or soul, superior to the mere functions of the brain. Great and healthful mental activity often exists in a disordered body; and biographical literature is full of illustrations of the power of a strong will to accomplish brilliant results while the system is agitated by physical distress.

Campbell, the poet, pursued his regular habit of writing every day, even under the pressure of much bodily pain.

Cowper never, when it was possible to perform his task, excused his frail and desponding body from attendance in his little summer-house, morning and afternoon, until his forty lines of Homer were arrayed in English dress. The ballad of "John Gilpin" originated during one of his illnesses. With the hope of diverting his mind during an unusually severe attack of gloom, Lady Austen related to him the history of the renowned citizen which she had heard in her childhood. The tale made a vivid impression, and the next morning he told her that the ludicrous incident had convulsed him with laughter during the night, and that he had embodied the whole into a ballad.

Paley's last, and perhaps, for his day, his greatest work,—his "Natural Theology,"—was principally composed during the period in which he was subjected to attacks of that terrible malady, nephralgia.

So great was the delicacy of John Locke's constitution, that he was not capable of a laborious application to the medical art, which was his profession; and it is not improbable that his principal motive in studying it was that he might be qualified, when necessary, to act as his own physician. His difficulty was a lung complaint, or asthma; but his biographer says: "It occasioned disturbance to no person but himself, and persons might be with him without any other concern than that created by seeing him suffer." Notwithstanding this permanent suffering, his works are alike laborious and voluminous.

Robert Hall, in the period when his intellectual power was most vigorous, pursued his daily studies almost regardless of the pain which was his companion through life. Dr. Gregory pursued a course of study with him in metaphysics and in mathematics; and he writes: "On entering his room in the morning, I could at once tell whether or not his night had been refreshing; for if it had, I found him at the table, the books to be studied ready, and a vacant chair set for me. If his night had been restless, and the pain still continued, I found him lying on the sofa, or, more frequently, upon three chairs, on which he could obtain an easier position. At such seasons, scarcely ever did a complaint issue from his lips; but, inviting me to take the sofa, our reading commenced. . . . Sometimes, when he was suffering more than usual, he proposed a walk in the fields, where, with the appropriate book as our companion, we could pursue the subject. If he was the preceptor, as was commonly the case in these peripatetic lectures, he soon lost the sense of pain, and nearly as soon escaped from our author, whoever he might be, and expatiated at large upon some train of inquiry or explication which our course of reading had suggested. As his thoughts enkindled, both his steps and his words became quicker,

until ere long it was difficult to say whether the body or the mind were brought most upon the stretch in keeping up with him."

Hannah More, who wrote many volumes, and accumulated a fortune of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand dollars from them, was an invalid. In her early life, as well as in her declining years, she was subject to successive illnesses, which threw great impediments in the way of her intellectual exertions. Morning headaches prevented her from rising early. She used to say that her frequent attacks of illness were a great blessing to her, independently of the prime benefit of cheapening life and teaching patience; for they induced a habit of industry not natural to her, and taught her to make the most of her *well* days. She laughingly added, it had taught her also to contrive employments for her sick ones; that from habit she had learned to suit her occupations to every gradation of the measure of capacity she possessed. "I never," she said, "afford a moment of a healthy day to transcribe, or put stops, or cross t's, or dot my i's. So that I find the lowest stage of my understanding may be turned to some account, and save better days for better things. I have learned from it also to avoid procrastination, and that idleness which often attends unbroken health."

Baxter, one of the most voluminous of writers, was an invalid. After speaking of his multifarious labours as pastor, preacher, and also surgeon to the poor in general, he says these were but his relaxation; his writing was his chief labour, which went slowly on, for he had no amanuensis, and his weakness took up so much of his time. "All the pains that my infirmities ever brought on me," he adds, "were never half so grievous and afflictive as the unavoidable loss of time which they occasioned. I could not bear, through the weakness of my stomach, to rise before seven, and afterwards not till much later; and some infirmities I laboured under made it above an hour before I could be dressed. An hour I must have of necessity to walk before dinner, and another before supper, and after supper I could seldom study." He is described as one of the most diseased men that ever reached the full limit of human life, entering upon mature life diseased and sore from head to foot, and with the symptoms of old age. His "Saint's Rest" was written as his meditation in a severe illness, and after he had been given up by his physicians.

Lindley Murray commenced his work as a grammarian, and his other writings, after disease had fixed upon his declining years. Having successively engaged in the practice of law, and in mercantile pursuits, and having retired from the latter with

some property, he fell into ill-health, which compelled him to go abroad, and kept him an exile through the remainder of his long life. The disease with which he was afflicted was a weakness in the lower limbs, which precluded him from walking, and, after a time, from taking any exercise whatever. He was thus imprisoned, as it were, in a country-seat, near York, in England; and here he commenced those literary labours, which, so far from being forbidden by his illness, did much to alleviate his sufferings. He says: "In the course of my literary labours, I found that the mental exercise which accompanied them was not a little beneficial to my health. The motives which excited me to write, and the objects which I hoped to accomplish, were of a nature calculated to cheer the mind, and to give the animal spirits a salutary impulse. I am persuaded that, if I had suffered my time to pass away with little or no employment, my health would have been still more impaired, my spirits depressed, and perhaps my life considerably shortened."

The cases of Pascal, Dr. Johnson, Channing, and others, will doubtless occur to the reader. It will suffice here to mention one more,—that of William of Orange, whose vigorous, comprehensive, and untiring intellect through a long course of years wielded and shaped the destinies of England, and enabled him, if not to make a more brilliant page in history, yet to leave a more enduring monument in human institutions than any other man of his age. Macaulay thus graphically describes him: "The audacity of his spirit was the more remarkable because his physical organization was unusually delicate. From a child he had been weak and sickly. In the prime of manhood, his complaints had been aggravated by a severe attack of small-pox. He was asthmatic and consumptive. His slender frame was shaken by a constant hoarse cough. He could not sleep unless his head was propped by several pillows, and could scarcely draw his breath in any but the purest air. Cruel headaches frequently tortured him. Exertion soon fatigued him. The physicians constantly kept up the hopes of his enemies by fixing some date beyond which, if there were anything certain in medical science, it was impossible that his broken constitution could hold out. Yet, through a life which was one long disease, the force of his mind never failed, on any great occasion, to bear up his suffering and languid body."

Let the weak and feeble of body, therefore take courage of heart; and let the robust student be admonished that he cannot excuse *all* his inactive days upon the ground of indisposition.

Fatigue is an enemy which every hard-working brain knows of; but it is an enemy, not of the workman, but only of the taskmaster. The student may resort to what healthful con-

trivances he pleases to avoid fatigue; but when it appears, he should not excuse himself, but yield to its impulse. He should learn to distinguish indolence, and other counterfeits, from that genuine weariness which makes the sleep of a labouring man sweet. Weariness is the best friend of labour, just as the tooth-ache is the best friend of sound teeth. Weariness is an angel. When the proper end of your day has come, she hovers over your desk, and, if you are careless of the time, she breathes a misty breath upon your eyelids, and loads your pen with an invisible weight; the shadow of her grey wings dims your page, and her throbbing hand upon your forehead admonishes you of her presence. Let her visits be few and far between, and it is well; but you will never regret that you entertain her even unawares. You may avoid, but never resist her. She comes from Heaven to save life.

But comes there never into your study a little imp of darkness—of intellectual darkness, we mean—whose efforts to imitate the gentle interference of fatigue are as grotesque as they are vexatious, and who does not succeed in deceiving, however readily one may sometimes fall in with his humour? The heavy pen, the dull page, the wandering thoughts, sometimes interrupt the most successful currents of labour, in those morning hours, and in the fresh days after vacations, when we cannot find the excuse of weariness. There is an indisposition to continuous labour, which is utterly different from fatigue.

John Foster declared: "I have no power of getting fast forward in any literary task; it costs me far more labour than any other mortal who has been in the habit so long. I have the most extreme and invariable repugnance to all literary labours of any kind, and almost all mental labour. When I have anything of the kind to do, I linger hours and hours before I can resolutely set about it, and days and weeks if it is some task more than ordinary."

Dr. Humphrey recommends that the unwilling thoughts be frightened to their task by the same means which Lord Jeffrey used to drive out a headache. He says, in his letters to his son: "When you sit down to write, you sometimes will, no doubt, find it difficult to collect your scattered thoughts at the moment, and fix them upon the subject. If, in these cases, you take up a newspaper, or whatever other light reading may happen to be at hand, with the hope of luring the truants back, you will be disappointed. Nothing but stern and decided measures will answer. I would advise you to resort at once to geometry or conic sections, or some other equally inexorable discipline to settle the business. I have myself often called in the aid of Euclid for a few moments, and

always with good success. A little wholesome schooling of the mind upon lines and angles and proportions, when it is not in the right mood for study, will commonly make it quite willing to exchange them for the labour of composition, as the easier task of the two."

There is sound philosophy perhaps in this recommendation. Many persons have observed that the preliminary process of "composing the thoughts" is one which requires a little time and effort, especially where one comes to his subject from a period of exercise, or repose, or any other condition in which the brain has not been active. The functional activity of the brain depends on the copious supply of the arterial blood, its activity varying with that supply, increasing as that supply is greater, and relaxing when it is diminished. But unlike other organs of the body, the brain is densely packed in an unyielding cavity, and there must be room made for this increased volume of circulation whenever it takes place. This is accomplished, physiologists tell us, in the cerebro-spinal fluid, the quantity of which has been estimated at two ounces. This fluid is readily absorbed and as readily reproduced, and thus its quantity varies in a certain inverse proportion to the volume of the circulation of blood in the brain; and by this means an equality of pressure is secured throughout all the variations in the force of the circulation. The act of adjustment between this balancing fluid and the blood requires a little period for its completion, and therefore the brain cannot instantaneously be brought to its maximum action.

Hence, when the circulation has been diverted from the brain, and the proposed mental effort requires it to be vigorously revived in the brain, time must be allowed for this process of adjustment, and room must be made for the needed supply of blood; and perhaps a familiar demonstration in mathematics, which fixes the attention, and will instantly detect any delinquency of that faculty, may often be one of the best modes of employing this transition period, and aiding the change.

We may observe here the singular paradox, which we believe the philosophy of the mind and the experience of the scholar equally establish, that what are usually called the heaviest or severest subjects of thought are the least exhausting to the thinker. Isaac Newton could, month after month, spend in the profoundest problems of pure mathematics twice as many hours in the day as Walter Scott could give to the composition of what we call light reading; and it will be found that mathematicians, theologians, and metaphysicians have been able to sustain more protracted labour, and with less injury, than have poets and novelists. There are not wanting reasons which aid

us to understand this paradox, but we will not enter upon them here.

Irregularities of habit will doubtless disturb the action of the mind. The mental power that is thrown away and wasted by recklessness in this respect is incalculable. But there are variations in mental power in the midst of health, in the absence of fatigue, and under the most regular habits. Perhaps few authors have more carefully adapted their habits to their work, or ordered their method of life with a more quiet equality, than did Milton. He went to bed uniformly at nine o'clock. He rose in the summer generally at four, and in winter at five. When, contrary to his usual custom, he indulged himself with longer rest, he employed a person to read to him from the time of his waking to that of his rising. The opening of his day was uniformly consecrated to religion. A chapter of the Hebrew Scriptures being read to him as soon as he was up, he passed the subsequent interval till seven o'clock in private meditation. From seven till twelve he either studied, listened while some author was read to him, or dictated as some friendly hand supplied him with its pen. At twelve commenced his hour of exercise, which before his blindness was usually passed in his garden or in walking, and afterwards for the most part in the swing which he had contrived for the purpose of exercise. His early and frugal dinner succeeded, and when it was finished he resigned himself to the recreation of music, by which he found his mind at once gratified and restored. He played on the organ, and sang, or his wife sang for him. From his music he returned with fresh vigor to his books or his composition. At six he admitted the visits of his friends; he took his abstemious supper, of olives or some light thing, at eight; and at nine, having smoked a pipe and drank a glass of water, he retired. Yet in the midst of this clock-like regularity his labours were broken by frequent unfruitful seasons. . . . Some days would elapse undistinguished by a verse, while on others he would dictate thirty or forty lines. He seldom wrote any in the summer.

Cowper said that *he* composed best in winter, because then he could find nothing else to do but think; and he contrasted himself in this respect with other poets, who have found an inspiration in the attractive scenes of the more genial seasons.

Calvin, who studied and wrote in bed, if he felt his facility of composition quitting him, as not unfrequently he did, gave up writing and composing, and went about his out-door duties for days, weeks, and months together. But as soon as he felt the inspiration again, he went back to his bed, and his secretary set to work forthwith.

There are avocations, like those of the advocate, the preacher, the journalist, which must be pursued continuously, well or ill, and in spite of such variations of feeling. In these labours men, doubtless, learn to disregard in some degree these moods of mind; but the variable quality of the productions of one man on different days confirms what testimony we have of their existence.

The zeal or the indifference, the clearness or the dulness, the quickness or the sluggishness of thought, are, however, much determined by the methods of labour into which the person falls, and by the incidental habits and circumstances of his life; and the young student should know that, though some men of very desultory and irregular habits have produced splendid works, nothing but early rising and methodical habits of study can ensure great or permanent results.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

NONCONFORMISTS AND NATIONAL EDUCATION.

THE conversion of Mr. Disraeli into a radical reformer is hardly more surprising than the complete transformation which has taken place in the position of Mr. Edward Baines on the subject of national education. There are numbers who can still remember the zeal, earnestness, and ability, with which he led the crusade in 1847, not only against the Minutes of Council, but against any and every proposition for the interference of the Government with the education of the people, the long and elaborate statistical tables which proved to demonstration that the work had already been done to a much greater extent than was generally believed, the startling list of objections by which it was conclusively shown that the Privy Council were going to do all sorts of dreadful things, both in Church and State; introduce continental bureaucracy, undermine our civil liberty, and above all, set up what would really become a new Church Establishment. Until recently it was supposed that those who acted with him, the Principal of Honiton College in particular, remained firm and uncompromising in the maintenance of the same view. As Mr. Fletcher showed, in his able and manly speech at the Conference at the London Tavern, it is only three years since the old flag was hung out as bravely and defiantly as ever, and much more recently the conductor of

an influential organ of the Independents was threatened with a rival paper if he dared to suggest the wisdom of any surrender on the question. But now an entire change has come over Mr. Baines, Dr. Unwin, and others, and they are for abandoning the old ground entirely, and even for accepting Government aid under the very objectionable system at present maintained by the Privy Council. There are many Nonconformists who have never been able to adopt Mr. Baines' extreme position as to the unlawfulness of all State action in relation to education, who nevertheless have refused to receive aid for schools, so long as it was given on the condition that religious instruction should be imparted in them. Mr. Baines and his friends have now left these men far behind; they would throw the Nonconformist objection altogether aside, on the ground that the religious requirements have been reduced to the minimum, and though they are willing to engage in an attempt to secure their abandonment, would not allow their retention to interfere with the acceptance of the grants. They would, in short, avail themselves of a nominal concession on the part of the Privy Council, which in fact, is no concession at all, confess that they have been defeated, and henceforth co-operate in the development of the present system, at the same time seeking to alter it to the extent recommended by the Royal Commission of 1858.

We should be the last to reproach any one for an honest change of opinions frankly stated and defended on intelligible grounds. Mr. Baines' speech at Manchester was an honourable avowal of mistake, and as such it ought to be received. Personally, we wish that the reaction had not been quite so strong, and that in abandoning a position found to be untenable, he had not taken up another which appears to us equally unsafe, but of his sincerity and earnestness no one can entertain a doubt. The force of circumstances has been against him, and he has at last accepted the resistless logic of facts. It was simply impossible that Congregational voluntary schools could compete successfully against their highly-favoured rivals. They were too heavily weighted, and were sure, sooner or later, to be distanced in the race. It is quite possible, indeed, to point to some prosperous schools that have never accepted a grant, but these are rare exceptions, and exceptions the reason for which can easily be discovered. Either they are in connection with wealthy churches, which have taken up this work of day-school education as a specialty, and have applied themselves to other departments in order to secure efficiency in this one; or they have been maintained by high fees gladly paid by tradesmen or the better class of artisans, but altogether beyond the means of the really poor; or they have not been exposed to the

kind of competition which tells, the competition of a well-conducted British School, enjoying the advantages of Government support and inspection. In this last point, schools in small country towns have been better situated than those among the larger populations. In the former, there will in all probability, be only a National school, devoted to the advance of High Church principles, in which Mr. Neale's mediæval fancies are palmed off as the History of England, where the teaching of Catechism and Collects forms a large part of the school work, and where, on Ash Wednesdays and similar occasions, the children are released from their ordinary duties that they may help to swell the scanty congregation at the church. It would be easy to point to numerous schools after this model, and to show that their existence has helped rather than hindered the voluntary school. Apart from the *esprit de corps* which is generally strong in these rural districts, where a man is hardly likely to be a Nonconformist except for some sufficient reason, which would lead the members of the Dissenting congregation, if they are at all equal to the work, to support their own school, there is quite enough in the strong Church tendencies of the State-aided school to prevent conscientious Nonconformist parents from allowing their children to come under its influence. No doubt, the pressure has often been very hard, and in not a few cases ministers, sometimes most unjustly blamed in this matter, have been seriously crippled in their resources in order that the school might be maintained; but it has been felt that it was an absolute necessity, and sacrifices have cheerfully been made for the purpose, both by managers and parents.

But in the large manufacturing towns a very different state of things obtains. Let us suppose a case (not altogether imaginary) which may serve as an illustration of what has taken place. In the town of — are two Established Churches, and in the excitement of the voluntary education movement, two schools were established. For a time both flourished, though amid considerable difficulties, owing to frequent changes of masters, and to the evils resulting from the want of inspection from without, and the impossibility of the committee exercising the necessary control. In course of time, however, one of these schools was placed under the Privy Council, with the happiest result to itself, but to the serious injury of the other. It escaped from the weakness of the old mode of management; it was able not only to secure, but to retain, the services of superior teachers; it presented inducements to parents which could not fail to have their influence. How was it possible, under such circumstances, to keep up competition so unequal? Parents naturally sent

their children where they could get the best teaching, and, at the same time, have the prospect of being made pupil teachers or monitors, and it was impossible to make them feel that it was a matter of conscience to make the sacrifice which would be necessary, if they resolved to support the voluntary school. They saw their fellow Dissenters profiting by the grant, and unless they had taken some very decided ground on this particular question, they could not understand why they should adopt a more rigid course. The objection has really always been too subtle to be grasped by a great number of minds, and wherever British schools of approved character and efficiency have taken the grant, they have generally soon distanced their rivals, so far as schools strictly for the working classes are concerned.

A careful review of these facts enables us to correct two or three very gross fallacies that have come out in the course of these discussions. Thus it has been said that Dissenting Ministers have themselves to thank for the failure of the voluntary system. Nothing is easier than to blame ministers. Their incomes are generally so ample that they can well afford to contribute largely to the maintenance of schools or any other institutions that may be thought necessary—their time is so much at their command, and their engagements so few, that to add to their labours the management of a day-school would, no doubt, be the simplest thing in the world. In the present case, however, their exertions would not have availed, for do what they would, they could not in the cases to which we have referred, have overcome the disadvantages to which the voluntary school was exposed. They would have found it very difficult to guard the Committee against the intrusion of those personal influences which we ourselves have known to be employed to retain a master after his inefficiency had been so thoroughly proved that an Inspector would have insisted on his immediate dismissal. They would often have found it not very easy to raise the necessary funds from communities already giving so largely to religious objects as Independent and Baptist Churches in general do, and among whom are not a few who think the whole movement one of the greatest blunders which Nonconformists have made for many years. But especially would they have found it all but impossible to attract scholars when without any compromise of principle (such as would be involved if their only competitor was a National School), they could secure, probably at a lower cost, much superior advantages.

Equally unfounded is the imputation which has been thrown out two or three times in the course of the recent discussions, and generally in a somewhat coarse and vulgar style, that it is

a want of zeal and interest in the work of education which has led some to take the grants. We believe the very contrary to be the case. Those who were indifferent on the subject could quietly withdraw from a field on which they felt they had no chance, and leave others to do the work from which they were excluded by their conscientious convictions. But those who valued the work of education so much that they were willing to sacrifice for it anything but religious principle, who therefore attached very little weight to what they regarded as a merely speculative objection, and who were anxious only to make the best of such help as the Government was willing to give in carrying on a work esteemed by them of such importance, are those who have accepted the terms of the Privy Council. They may have been right or wrong, but if wrong, it is their zeal for education by which they have been misled.

In a certain sense only, too, is it fair to say that the voluntary system has been a failure. What it might have done had it been allowed free action, it is impossible now to say. It has certainly not been able to withstand the strong pressure of competition from schools enjoying the patronage of the State; but this does not settle it. Perhaps its advocates ought to have foreseen this, and not to have entered upon so Quixotic an enterprise; perhaps, instead of attempting to organize a distinct class of schools, they should have given themselves rather to efforts so to modify the Government system as to make it possible for them to co-operate in it. It is easy to be wise after the event, but we at all events are not disposed to indulge in such ungenerous criticisms. On the other hand we are not disposed to admit that anything has been proved as to the truth of the idea on which the voluntaries proceeded. They have been defeated, but not in a fair field. The Government has done its work much more wisely than was at first expected. It has, doubtless, wasted a great deal of money that might have been better expended, and would have run into much more extravagant courses but for the interference of Mr. Lowe. But it has been more liberal in its spirit, more equitable in its general administration, more willing to listen to suggestions and correct proved abuses, more firm in its maintenance of that "Conscience clause" which stands so much in the way of the priestly class, who would use education to make proselytes, than could reasonably have been anticipated. The system of inspection which was so much dreaded has proved one of the best features of its plan, and though there are most serious defects, it must be admitted that some most valuable results have been realised. It is under these circumstances that Mr. Baines publicly admits that he cannot retain his old position any longer, and advises

Congregationalists to give in their adhesion to the existing plan of education.

But while honouring him for the work he has done, and the manliness with which he has admitted an error, Dissenters must be careful that they are not now led into another; look well to their own position and be careful as to any movement. The idea has been put forth somewhat extensively that Congregationalists have changed their ground on the question of Education. So some Congregationalists have, but it is quite unfair to apply to the whole what is true only of a part. We fear, however, that this is the impression which will be given by the recent Conference, and we regret it was held. Why should an assembly of Congregationalists have been convened to cover the retreat of those who had hitherto upheld the purely voluntary principle? The very summoning of such a meeting implies that Congregationalists found it necessary to avow some change of operation and consequent modification of policy, and so the world accepts it. But such is really not the case. From the first there has been a large body, including some of the ablest men in the denomination, who dissented *in toto* from Mr. Baines' policy, braved great unpopularity as the result. On no question in our time has there been a stronger display of feeling towards those who took a course in opposition to the popular views of the hour. Some of the most honoured and consistent men in the Nonconformist ranks were freely denounced as unsound, and regarded with jealousy and suspicion because of the independent stand they took on this question. Yet, in the face of all this, men like Dr. Vaughan, Professor Hoppus, Professor Henry Rogers, Mr. Binney, Mr. Stoughton, and others, distinguished for their intellectual power, avowed their dissent, and subsequent years have materially swelled their number. It is not to be assumed, therefore, that the conversion of Mr. Baines and Mr. Morley is the conversion of the Congregational body, which has always been divided, and which, had its opinions been fully tested, would not have shown, at any time during the last ten years at least, a majority in favour of the extreme voluntary position.

The whole story of this educational controversy is not a pleasant one to review, but it will not be without its uses if it serve as a warning for the future. It is not pleasant to think of the injustice which was done to many of the most eminent and thoughtful Nonconformist leaders, of the unintelligent way in which mere feeling was sometimes allowed to overbear calm and quiet reason, or the determination with which a particular view was enforced as an essential principle of Dissent, and of the real suffering which here and there some men had to endure because they could not accept the *viswa* of their

brethren. The emphatic and earnest way in which Dr. Unwin at the conference talked of the fidelity of his teachers to this voluntary principle in education as though it were some high and heroic Christian virtue, gave some idea of the animus which has frequently been thrown into the controversy, and may enable those who did not take any active part in its earlier stages to understand something of the odium which dissentients had to incur. The past cannot be undone, but it will be well if the mere fact that those who then took so decided a position have been led to change their ground should serve as a warning against any other attempts to cumber Nonconformity with the defence of principles which really do not belong to it, and especially to check the tendency to condemn men who may happen to disagree with the prevalent sentiment of the hour. It is now seen that men may be equally firm and decided Dissenters, whatever their opinions relative to the education question. It is a great pity that this was not seen long ago. It would have saved many a bitter feeling, many an ungenerous insinuation, many a hard word that had better never have been spoken; but the experience will not have been in vain if it should lead to the exhibition of a broader and more charitable spirit in the future. There are innumerable questions on which Nonconformists must expect to differ. They are nurtured in the very atmosphere of freedom, they profess independence of all creeds and ecclesiastical bodies, and they cannot expect always to have perfect agreement of opinion, but above all things they should let it be understood that with them there is nothing to fetter that perfect liberty which has always been their boast.

Feeling this, we regret the anxiety which some appear to have shown to commit the Congregationalists to an approval of the Minutes of council so modified as to admit of Government help being given to merely secular schools; and we were, therefore, glad that the resolution which was ultimately adopted by the Conference does not compromise those who believe that there ought to be a radical change in the system. The party who were desirous to see the introduction of a national scheme which shall embrace those classes of the community who at present are most grievously neglected, which shall be independent of all clerical control, and which shall thoroughly respect the rights of conscience, is growing in numbers and importance. It has already the hearty sympathy of the most decided Liberals in the House of Commons, and is pretty sure to receive a large accession to its ranks in the Reform Parliament. Mr. Percival Bunting very shrewdly said at the last Methodist Conference that the Wesleyans had before them two battles, the first in union with the clergy against these Liberal supporters of a secular system;

the second, against the clergy for the overthrow of priestly influence. The game is a very dangerous one to play, and Congregationalists may well hesitate before they venture on so doubtful an experiment. If the clergy be helped to a victory in the first instance, it may not be so easy as at present is thought, to defeat them in the subsequent conflict. At all events, Nonconformists ought to pause before they become the defenders of a system based on our sectarian distinctions, and necessarily throwing immense power, especially in the rural districts, into the hands of a priesthood earnestly bent on the maintenance of their own pretensions, and in many cases actively engaged in the dissemination of dogmas leading to the establishment of civil tyranny on the one hand, and of Romish superstition on the other.

The religious difficulty is undoubtedly the great hindrance to the adoption of a purely secular system, but if this has any weight at all, it must prevent Nonconformists from accepting the aid of Government altogether. But has not more been made of it than is necessary? It is not for us here to indicate even the outline of a plan, but surely it is possible to conceive of a scheme which shall be secular and yet not irreligious. It must be remembered, too, that the day school is not the only agent in the education of the people. It is laid down with great confidence, and with great justice, that a Christian man cannot approve of an education which is not religious in its character, and then it is quietly assumed that the teaching of the day-school must be religious. The assumption involves the fallacy that all education is to be given in the day-school. Those who employ the argument are certainly very frequently inconsistent in their own practice, inasmuch as they will send their own children to day-schools where there is no religious training at all. We may be told, indeed, that in their case this element is supplied by the teachings of the home, which in the case of the classes whose benefit is contemplated in the national system will be utterly wanting. But surely the churches have sufficient zeal, and sufficient power to supply this want, and even though no direct religious instruction were communicated in the day-school, it is not to be supposed that the work would be neglected. In conclusion, we would only say that the question of National Education is daily acquiring increased importance, and presenting itself in new phases, and Congregationalists will do well to pause before they identify themselves with a system which has egregiously failed to meet the most pressing wants of the times, and which is daily becoming more distasteful to men of decided Liberal sympathies and opinions. The great problem of the day is, how to deal with the numbers who lie outside our present

modes of operation, and we hope yet to see a scheme which shall meet their case, and which may be cordially accepted by the friends of religious equality as not involving any compromise of the great principle for which they are contending.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

PARLIAMENT, called together at this very unusual time of year, only to tax us for the very dubious Abyssinian incursion, has performed some useful service. It was necessary that the Session should be opened with official regularity, and therefore a Queen's Speech must be composed, in which the Ministers were obliged to speak out on some important points of foreign policy, and also to give some indications of the business which they propose to find for the Legislature during 1868. The Expedition to Abyssinia was declared to have been undertaken out of the need to release the envoys whom Her Majesty had accredited to the Court of the Abyssinian Sovereign with messages of peace, and the troops were marching into King Theodore's dominions "for that purpose only." The Italian question made the subject of a paragraph, which ended with the expression of a "trust" that the Emperor of the French "will find herself enabled, by an early withdrawal of his troops, to remove any possible ground of misunderstanding between His Majesty's Government and the King of Italy." This left it quite open to any one to infer that our Government had accepted Louis Napoleon's wily invitation to a Conference on the Roman Question, but Lord Stanley soon dispelled all apprehensions of this sort. He had, he said, told the French Emperor that England did not see any good end to be answered by a Conference. Certainly she would not be a party to it, unless she was assured that terms would be laid before it which were pretty certain to be accepted by both parties. The Queen was made to refer to the Fenian outbreak as one which had in England assumed the form "of organised violence and assassination." Her Majesty relies upon the firm administration of the law, and the loyalty of the great mass of the people," to put all outrages down "vigorously." The settlement of the Parliamentary boundaries for the English boroughs, with Reform Bills for Ireland and Scotland, will occupy much of the time of Parliament, and, in addition to these, a Bill for Preventing Bribery and Corruption

at Elections, a Public Schools Bill, the Amendment of the Laws affecting the Mercantile Marine, other measures for a general amendment of the law, and for regulating the Importation of Cattle, will be introduced by Ministers. Her Majesty recommends the Education of the people to the especial regard of Parliament. Mr. Disraeli begs that this may not be considered "a mere rhetorical flourish." No bill on the subject need be expected this Session. Lord Derby's language with regard to it leads to the inference that an educational census is to be undertaken, and this, like the Irish Church Commission, will have the result of effectually shelving the question for a while.

The execution of the Fenian convicts in Manchester has been sorrowfully approved by all right thinking persons; and there is reason to hope that this stern example will have the desired result in the repression of the violence upon which these wicked disturbers of the public peace seemed encouraged to venture by the manifest reluctance of the authorities to resort to any severe measures. The legal and moral guilt of the three men hanged at Manchester is indisputable. They went out armed to resist the execution of the law, and quite prepared to kill any one who stood in the way of the execution of their design. They were all taken close to the spot, and there is every reason to believe the witnesses who deposed that the fatal shot which deprived poor Sergeant Brett of life was fired by Allen. That these men were engaged in a conspiracy against the English Government, and were, therefore, "political offenders," does not in the least extenuate their guilt, though that is the plea which was chiefly relied upon by those who contended that they ought not to be punished for murder. Their crime was not identical with that of the cut-throat or the hired assassin, but the shooting of a police-officer, while quietly doing his duty, cannot, under any circumstances, be other than a murder. The popular mind, and especially the Irish mind, is apt to confound political crimes with crimes in a political cause, and for a political motive, but the difference is one essential to be taught at all cost. If the murder of Brett is to be palliated, because the men who did it were Fenians, engaged in an attempt to make Ireland a Republic, then let Clement and Ravallac be canonised. If the Fenians insist that "The end sanctify the means," the English Government will at least insist also upon the right of judging of "the end" for themselves, and as in their opinion the Fenian end is as bad as it can possibly be, they will hold themselves perfectly justified in executing those who had resort to such murderous means. If a reprieve had been possible before, it was impossible after Finlen and his company had invaded the Home Office, and threatened that the lives of the Ministers should not be safe if

the Fenians were hung. These violent men drove the law to try conclusions with them. After these and similar menaces, it did not seem possible that justice should forego its claims with any prospect of securing the public safety. It is the retention of the death penalty that invests cases of this kind with difficulty. If the murderers of Brett had been sentenced to any punishment short of death, there would have been no question about the propriety of carrying it out.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD.

To the Editor of the CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

Sir,—The question whether God be the Father of all men, is one of very serious practical importance. On the answer which we give to it, our whole presentation of the Gospel will depend. It will make all the difference in our preaching whether we are to say, "God is your Moral Governor submit to Him; in that character, and He *will become your Father*," or "God *is* your Father; you, His children, have wandered from His home; return to Him and He will welcome you."

Let us ask then, not as a mere question of theology, but as a matter of the keenest human interest, what are we to say to the sinful children of men? May we call upon them all to pray, and to say, "OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN," or are we to tell them that the Divine Fatherhood is conditioned by their own faith? When we read the parable of the Prodigal Son, are we to discern in its pathetic words the relation which God sustains to our entire race, or are the "two sons" two classes of believers only? Now if we are to answer these questions according to some recent "Cunningham Lectures," and to a Sermon that you printed for our instruction last month, some of us have all our lives been making a very great mistake. Nor am I, for one, inclined to change my course without sufficient reason shown.

In the text prefixed to the sermon in question, Jehovah is represented as saying, "I will be to you a Father"—i.e., on certain conditions fulfilled. What, it may be asked, can be plainer than that He is not a Father apart from their fulfilment? In reply, let us look into the matter a little. The promise is a quotation from the Old Testament, or rather, with its context, a series of quotations; setting forth, primarily, the privileges of *Israel*. Now it is quite certain that God was already a Father to Israel, whether Israel acknowledged it or not. The declaration was made in Egypt, "Israel is my son, even my first-born."* It was the motive to gladsome obedience: "Ye are the children of the Lord your God."† In after days, the truth was employed to show

* Exodus iv. 22.

† Dent. xiv. 1.

the heinousness of Israel's rebellious ingratitude: "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me."* But even thus it was not too late to repent, and this was the plea of penitent humiliation: "Doubtless Thou art our Father."† And the plea was to be heard—for, saith Jehovah, "I am a Father to Israel, and Ephraim is my first-born."‡ Thus then stands the fact, and the promise must be in harmony with it. He who *is already* the Father of Israel says, "I *will be* a Father to him"—plainly meaning "I will make manifest my Fatherly character, existing always, though veiled from my people's sight by their unbelief and sin." So, at the conclusion of the chapter last quoted, Jehovah declares, respecting the "latter days," and the "new covenant" with Israel, "I *WILL be their God.*"§ Was He not their God before? The whole course of Scripture statement, therefore, shows that the promise of Fatherly goodness, in 2 Cor. vi. 18, is perfectly compatible with the previous existence of the fatherly relation; and, so far as this passage goes, we are justified in reasserting that God is the Father of all.

But it is argued, on the one hand, that the declarations usually adduced in proof of this belief are not sufficient to warrant it, and on the other, that the Divine dealings with men—both with the lost, and (up to a certain point) with the saved—are inconsistent with universal Fatherhood. Let us examine the latter allegation first.

Does God act towards His creature, man, in an unfatherly way?

It is admitted on all hands, that the paternal relation is an *inadequate* representation of what God is to us. Like all human analogies, it is not to be pressed in every point. But is it *false*? That it is so, is argued on such grounds as the following: "A father has before him the welfare of his children—a magistrate the welfare of the community; a father must be guided by love—a magistrate, by law; a father may do many things which a magistrate must not; a magistrate must do many things which a father could not. The parental analogy, therefore, fails altogether in its supposed adaptation to illustrate the method of God with man."||

And again, the distinguished theologian, whose words I am quoting, "fully admits" the "certainty" of the conclusions, that if God be the Father of all "there can, in the Divine administration, be no destructive punishment, since all paternal punishment must of necessity be remedial;" . . . and "that in the Divine administration there can be no such thing as expiation for sin by the suffering and death of another, it being quite inconceivable that a parent should, with respect to his erring children, pursue so frightful a method."¶

These are startling statements, and should be seriously pondered. The fallacy, I venture to think, lies mainly in the first sentence quoted. Examine it, and, in its application to the Divine government, the contrast instituted will vanish. A father cares for his family—a magistrate for the community. But, if God be the Father of all, the family and the community are one. Hence, the paternal and the

* Isaiah i. 2. † Isaiah lxiii. 16, lxiv. 8. ‡ Jeremiah xxxi. 9.

§ Jeremiah xxxi. 33. || CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR, pp. 649, 650.

¶ Ib. p. 648.

rectoral government coincide; and the law itself becomes the expression of the Father's care for his entire "offspring." The ceaseless antithesis in theological writings between law and love, is most unhappy. In human judicature, it is true, the two seem often opposed; and that it is so, is a mark of imperfection. No confession of human weakness is more significant than the maxim, *Summum jus, summa injuria*. GOD IS LOVE, and of love, accordingly, the Divine Law is, and must be, the expression. It is not only "righteous," but "good." As every philosopher teaches that the pain which attends the violation of the laws of nature is a beneficent provision, enforcing that which serves the general happiness, so we may say that the penalties of sin are beneficent, and that the highest ends of justice are one with the highest aims of love.

Two methods adopted by God to enforce His moral laws, are instanced as unfatherly: the everlasting destruction of the impenitent, and the expiatory sacrifice of Christ. Now, in considering both we must reflect that a true fatherhood cares lovingly for the interests of the *whole family*. We must not allow ourselves to take our illustrations from paternal partiality or weakness. Our question is, not what a doting father, or an unwise father, a Jacob, an Eli, or a David might do; but, what is the supposable course of a PERFECT FATHER. We would write with reverence on such a topic; but might not such a father *disinherit* a child—nay, many children—for the very sake of the family? Are not the penalties annexed to sin the warnings of infinite love? And if the love is infinite, wherefore may we not call it fatherly? I at any rate can preach no "terror of the Lord" which is not the darkness of the Father's frown upon those children who have rebelled against Him.

Then, as to the great expiation. Are we told that it is "inconceivable" and "frightful" that the Father of all should so have "loved the world" as to give "His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life?" If the assertion on which I am commenting does not mean this, what does it mean? Whatever the Atonement was, it was an expression of the love of God—the love of God to man. "But not of his *fatherly* love," it will be replied. I ask, again, wherefore the distinction? There are two aspects, no doubt, in which the Divine conduct must be viewed: first, as *requiring*, and secondly, as *providing* the sacrifice. God's righteous government required it, as the condition of human deliverance; but even here we may ask, is it quite certain that, had God been simply a moral governor, He could have *accepted* the substitution? If ever the analogy of the magistrate fails, it fails just here, where it is so often pressed. For where in earthly judicature would one man, however willing, be permitted to bear the penalty of another's crime? Where would a guilty man be pardoned on condition of the punishment of the innocent? The transaction is unparalleled—because the righteousness itself of the Eternal Ruler is something beyond the justice of an infinite magistrate. We would speak with caution and trembling here; but it is in the combination of the fatherly with the rectoral character of God that we seem to discern the possibility of His accepting the great

sacrifice. Be this, however, as it may, the requisition was not arbitrary. We have never regarded it as originating in the will of God. The principles of rectitude are absolute, eternal. No fatherly love could set them aside. These principles preclude forgiveness without some fitting homage to the majesty of law. The Eternal Father must be just in forgiving His own sinful children. Surely, the vindication of His justice cannot prove Him not to be a father still!

Then, if He were Moral Governor alone, what moved Him to provide the great salvation? "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." He surrendered—the whole representation is one of sacrifice on His own part—the object most dear to Himself. "He spared not His own Son," out of *love*—not to His own moral attributes, nor to the majesty of righteousness, nor to any of those stern legal abstractions which theologians love to deify—but *to the world*. I ask, was not this fatherly love? If not, by what yet loftier, sweeter name shall it be described? Love in its utmost tenderness—love consenting to the supreme sacrifice on behalf of the lost—love that "will have all men to be saved"—if this is not paternal, it is more! The "attitude of a moral governor!" What, then, mean the words, "For Christ we are ambassadors, as though God did beseech by us; we pray, on Christ's behalf, be ye reconciled to God?"

We may return then to the texts generally believed to teach the universal Fatherhood of God. If, as I think I have shown, there is nothing in the evangelical system to set aside their obvious meaning—if, indeed, that meaning harmonizes with the great revelation of "God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself"—little more is needed by way of comment or exposition. "We are His offspring." Did the Apostle Paul adopt the words of the heathen poet without a thought of their theological application? But let us turn from the servant to the Master. It was "to the multitudes" that He spoke, on the Mount of Beatitudes; and, without a hint of restriction, He taught them all to pray, "Our Father, which art in heaven." The multitudes had certainly not yet learned the mystery of reconciliation, nor had they become united to their Lord by living faith—they "were astonished at his doctrine;" and yet He had said to them all, "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father, which is in heaven, give good things to them that ask Him?" And, again, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father, which is in heaven, is perfect." *

Several verses are quoted in the Sermon to which reference has been made, in which Christ's words of "the Father" may be interpreted by substituting "My Father," "His Father." But how are we to understand our Lord's saying to the Samaritan woman, "The hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father?" † Is the omission of the pronoun here also "a mere example of euphony," ‡ or does the NAME contain the very substance of Christ's glorious revelation to man? §

* Matth. vii. 9—11, v. 48, compare v. 16, vi. 1, 4, 6, 8, 14, 15, 17, 18, 26, 31, 32.

† John iv. 21, see 23.

‡ CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR, p. 644.

§ "By calling God the Father, our Lord seems indirectly to contrast

We may glance also at the Parable of "the Prodigal Son." Expound it as we may, whether of individuals or of classes, the cry, "I will arise and go to my Father" is the cry of a repentant sinner. He acknowledges the relationship, of which he has violated the duties and outraged the tenderness. "Yet He is my Father, notwithstanding; and to Him I will return!" On the theory we are considering, surely the repenting one should have said, "I will arise and go to my Moral Governor, and seek that he may become my Father!"* Why even the Pharisaic elder brother acknowledged the relationship—"this thy son"—and the preacher of the Gospel can hardly be wrong in turning the Prodigal's resolve into a universal exhortation, saying to all the sinful and the lost, "*Arise and go unto your Father!*"

When we are told, by way of practical inference†, from the doctrine here criticised, that "it teaches us how very serious are our earliest transactions with God. *If we had to regard Him as a Father, and exclusively as a Father,‡ we might form slender notions of the criminality of our disobedience, or of the gravity of His displeasure,*" it may surely be replied that the very contrary to this appears to be the truth. There is no delineation of deeper ingratitude than in the Divine appeal, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." "If I be a Father, where is mine honour?" To apply an apostolic argument, we may say,—if they who transgress the statutes of the Infinite Ruler are condemned, *of how much sorer punishment* shall they be worthy who do despite unto the Father's love! Never can the universal Fatherhood of God be taken as a warrant for carelessness in sin; while to the repenting it affords a certain hope. "The Eternal Judge," we are told, is "not eager to condemn." Is that all? Why, He has himself come near, and by His only-begotten Son He entreats the erring children of men to turn to Him, that thus they may learn the secret of His love, and, *because they are sons*, may be brought by His Spirit to cry ABBA, FATHER!

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

MATHETES.

Him with *the fathers* whom the woman had mentioned as worshipping in Mount Gerizim; and to convey this instruction, that God will be a common Father to all, so that He will be generally worshipped without distinction of places or nations."—CALVIN *in loc.*

* We cannot forbear asking our readers, where practicable, to refer to Dr. Candlish's criticism, in his "Cunningham Lectures," on this Parable. His exposition of it is simply amazing.

† CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR. p. 651.

‡ This phrase seems a qualification, and yet it is manifestly out of place. No one regards God *exclusively* as a Father, *i.e.*, so as to ignore His rectoral and judicial character, or to deny His moral government. On the contrary, while some say, with Mr. Baldwin Brown, that the paternal relations of God *include* the governmental, others prefer to say, with Dr. Alexander and Professor Crawford, that the two classes of relations *co-exist*. It is the doctrine of Mr. Hinton's sermon that is "exclusive;" denying the Fatherhood altogether, except in the lower sense intimated, on pp. 642, 3.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

For 16 years the CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR has rendered no inconsiderable service to the cause of religious freedom, and has materially assisted in the formation of healthy opinion, and the growth of catholic sentiment. The changes, however, which these years have wrought seem to call for a change in the form and method of the Magazine. The increased prominence which, owing to the settlement of the Reform Bill, must be given to ecclesiastical topics, the great literary activity shown by the promoters of the "Catholic Revival," and the desire so often and so generally expressed for an organ which should deal freely, yet reverently, with the biblical, theological, and ecclesiastical questions which are continually presenting themselves, are some of the many considerations which have led the proprietors of the Magazine to decide that

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The FREE CHURCHMAN will not be the organ of any party, and will be unfettered by sectarian restrictions. It will aim at liberty in and for the Church of Christ.

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* * * The Editors trust that the friends who have so steadily supported the CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR, will now heartily assist them in launching the FREE CHURCHMAN. The writers, whose contributions have constituted the chief value of the CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR, will take their wonted place in the new Magazine, and other well-known gentlemen have promised their co-operation. Those, therefore, who have approved the views and spirit of the CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR, may hope to derive augmented satisfaction from the more numerous pages of the FREE CHURCHMAN.









